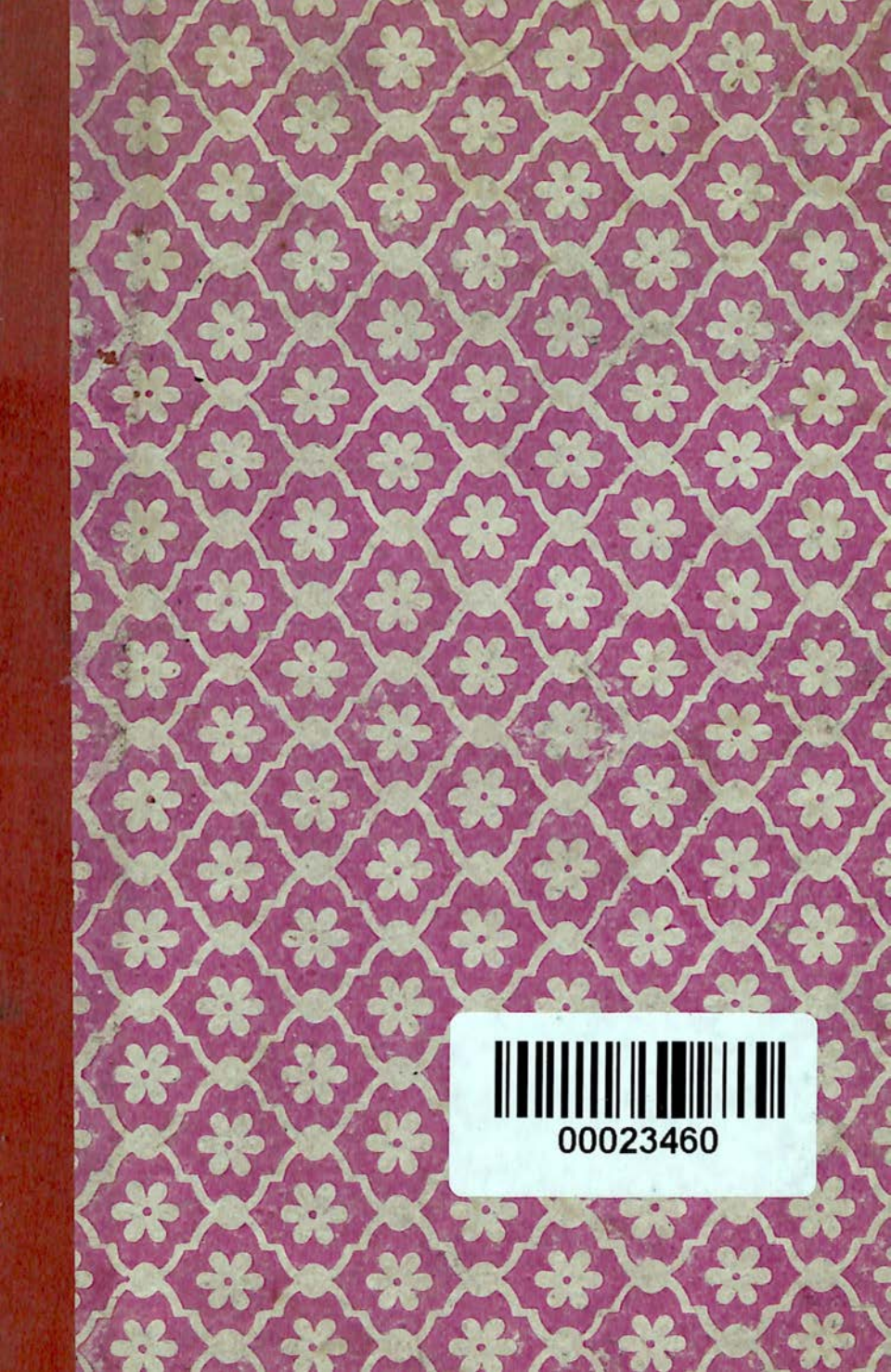
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PIUS THE NINTH

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POPE PIUS IX.

IN HIS 66TH YEAR.

London: Longman & Co

PIUS THE NINTH

BY

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.

Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of ROME might have been erased from the earth if that city had not been animated by a vital principle which again restored her to honour and distinction

GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*

23460

NEW EDITION

Revised and brought down to the Accession of Pope Leo the Thirteenth

BY THE

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PATTERSON

PRESIDENT OF S. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, WARE

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1878

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00023460

TO HIS GRACE THE

MOST REV. HENRY EDWARD MANNING, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

MY DEAR LORD,

I had proposed to myself the honour of dedicating this volume—*The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth*—to your Grace, as a very inadequate expression of my admiration and respect; but I feel I offer far greater satisfaction to your own feelings by soliciting the privilege of associating it, through your Grace, with those gallant Soldiers of the Pope—the Pontifical Zouaves—on whom the ungenerous and the thoughtless heap epithets of unmerited and stupid contumely, but on whom millions of the good and true in every clime and country call down benedictions, for their heroic attempt to preserve from outrage and spoliation the most august Sovereignty of Christendom.

MY DEAR LORD,

Your faithful and devoted servant,

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

LONDON: *November* 1870.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THOSE who already know this work in its previous form will find a great deal of its former contents omitted or curtailed, and several additional chapters, on the other hand, appended.

The reasons which determined these alterations were as follows. At the time when 'Rome and its Ruler' first appeared, the temporal dominions of the Church were as yet undiminished. A ruler then swayed the destinies of France whose antecedents and then position involved him in a policy of perpetual compromise. Napoleon III. had begun political life by joining the conspiracy against the Pope's temporal dominion. Himself, with his parents and relations, exiles and refugees in the States of the Pope, he abused the hospitality of the sovereign against the very ruler who sheltered him, and his elder brother was shot by his side by the Papal soldiery in a rash

sedition, undertaken at the bidding of the secret society in which they were enrolled. Raised to power by these sinister supporters, he nevertheless had to propitiate the Catholic element, on which every government in France must rely for stability and permanence; and thus, while his early training and the pledges he had given bound him to destroy the temporal power of the Popes, the exigencies of his dynastic position demanded that he should not openly appear to do so. He therefore had to afford one more illustration of the great truth that no man can serve two masters. For in fact he served but one—the revolution, and, like all who take that sword, he perished by it. The process which he carried through was a tortuous one. He sent ambassadors to the Holy See who had to profess the most unbounded deference to the Pope, and the most ardent desire that his throne should be supported; but, either by them or by less distinguished agents, he was constantly at work to undermine the Papal power, and to stimulate and support its foreign and domestic enemies. Mr. MAGUIRE's object, in giving the abundant and detailed evidences which he did of the merits and advantages of the civil government of the Pope, was to disprove the allegations and unmask the machinations of the arch-conspirators at home and abroad, Count Cavour and Napoleon; and he supplemented his account of the Pope's temporal government and its results by most valuable documents, especially by the report of

the French ambassador, Count de Rayneral, to his government on the Papal States. Count de Rayneral told the truth, and would not carry out the crooked policy of his master, and his embassy therefore soon ended. In 1870 the long and treacherous warfare against the Pope's temporal power came to an end. At the same moment that Napoleon withdrew his last soldiers from Rome, the advance of the Prussians beyond the Rhine commenced the tragedy of his own downfall and the humiliation of his unfortunate country. The last act in the drama was reserved for Prussia. Her ambassador to the Holy See, Count von Arnim, used his trust to betray the Papal city into the hands of her enemies; and he also has since reaped the reward of traitors. Having quarrelled with his master, Prince Bismark, he wanders a proscribed exile far from home and country. Those events have rendered the vindication in detail of the fair fame of the Pope's civil government no longer so *àpropos* as they were when that government was still in existence. Now, whatever one may wish and even anticipate, it is certain that the precise form of that temporal power which was will not return. That *some* form of civil principality will accrue to the Holy See, and possibly at no distant time, appears to me a manifest necessity and a positive certainty. But whenever and however it reappears, we may be sure that it will not be precisely that which it was, so that the discussion of the merits or demerits of the Pope's

temporal sway as it was is no longer a question of the moment.

The additions to this work which I have made are the obvious ones of a record of facts bringing down the history of Pope Pius IX. and of his abode to the end of his life, and of a few reflections suggested by the most salient events of these latter years. I will add but one word as to my own share in the work. When I was asked to edit a new issue of 'Rome and its Ruler,' I felt, in spite of my diffidence in undertaking such a task, a great attraction to the work, and this for two reasons. For the last twenty-seven years and more I had had many opportunities of seeing—and to see was to admire and to love him—that great Pontiff whose long and eventful reign has ended within these few weeks. It was therefore for me a labour of love to do anything, however slight, towards making more known the virtues and merits of this truly great Pope. Secondly, it was also my privilege to have known and respected the late author of this work, Mr. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE. Twice I had been of some little use to him in Rome in collecting some of the matter which he so laboriously and so conscientiously used in this work; and, besides this special relation, I had that in which I may say all who knew him participated, a sincere esteem and regard for him as a true and generous lover of his country, one who never used his position to betray her interests or mislead the public mind on the great questions of the

day. Mr. MAGUIRE was a true son of the Church, and a true patriot, and therefore these were the causes in which and for which he gladly consumed his life itself and the great gifts which God had bestowed on him.

To be in any degree associated with such a man will be to me an abundant reward for my slender labours.

J. L. PATTERSON.

S. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, WARE:

March 31, 1878.

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PORTRAITS.

POPE PIUS IX. IN HIS 66TH YEAR . . . . *Frontispiece*

HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX. IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL. *To face p.* 1

Painted by Henry Doyle, Esq.—Engraved by H. Adlard.

His Holiness Pius IX.

in the Pauline Chapel.

London, Longman &c.

PIUS THE NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—The Pauline Chapel.—The Pope.

To no other city on earth does the thoughtful stranger direct his steps with feelings of a more varied character than to Rome. No doubt, a more solemn awe fills his mind as, from some wild path amidst the mountains of Judea, he catches the first glimpse of the towers of Jerusalem—at the sight of whose walls the Crusader burst into tears, and smote his mailed breast in a paroxysm of humility and sorrow. Jerusalem is a place of one great and all-absorbing interest, being the theatre of that sublime sacrifice by which man's redemption was accomplished; and every crumbling tower and mouldering pillar of that once proud city is sacred in the eyes of the Christian of even ordinary sensibility. But Rome, while abounding in sources of that deep and sacred interest which Jerusalem inspires, is also replete with attractions of a totally different kind, and offers countless objects of admiration, and subjects for inquiry and reflection, to the scholar and man of taste, the antiquarian and the philosopher. And dull indeed must be the mind and cold the heart of him who does not experience some stir, or feel some throb, as he approaches for the first time the venerable walls, and passes beneath one of the ancient gateways, of the Eternal City. For was not this the seat and centre of that universal empire which embraced within its circle the

remotest boundaries of the then known earth?—was not this the proud capital of that haughty race whose banners glistened and whose arms triumphed in every clime?—was not this the instructress as well as the conqueror of mankind?

It is the Rome, too, of a wider dominion and a more glorious rule than that of the greatest of the Cæsars.

If Rome were not the birthplace of Christianity, it was its nursing mother. It was the seat of the Apostles; the theatre of their trials, their sufferings, and their glory. One beholds, passing before him, as it were visibly to the sight, the long centuries of that momentous war waged between truth and error, between the powers of light and darkness. And, in spite of the vulgar dwellings, inelegant and mean, that surround him as he stands within the walls of modern Rome, he witnesses, in imagination, the solemn rites and splendid worship of that polished and attractive system of Polytheism which, though despised by the enlightened, and scoffed at by the philosopher, still appealed, and not in vain, to the passions of a degenerate people, and whose temples and shrines rose on every side in all the magnificence of their costly material, and the inestimable beauty of their design and execution. He beholds, also, the infant Church of the True Faith hiding its timid head beneath the very highway over which the scornful Polytheist strode,—crouching in cell, and crypt, and dark and tortuous labyrinth—and when venturing above the earth, its asylum and its refuge, appearing wicked and infamous to the Roman gaze, spite of the courage and fortitude of its apostles and its martyrs. He beholds this patient, fearless spouse of Christ weeping tears of blood, as,

Butchered to make a Roman holiday,

her children are torn by wild beasts, consumed by fire, or slain by the more merciful sword. He sees the red soil of the amphitheatre gradually losing its hue of carnage, and blooming with mysterious beauty, as there steals into the

hearts of the thoughtful and the good a conviction of the purity of the Nazarene's faith—which, to the wonder of the scorner and the scoffer, imparts strength to tottering age, fortitude to tender youth, and the courage of the hero to the feeble virgin. He beholds how the statues and images of the gods, so long the worshipped of the masters of the world, identified with the triumphs and the glory of a mighty race, were, at first, carelessly regarded, next despised, then detested,—how the crushed and trampled Church of the Catacombs emerged from the darkness to the light of day, no longer execrated as the foe of humanity and the teacher of all wickedness; but hailed with enthusiasm by a softened people, and protected by the authority, still more by the devotion, of princes and rulers,—and how, at length, and after long ages of persecution and of obloquy, the Cross rose above the temple and the shrine, to be hailed thenceforward, and through regions unknown to the arms or philosophy of Rome, as the symbol of man's salvation.

And here grew into maturity a power and a sovereignty greater than that of the Cæsars—the power of the Papacy, and the sovereignty of the Church. Baptised in blood, and cradled in adversity, the Papacy grew into strength, the citadel and the stronghold of the Faith. From the modest throne of the first rulers of the Church to the tribunal of the tyrant, there was, for centuries, but a step; and thence to the stake and the scaffold the road was too well defined by the bloody footprints of their heroic predecessors. Wave after wave broke in fury against the rock on which God placed His Church. Now heresy assailed her; now schism sought to rend her asunder: it was now the rude and warlike savage from the forest of Germany that menaced her; and again it was the fierce and fanatical Arab that, bursting with flaming scimitar upon countries which, once provinces of Rome, had yielded a willing allegiance to the spiritual supremacy of the Popes, ravaged the shrines and altars of the Apostles. But, such was the design of Providence, we

behold the enemies of the Church become her friends, her assailants her protectors, her revilers her humble and submissive children; till we see her striking her foundations deeper and deeper into the hearts of nations, and extending her beneficent dominion wider and wider over the face of the earth.

Then the chief events in the history of the Papacy, from the days of Charlemagne to those of Napoleon, pass before the mind in all their brilliant or gloomy colouring, as peace presided over the halls of the Vatican, or evil men sought the ruin of the successors of Peter. And there stood out from the shadowy background the striking figures of such illustrious Popes as Gregory the Great, Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, Sixtus the Fifth, and those later Popes, Pius the Sixth and Pius the Seventh, whose sorrows and sufferings but increased the splendour of their virtues.

All kinds of associations, Pagan and Christian, crowded in confusion upon my excited memory, as I entered Rome, for the first time, on the morning of October 31, 1856, the vigil of the great festival of All Saints. My great desire, paramount to all others—whether the gratification of curiosity or of taste—was that of seeing with my own eyes things of which I had, and I say it not without shame, imperfect, if not altogether erroneous notions.

This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that the sources of information respecting all matters appertaining to Rome are tainted at the very source; and that the great body of Catholics of these countries generally depend, certainly have hitherto almost exclusively depended, upon Protestant writers for what little they know of the Pope and of his venerable capital.

For instance, judge the Pope by the prevailing belief of Protestant England, derived from the representations of its press, its platform, or its pulpit; and one beholds in him a combination of the temporal despot and the spiritual impostor, at once the scourge of an afflicted people, and the

arch-priest of Satan. Protestant credulity regards him as one whose mission and policy it is to enslave alike the bodies and the souls of men, by fettering their civil liberty with tyrannous restrictions, and darkening and stunting their intellect by the denial of a liberal education. In their ignorance of the truth, many even fair-minded and in all other respects enlightened people, look upon the Holy Father—the gentle and merciful Pius—not merely as the stern oppressor of his own subjects, but the cause of every evil afflicting the various nations into which Italy was divided up to a recent period. In their eyes, it was the Vatican which cast its baneful shadow over the fair face of the Italian Peninsula, and shut out from that beauteous land and its gifted races the light and warmth of national freedom. Nay, why should this not be so, when, according to the ravings of the enemies of the Church, the great object of the Pope is to trample upon the liberties of all free countries, and make of kings and princes his footstools? The ambition of Rome, say they, never sleeps; it is as dangerous now as in the days when its thunders hurled monarchs from their thrones, and brought the fiercest warriors as suppliants to its feet. Nor was it a Julius or a Sixtus that was alone to be dreaded; for did not a Barbarossa hold the stirrup of the mule on which an Alexander, then a weak and infirm old man, rode through the streets of Venice?

Those who read the history of the dark and middle ages with calm and unimpassioned judgment, and are not swayed by bigotry, or bewildered by mere names, must recognise the advantages, to the peace of nations and the progress of civilisation, which had been conferred by this very influence. But that power, so frequently potent for good in those dark and troublous times, when might was right, and laws were too often written in blood, is now a thing of the past; being in latter years—when every country has its own system of government, and when a well-defined compact exists between

nations, by which, at least as a general rule, the weak are protected from the aggression of the strong—as unnecessary as its existence is imaginary.

It will be my grateful task to exhibit to the reader a portraiture, feeble it may be in its execution, but faithful in intention, of a modern Pope—whose whole life approaches nearer to the Divine model than that of any living man. This I shall endeavour to do in the course of the subsequent pages.

To behold Pius IX.—to see the Pope—was my first desire; and I had not been many hours in Rome before I formed one of a considerable number of persons, mostly strangers from various countries of Europe, mixed up with ecclesiastics of different nations and orders, and students of the principal Roman colleges, assembled in the great hall opening into the Pauline Chapel, the Pope's private chapel in the palace of the Quirinal. No sooner were the folding doors flung open by the officers on duty, than with an eagerness which nearly degenerated into a rush, the well-dressed crowd possessed themselves of every vacant place.

It was curious to note the manner and bearing of the lay portion of the strange congregation thus gathered together from almost every principal nation of the world. Generally speaking, it was respectful, and even pious; but in a few instances curiosity was combined with a supercilious contempt 'for the whole thing.' The French, Spaniards, Austrians, and Italians, were grave and collected, and so were several of the English; but some of the latter evidently went to the Pope's Chapel as they had gone the previous night to the Opera, to hear the music, or to 'do' it, as they would the Coliseum or the Baths of Caracalla. I have a lively remembrance of the remarks of one young and well-dressed Englishman, who combined, in an extraordinary degree, ignorance, irreverence, and comicality; and of the

singular patience of the intelligent and courteous ecclesiastic from whom he sought information, or to whom he freely imparted his own views and opinions of what he beheld. But none so devout and so collected as the English convert, whose identity one might discern at a glance. While others stared or indulged in the freest comments, he was either engaged in his missal, or absorbed in his devotions.

Novelty and picturesqueness were imparted to the groups around me by the variety of the costume and appearance of students of different colleges, monks and friars of different orders, and priests of different countries and races. The greater number of the ecclesiastics had their hair closely cut, and the face and chin scrupulously shaven; while others rejoiced in beards of patriarchal grandeur, descending even to the breast. Some were clad in the graceful black and white robes of the Dominican, some in the black dress of the Jesuit, some with the dark frock with the embroidered emblems of the Passionist, others in the coarse brown woollen garb of the Franciscan. Skin of every hue, eyes of every form and colour, features of every variety, marked, even to the most careless observer, striking distinctions of country, clime, and race; and illustrated the universality of that Church which had endured for nearly two thousand years, and of which Rome is the seat and centre.

Look at these students, and you will behold how the youth of Asia and Africa, as in the early ages of Christianity, come to learn the great truths of religion from the teacher of all nations; and how the Greek, whose ancestors gave to Rome her arts and her philosophy, is now clad in the academic costume of that most celebrated of Roman Colleges, the Propaganda. And, though speaking the same language, their marked variety of accent betrays the respective countries which have sent these youths of fairer complexion and of larger stature; and proves that England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, are still indebted to the liberality of Rome for the training of a portion of their priests.

The Cardinals, with the exception of those immediately in attendance on the Pope, occupied their usual places some time previous to the commencement of the ceremonies. And, as they sat in dignified composure, the greater number of them absorbed in meditation, or reading their breviaries, a more imposing and venerable-looking body of men, or a nobler collection of intellectual heads, it would be difficult to imagine.

A hush now suddenly falls on the assembly, awing into silence the whispered comments of the strangers, who seek information of the obliging ecclesiastics that surround them; for the Pope is about to enter. From the door at the left-hand side of the altar there issues forth a varied and brilliant procession of the Prelates and Princes of the Church, in the midst of whom the imposing person and sweet and engaging countenance of Pius IX., who is conducted by attendant dignitaries to the throne, at the right, or Gospel side. To me, as indeed to every stranger present, the Pope was the chief object of attraction—his every look and gesture being full of interest even to the unbeliever and the scoffer; but how far more so to the Catholic from a distant land, who recognised in the mild and noble figure before him the venerable head of his Church, the spiritual sovereign of the greater portion of the Christian World?

The features of Pius IX. have been for many years familiar to the people of most countries, through portrait and bust; and are remarkable for gentleness, mildness, benevolence, and a rare sweetness of expression. A face more calculated to win confidence and inspire affection I have never seen. One smile from that tender mouth, one soft beam from those eyes, at once mild and bright, and even men would come as children to his knee. Though the very opposite of those stern and haughty Pontiffs which the Protestant imagination may picture to itself, as it thinks of a Hildebrand or a Julius, I could not conceive a manner or bearing more replete with true dignity than that of the

Holy Father, as he sat enthroned amidst the Princes of the Church, or rose to intone the vespers with musical and sonorous voice, or impart the apostolic benediction. I have seen many pious priests in the performance of their sacred functions; but never before did I behold a countenance more intensely expressive of piety, or so illumined with the heavenly brightness which outwardly manifests the working of the spirit within. It seemed as if it were suffused with a light from above. Heart, and mind, and soul appeared to be absorbed, as they really were, in the sacred ceremonies in which he assisted; and not for a second's space did his attention wander from his devotions. He communed as truly with his God in the midst of that splendid crowd, and with hundreds of eager eyes riveted upon him, as if he were kneeling in his private chamber, and asking for another day of strength to meet the difficulties of his exalted but perilous position. I do not write this as the result of a single impression; for I was present on many subsequent occasions when the Pope assisted in person at various ceremonies of the Church; and on each occasion I was struck by the same rapt piety, the same devout abstraction, the same beautiful expression of that holiness which irradiates the human face as with beams of celestial light.

The most prejudiced person who beholds the Holy Father engaged in any act of devotion, must give him credit for genuine piety; but the stranger accustomed to regard everything Catholic with distrust, if not aversion, compensates himself for his involuntary admiration of the bearing of the Pope, by a belief in his bigotry as a priest, and his despotic tendencies as a politician and a sovereign.

Even Catholics of these countries, forgetting or overlooking the events which rendered the first years of the pontificate of Pius IX. so full of profound and startling interest, not unfrequently fall into strange errors with respect to his character and career as a temporal ruler. It is well, on this account, that a brief history of those events in which

Pius IX. bore so prominent a part, should form a portion of a volume which is chiefly written with the intention of encountering unjust prejudice, and removing injurious misconception.

Let us therefore follow this good and holy man throughout his whole career, in every stage of his life, from the hour when, as a boy, he first quitted the side of his pious mother, to the period when, in the maturity of manhood, we behold him clothed with the highest earthly authority, and offering up to God, as a willing sacrifice, the sorrows and afflictions of a loving but lacerated human heart; and even to the moment when, in his venerable age, we see him surrounded by the Fathers of the Church at the opening of the Council of the Vatican.

CHAPTER II.

The Pope: his Birth and Education—He studies for the Ministry—His Malady cured—His First Mass—Goes to Chili—Instances of his Charity to an English Officer—Returns to Rome—Is created Archbishop of Spoleto—Difficulties of his Position—Appointed Cardinal Bishop of Imola—His charitable and pious Works—Is elected Pope.

GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI-FERRETTI was born in Sinigaglia on May 13, 1792,[1] of the Count Jerome and the Countess Catherine Solazzi of the same city. In 1803, being then in his eleventh year, he was placed by his parents in the college of a religious body called *Scolopii*, at Volterra, then justly celebrated for its course of studies, and the wise system of instruction pursued by its gifted conductors. The noble aspect of the youth, the sweetness of his disposition combined with the firmness of his character, the vivacity and liveliness of his discourse, as well as the talent which he displayed, soon gained for him the love and esteem, not only of his companions, but of his masters. He was so distinguished in his studies, that, on the occasion of the aunt of Eloise of Bourbon, then Queen of Etruria, visiting Volterra, and being received by its students, he was selected to preside at what is termed 'an academy in verse,' which was given in her honour, and in the name of his fellow-collegians.

In 1808, while yet pursuing his collegiate course, he was

[1] [This is the date universally assigned in official and other documents, but I have heard the Pope say that he believes he was born in 1790. The register of baptisms was destroyed in the first Revolution.—ED.].

seized with violent fits of epilepsy. Nevertheless, in the following year, and in accordance with the desire of his pious mother, he received the first tonsure at the hands of Monsignor Incontri, bishop of Volterra; and in the October of the same year he hastened to Rome to complete his ecclesiastical studies.

This was to him the more pleasing, as his mother's wishes were wholly in accordance with his own aspirations, which ever tended to the ecclesiastical state; whilst he was aware that nowhere as in Rome can those studies and those preparations which train the mind and heart for the sacred duties of the priesthood, be so well attended to and completed.

In the Capital he lived with his uncle, a canon of the Vatican Basilica: but the latter being obliged to fly from Rome, in consequence of the sad events which shortly afterwards ensued, the young Mastai also, in 1810, retired from that city. In 1812, on account of his distinguished birth, he was summoned to join the guard of honour in Milan; but an exemption was accorded him because of the distressing disease to which he was then subject. From this simple fact seems to have been derived the report, which has been so currently received, but which is devoid of all reality, that Count Mastai presented himself to Pius VII. in Rome, with the intention of embracing a military life, and solicited admission to the ranks of the Noble Guard. In truth, Mastai never adopted the military profession, nor did his disposition prompt him to that career.

He continued in his native city till the return of Pius VII. to his States. When that sorrow-stricken Pontiff passed through Sinigaglia, Mastai had the honour of being presented to him, and soon after hastened once more to Rome, where he witnessed in May 1814, the enthusiastic reception given by the citizens to the Holy Father in the Piazza del Popolo. The Ecclesiastical Academy having been reopened, Mastai attended its schools, but as a layman; the

disease with which he was still affected preventing his aspiring to sacred orders. But God, who intended him for the ministry, inspired him, by inward impulse, not to despair of attaining that ardently desired state; and, reassuming the ecclesiastical dress, he commenced his theological studies, under the direction of the distinguished Professor, Joseph Graziosi. The attacks of his malady becoming less violent, though still of occasional recurrence, he was admitted to minor orders.

In 1818, Monsignor Odescalchi, who afterwards laid aside the purple, to become a member of the order of Saint Ignatius, and was then a Prelate of the Court, invited him to take part in a mission which was about being given in his native province of Sinigaglia. Owing to the anxious solicitude of the Pontiff, after his return to Rome, bands of zealous missionaries were everywhere scattered throughout the provinces, to re-awaken the spirit of religion, which was well-nigh extinct in the breasts of the people, in consequence of the disorder that had so long and so universally prevailed. In this mission to Sinigaglia, together with the above-mentioned Prelate, was engaged the Bishop of Maccerata, Monsignor Strambi, whose cause for beatification was proceeded with in 1856. Mastai, so far as his ecclesiastical orders allowed him, engaged in the mission with singular zeal, and with the most happy results; and returning to Rome much improved in health, he asked for and obtained a dispensation to be promoted to the holy orders of sub-deacon and deacon, and was ordained sub-deacon on December 18, 1818.

His aspirations were not yet satisfied; but looking forward, ever more and more anxiously, to the priesthood, he solicited from the Holy Father a further dispensation, which was also granted, but with the condition that, when offering the Holy Sacrifice, he should be assisted by another clergyman. The Pontiff had shown himself so loving and paternal towards him, that he resolved to ask for a special audience,

in order, if possible, to have even this condition removed. In this audience the Holy Father, with his usual benignity, taking him affectionately by the hand, said—'Yes, we will grant you even this favour, as I believe that for the future you will be no longer affected with your disease.' And so indeed it has happened; as from the close of the year 1818, to the present day, a period of sixty years, he has never once been subject to it! Thus did Divine Providence guide the lips of the Holy Father, to whom one might almost imagine was disclosed the future destiny of the youthful Levite who then knelt before him in earnest supplication.

On the festival of Easter, 1819, Mastai celebrated Mass for the first time, having chosen the church of S. Anna del Falegnami for that purpose. His special motive for this selection was, that in an adjoining institution he had hitherto devoted himself to the care and maintenance of about 100 poor orphans, whom he personally instructed in their catechism and religious duties, while at the same time they were prepared for various branches of useful industry; so that being thus made good Christians, they might also one day become valuable members of society.

In 1823, a Canon of the Cathedral of St. James, in Chili, having come to Rome to solicit from the Pontiff a representative of the Holy See in that remote republic, Mastai was invited by Cardinal della Genga, then Vicar of Rome, and by Cardinal Gonsalvi, to take part in that mission with Monsignor Muzi, afterwards Bishop of Castello. At that time such distant journeys were not viewed without well-founded apprehensions of danger; and the Countess his mother wrote to Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State, entreating him most earnestly not to permit her son to undertake this remote mission. But Mastai, nowise affected by those dangers which a fond mother's fancy so readily conjured up, received the invitation as a voice from heaven, summoning him to a new and wider field of labour. Wherefore, yet ignorant of the solicitations of his parent, he pre-

sented himself to the Holy Father, who said to him,—'The Countess your mother has written to the Secretary of State to prevent your journey; but we have written to her in answer, that you will surely return safe from this mission.' This occurred in the month of June, 1823; and the prediction of the Pontiff was verified to the letter, as about three years afterwards Mastai revisited his friends in Sinigaglia; the Apostolic Delegate having, in consequence of the breaking out of a revolution in Chili, deemed it more prudent not to delay longer in that country.

While on his route to Chili, he was obliged to stop at Monte Video and other places in South America; and wherever he stopped he lost not a moment in exercising his ministry, to which he also untiringly devoted himself during the two years that he spent in Santiago. Besides devoting his time to preaching, instructing, and confessing, he gave to the poor, and applied to charitable uses, the means of which he was possessed; so that, when afterwards made Archbishop, he had to sell some property belonging to him in Rome, in order to pay for the Bulls which are expedited on those occasions.

A circumstance of which I became aware is too characteristic of the illustrious object of this sketch not to be mentioned in connection with his mission to Chili. As the Apostolic Delegate and his companions and suite were on their way to the capital, they had to put up at a miserable wayside inn, far remote from any other human habitation. In this comfortless abode, an English officer lay on a bed of sickness, many thousand miles away from home and friends. The sad condition of this unhappy gentleman, a stranger and a 'heretic,' became known to the Italian ecclesiastics; one of whom charitably remained behind his companions, to watch by the sick man, whom he nursed with all the tenderness of a mother or a sister. Nor did he leave his side until he had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health and strength. The Italian priest who so stopped by

the wayside, to minister to the sick stranger, was Mastai Ferretti, now Pius IX.[1]

In December 1825, on his return to Rome, he was appointed by Leo XII. to the presidency of the vast ospizio of San Michele. The prudence and solicitude with which he discharged the laborious functions of that office are yet gratefully remembered by those who were then acquainted with the institution, and formed a prelude to the noble works which he was afterwards to achieve on a wider and more glorious field. After having for twenty months presided over this ospizio, the same Pontiff destined him to the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto, which was the Pope's native diocese.

In this city the new Bishop founded a large orphanage for poor children intended for the mechanical arts; and in this labour of practical charity we may recognise the same untiring zeal in ministering to the wants of the helpless and indigent which had already marked his early priesthood. His work was the more praiseworthy, as being established, not as a mere temporary institution, but as one that in future times and for future generations was to relieve the destitute orphan, and remain a perpetual monument of his benevolence and charity.

Nor was he at this early period of his career without experiencing those more public difficulties which, in a terribly aggravated form, were to cast so sad a gloom over the first years of his pontificate. In 1831 some disturbances were excited through the States; but, with the aid of the Austrian troops, these were soon repressed. This was a trying conjuncture for our Archbishop, as about 4,000 insurgents, who, on the approach of the Austrians, had abandoned the siege of Civita Castellana, took up their quarters in Spoleto. No immediate succour could be hoped for; but still Mastai did not abandon his flock, or lose courage

[1] The name of the British officer was Miller.

in the emergency. Nay, partly by entreaties and expostulations, and partly by promising some few thousand scudi to the troops, he so far succeeded with them as to induce them to return to their allegiance, and yield up their arms to the constituted authorities. These, including many thousand stand of muskets, and five pieces of cannon, were transmitted to Rome. This indeed was one of those grateful triumphs which, throughout all times, men of his kind have won over passion, and even despair.

At this same period, the authorities of the Provinces of Perugia and Spoleto having fled, Cardinal Bernetti, then Secretary of State, entrusted to the Archbishop their double functions, which, during the disturbances, he was *ad interim* obliged to discharge. The band of insurgents was headed by a certain Cercognani, to whom his followers gave the title of General; yet such was their distrust of him, that, on the distribution of the money above-mentioned, many of the under-officers, with those whom they commanded, declared that they would not receive it from his hands; and asked to have it distributed by the Archbishop—a proof of how his uprightness of character and his disinterestedness were known and valued by all, even the armed foes of those institutions which he represented by his office, and defended by his authority.

We may here incidentally remark that, Spoleto being the capital city of the province, a self-constituted committee arose in it during the revolution, and assumed to itself the entire and uncontrolled management of affairs. One styled himself Minister of War, another of the Interior, and so forth. Their sphere of action was, however, every day more and more circumscribed, as each principal city of the province claimed for itself a like independence. Things were carried on in the same manner in Perugia and the other provinces.

In the January of the ensuing year, an earthquake laid desolate a great part of the province; and thus a new field

was offered to the charity of the good Archbishop. Everywhere he hastened to the relief of those who were the most distressed, especially visiting and comforting those districts whose inhabitants had no shelter left save what was afforded them by rudely constructed huts. The faithful Pastor suffered in his flock, and made their misfortunes his own.

It pleased the Sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI. to translate the subject of our memoir, in the Consistory of December, 1832, from the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto to the Episcopal See of Imola, in which he was successor to Cardinal Gustiniani, who had resigned its charge. In this see he was decorated with the purple, being reserved *in petto* in the Consistory of December 23, 1839, and proclaimed Cardinal on December 14, 1840.

In Imola he promoted many useful and permanent institutions. Among others, a college for ecclesiastical students whose means did not allow them to complete their studies in the Episcopal Seminary; and an orphanage, or rather a society for the guardianship and maintenance of about thirty children of the poorest class destined for the mechanical arts, who were provided with their daily food, and received two good suits of clothes in the year. On festival days these children were assembled by certain ecclesiastics in a small chapel, and there carefully instructed in the doctrines of the Church and in the knowledge of their religious duties. The same ecclesiastics also superintended their daily conduct, when they were sent to the shops of the city, to learn or pursue their different trades. To the care and management of the Sisters of Charity the good Bishop entrusted a conservatorio of female orphans, and, in the same establishment, founded two female schools, one for girls of the poorer class, the other for those of the more wealthy. He also entrusted the public hospital to the same sisters, and, adjoining it, he erected an asylum for the insane.

Having accomplished these and other works, so congenial to his tender and compassionate nature, Cardinal

Mastai crowned them by one of still holier humanity. To found a refuge for female penitents had long been the object of his fondest wishes. To his mind was always present the touching spectacle, to use his own expressive words, of the 'lost daughters of the world soliciting admission to the fold of Jesus.' For those unhappy beings, his heart bled; and to afford them an asylum from the horrors of a life of misery and a death of despair, he freely sacrificed his every available resource. Out of his own private means, he purchased and suitably fitted up a house for the reception of a number of these poor outcasts, and the accommodation of some nuns of the noble Order of the Good Shepherd, who, at his urgent request, were sent from the parent house at Angers to take charge of the institution. The day was a proud one for Cardinal Mastai that witnessed the arrival of four of the sisters at his palace, which he placed at their disposal until their future abode was fully prepared for their reception. With indescribable joy he welcomed these good women, whom he had so anxiously implored to come to his assistance in his work of charity; and the simple nuns were filled with gratitude, at first not entirely divested of embarrassment, at the attentions lavished upon them by a Prince of the Church, who himself waited upon them while they sat at his table, and ministered to their wants with more than the humility of a servant. The feeling of delight with which Cardinal Mastai witnessed the accomplishment of an object long dear to his heart, may be understood by the following letter, addressed to the Superior of the House of Angers :—

Very Reverend Mother General,—Your Reverence must already have received from your dear daughters the details of their happy arrival at Imola; but it is proper that I should myself inform you of this event, and, at the same time, that I should express to you the great consolation that I experience in seeing myself enriched with this little troop of sacred virgins, who, in a few days, will open the mission for the salvation of so

many poor wandering sheep. I feel certain that, with the grace of God, they will re-conduct them to the fold of the Prince of Pastors, Jesus Christ. May eternal praise be given to this God of Mercies! and I beg your Reverence to accept the assurance of my deep-felt gratitude. I have the consolation of having them with me in my palace. I have great reason to thank the Lord, who holds in his hands the hearts of men; but it appears to me that he has placed those of your daughters, not in his hands, but in his own heart. I will not fail to render them every assistance in their wants; and from that thought I pass to the pleasure of assuring you again that I am, with deep esteem, the affectionate servant of your Maternity,

✠ GIOVANNI MARIA, Cardinal MASTAI,
Archbishop.

Imola, September 14, 1845.

Thus did the wise Prelate seek, by his new institutions, to provide for the wants and necessities of his flock; and it is difficult to know which most to admire, the solicitude of the Pastor, or the generosity and benevolence which prompted such works, embracing all classes, and excluding none from their beneficent operation.

To preserve in the ecclesiastics of his diocese the spirit of their holy vocation, he opened a house for spiritual exercises, where, at stated times, a portion of the clergy devoted themselves for ten days to retreat—an arrangement which, though immediately affecting the clergy, yet exercised a beneficial influence on all his flock, as it more fitly prepared for the duties of the ministry those who were their religious guides. He also repaired some churches, restored the episcopal residence, and completed the front of the cathedral, which had hitherto remained unfinished.

An incident, that occurred in the February of 1846, evinced the noble courage with which the Prelate was endowed, and the singular efficacy which Providence communicated to his words. One evening of the Carnival, a little before dusk, the Cardinal was making his accustomed

visit before the altar of the Holy Sacrament in the cathedral, when the sacristan rushed towards him, crying out 'to hasten, for God's sake, as murder was being perpetrated in the sacristy.' Invoking the Divine aid, the Cardinal at once arose, and, hastening to the spot, found there, lying upon a form, a youth of about twenty years of age, who had been dangerously wounded by a bayonet thrust, and had just taken refuge in the sacred building. The Cardinal had scarcely reached the sufferer, when three armed men rushed in, with the intention of completing their deed of blood. But nowise dismayed by their naked weapons, or their looks of deadly hate, Mastai boldly confronted the assassins, and, presenting his pectoral cross, described to them the enormity of their crime, and commanded them to retire. His words, so full of courage, and uttered as with the authority of one commissioned by Heaven, struck terror into their breasts, and were silently and almost unconsciously obeyed.

Mastai was now about to quit the scene of so many pious labours, so many works of charity and love, for a splendid destiny, the grandest and the loftiest to which man can be called on this earth; but one ever fraught, if not with perils and sorrows, at least with the gravest anxieties and the profoundest cares.

In the beginning of June 1846, being then engaged with a considerable number of his clergy in a spiritual retreat, he received the announcement of the death of Gregory XVI. Immediately on receipt of the sad intelligence, he hastened to the episcopal residence, and having celebrated the last obsequies of the deceased Pontiff, at once proceeded to Rome, unconscious of the fate which there awaited him. He arrived in the capital on the evening of June 12; and in forty-eight hours afterwards he and his brethren of the Sacred College entered the Conclave. On the 15th, the testing of the votes commenced: the evening of the 16th saw him unanimously chosen; and on the morning of the 17th the election of Pius IX. was proclaimed to the Christian world.

It was in these words, so truly characteristic of his modest and humble nature, that the newly-elected Pontiff announced his elevation to his brothers at Sinigaglia :—

Rome, June 16, at ¾ past 11, p.m.

The blessed God, who humbles and exalts, has been pleased to raise me from insignificance to the most sublime dignity on earth. May His most holy will be ever done! I am sensible to a certain extent of the immense weight of such a charge, and I also feel my utter incapacity, not to say the entire nullity of my powers. Cause prayers to be offered, and you also pray for me. The Conclave has lasted forty-eight hours. If the city should wish to make any public demonstration on the occasion, I request you will take measures—indeed, I desire it—that the whole sum so destined be applied to purposes which may be judged useful to the city by the chief magistrate and the council. As to yourselves, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart in Jesus Christ; and, far from exulting, take pity on your brother, who gives you all his apostolic blessing.

CHAPTER III.

Pius IX. ascends the Throne—Grants an Amnesty—Terms of the Amnesty—Enthusiasm of the People—Machinations of the Revolutionists—Their Policy and Objects—Mazzini's Address to the Friends of Italian Liberty—Difficulties of the Pope's Position—The Pope as a Reformer—Instances of his Affability and Goodness—His Interest in the Education of Youth—The Pope no Nepotist.

NEVER did sovereign ascend the throne with heart more full of love for his people, or a more fervent desire of contributing to their welfare and happiness; and rarely, if ever, did sovereign enter upon a path so abundantly bestrewn with embarrassments and with difficulties. Devoted to the Church of which he was chosen to be head and protector, Pio Nono was not the less the friend of rational liberty, and the advocate of enlightened progress. Thoroughly acquainted with his native country, and conversant with its interests and its wants, he resolved, from the first hour of his pontificate, to so use the power entrusted to him by Heaven, as to remedy the evils which he knew to exist, and put an end to abuses of which he could not be unconscious.

Convinced that no attempt at reform could be successful so long as pains and penalties for former transgressions were still enforced against a considerable number of his subjects, who had been connected, more or less prominently, with revolutionary disturbances in the reign of his predecessor—and also feeling the utmost compassion for those who suffered, whether in mind or body—Pius IX. resolved to signalise his accession to the throne by an act of grace which would shed light, as if from above, upon many

sorrowing homes and despairing families. There were those who counselled the Pope to moderate his generosity within the limits of prudence, and to have a care how he included in a general pardon many men whose past career was no reliable guarantee for their future loyalty. But these cautious advisers spoke to one whose soul was overflowing with love and compassion, and who yearned to embrace his entire people within the arms of a father. And accordingly, on July 16, just one month after his election, Pius IX. published the following decree of amnesty:—

Pius IX. to his faithful subjects: salutation and apostolic benediction.

In these days, when our heart is moved to see public joy manifested at our being raised to the Pontificate, we cannot refrain from a feeling of grief in thinking that a certain number of families are unable to participate in the common joy, because they bear the pain of some offences committed by one of their members against society, against the sacred rights of the legitimate Prince.

We now desire to cast a look of compassion on the inexperienced youth which has been led away by deceitful hopes, in the midst of political discord, where it has been rather the seduced than the seducer. It is for that reason that we wish to stretch out the hand, and offer the peace of the heart to those misguided children who will evince sincere repentance. Now that our good people have shown towards us their affection, and their constant veneration for the Holy See, and for our person, we are persuaded that we may pardon without danger. We therefore ordain that the commencement of our Pontificate shall be solemnised by the following act of sovereign grace:—

1. There is granted to all our subjects who are undergoing punishment for political offences a remission of their sentences, provided that they make in writing a solemn declaration,[1] on

[1] The following is the form of the required declaration:—'I the undersigned, acknowledge the receipt of a singular favour in the generous and spontaneous pardon which the indulgence of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., and my lawful sovereign, has accorded me for the part which I may have taken in any manner soever in the attempts

their honour, that they will not in any manner or at any time abuse this grace, and will for the future fulfil the duties of good and faithful subjects.

2. Those of our subjects who have fled to foreign countries in consequence of political crimes, may profit by the present resolutions in making known within the delay of one year to our Apostolic Nuncios, or other representatives of the Holy See, their desire to profit by this act of our clemency.

3. We equally pardon those who, for having taken part in any conspiracies against the State, are under political surveillance, or may have been declared incapable of holding municipal offices.

4. It is our desire that all criminal prosecutions for political offences which have not yet received definite judgment should be instantly put a stop to, and that the prisoners be set at liberty, unless any of them may demand the continuation of their trials, in order that their innocence may be proved.

5. There shall not be included in the provisions of the preceding articles the small number of ecclesiastics, of military officers, and *employés* of the Government, who have been already condemned, or have fled, or are now under trial for political offences. With regard to these, we reserve our decision until we shall have obtained information as to their particular position.

6. There are also excluded from the present amnesty crimes and ordinary offences, which are subject to the jurisdiction of the tribunal.

We are anxious to feel a confidence that those who will avail themselves of our clemency will know how at all times to respect their duties and their honour. We hope, moreover, that their minds, softened by our pardon, will lay aside their civil hatreds, which are always the occasion and the effect of political passions, in order to draw closer those bonds of peace by which God desires that all the sons of the same father shall be united; but if our hope be deceived, it would be with bitter pain that we should

which have disturbed public order and attacked the lawfully constituted authority in his temporal dominions, promise, upon my word of honour, not to abuse in any way, nor at any time, this act of his sovereign clemency, and pledge myself, besides, to fulfil faithfully all the duties of a loyal subject.'

call to mind that, if clemency be the sweetest attribute of sovereignty, justice is its first duty.

Given at Rome this 16th day of July, 1846, in the first year of our Pontificate.

(Signed) PIUS P. P. IX.

This noble evidence of the great heart of Pius was hailed with ecstasy by a people already fascinated by the sweet countenance and modest deportment of their new ruler. Vivas rent the air; blessings and prayers followed his steps; flowers were cast beneath his feet; and almost instinctively forming themselves into impromptu processions, one of the most excitable and demonstrative of the Italian people proceeded through the streets of Rome, with music and banners, to the palace of their sovereign, there to give vent to an enthusiasm which appeared to know no limit, and which could with difficulty find an appropriate utterance. Peal after peal of wild and frenzied cheering burst from mighty masses of the populace, when, yielding repeatedly to the fond importunity of his subjects, the Pope came forth on the balcony of the Quirinal, and with graceful gesture imparted to them the apostolic benediction. Gratitude, with pardonable vehemence, sought a natural expression in the language of hyperbole; and even the pen, more sober and less impetuous than the tongue, became the vehicle of the most impassioned exaggerations.

Very many of the political prisoners, who soon flocked into Rome, not content with signing the pledge of honour—the only condition imposed by the terms of the amnesty—added, of their free accord, such gratuitous vows as these: —'I swear by my head, and the heads of my children, that I will, to the death, be faithful to Pius IX.'—'I swear to shed all my blood for Pius IX.'—'I renounce my share of Paradise if ever I betray the oath of honour which binds me to Pius IX.'

But amidst this frenzy of enthusiasm there were many

who were far from being content. The representatives of despotic powers witnessed with alarm and apprehension these popular ovations, but still more the beneficent acts to which they owed their origin. The cries and cheers that rang so frequently through the streets and squares of the Eternal City, in homage of the illustrious promoter of reform, and friend of rational liberty, sounded harshly in the ears of ministers and statesmen grown grey in the service of despotism.

And ominously, too, did these wild accents fall upon the ears of those who, having a full knowledge of the fickle and impulsive people by whom they were uttered, and a sad experience of events still recent, shuddered as they anticipated the license to which such gatherings, processions, and demonstrations were ultimately, and not remotely, to lead. To their alarmed fancy, the dagger of the anarchist gleamed darkly beneath the flowers of the festival. Nor were their fears without a cause. For, mixed up with the masses, consisting mainly of the honest and the well-meaning, and ostentatiously parading their enthusiasm and their gratitude, were men who, without feeling the slightest sympathy with the public joy, or the least reverence for the sovereign whose reign was inaugurated by a deed of gracious mercy, were even then planning how best to turn all this enthusiasm and all this rejoicing to their own purposes—which aimed, not at the amelioration of existing institutions, but at their overthrow.

The disciples and followers of Joseph Mazzini were even thus early at their work. And never was a more subtle and crafty policy mapped out for the guidance of a political confederation. A few extracts from the writings of Mazzini, and one or two of the more active members of his party, many of whom the amnesty permitted to enter Rome, will best display their intentions, and the nature of the means through which they sought to carry them into execution.

One of the most ardent of those who protested their

gratitude to the Pope, was Joseph Galletti, of Bologna, whose sentence of capital punishment, for his participation in the conspiracy of 1845, had been commuted into imprisonment for life, and the door of whose dungeon had just been flung open by the general pardon. This document had been alleged against him on his trial:—

Our enemies are many: first of all, the clergy, the nobility, many proprietors; lastly, government *employés*. At the cry of liberty, shall be instituted in every city revolutionary committees, which shall make sure of the said persons the most suspected, and whose liberty or survival might bring great detriment to the cause. As a rule for the sentences of the committees, two sorts of persons are to be distinguished. 1. Those who are indifferent to the cause, but have committed no excess against its partisans, and are attached to government through love of quiet. For these you must use all zeal to interest them. 2. Those who, *employés* or not, have openly shown themselves our enemies, upsetting us in every way; and these chiefly shall be deprived of life. The manner of arrest, without violence and by night: put in prison and slain. You must use in that the greatest prudence and secrecy, giving out then either that they are hid, or exiled, or imprisoned provisionally. And all that not to excite tumults and awaken horror, as happened in the Septemberings. Their deaths to be speedy, and without torment.

Ricciardi announced that—

To acquire independence needs revolution and war: to put aside all considerations originating in the progress of knowledge, civilisation, industry, increase of riches, and public prosperity. . . . . The fatal plant, born in Judæa, has only reached this high point of growth and vigour because it was watered with waves of blood. Would you have an error take root among men, put fire and sword to it. Would you have it fall, make it the object of your gibes. . . . The question is not of a popular assembly, fluctuating, uncertain, slow to deliberate: but there needs a hand of iron, which alone can rule a people hitherto accustomed to differences of opinion, and what is still more, a people corrupted, enervated, made vile by slavery. . . . Soon a

new era will begin for men, the glorious era of a redemption quite otherwise than that announced by Christ.

But the most authoritative exponent of the process by which revolution was made a science is Joseph Mazzini. In his address of October 1846, issued from Paris to the friends of Italy, he says :—

In great countries it is by the people we must go to regeneration; in yours by the princes. We must absolutely make them of our side. It is easy. The Pope will march in reform through principle and of necessity; the King of Piedmont through the idea of the crown of Italy; the Grand Duke of Tuscany through inclination and irritation; the King of Naples through force; and the little princes will have to think of other things besides reform. The people yet in servitude can only sing its wants. *Profit by the least concession to assemble the masses, were it only to testify gratitude. Fêtes, songs, assemblies,* numerous relations established among men of all opinions, suffice to make ideas gush out, *to give the people a feeling of its strength, and render it exacting.* . . . Italy is still what France was before the Revolution : she wants, then, her Mirabeau, Lafayette, and others. A great lord may be held back by his material interests, *but he may be taken by vanity.* Leave him the chief place whilst he will go with you. There are few who would go to the end. *The essential thing is, that the goal of the great revolution be unknown to them: let us never let them see more than the first step.* In Italy, the clergy is rich in the money and faith of the people. You must *manage* them in both those interests, and as much as possible make their influence of use. . . . Learned discussions are neither necessary nor opportune. There are regenerative words which contain all that need be often repeated to the people. Liberty, rights of man, progress, equality, fraternity, are what the people will understand, above all when opposed to the words, despotism, privileges, tyranny, slavery, &c. . . . . Nearly two thousand years ago, a great philosopher, called Christ, preached the fraternity which the world yet seeks. *Accept, then, all the help offered to you. Whoever will make one step forward, must be yours till he quits you. A king gives a more liberal law : applaud him, and ask for the one that must*

follow. A minister shows intention of progress; give him out as a model. A lord affects to pout at his privileges; put yourself under his direction: if he will stop, you have time to let him go: he will remain isolated and without strength against you, and you will have a thousand ways to make unpopular all who oppose your projects. *All personal discontent, all deceptions, all bruised ambition, may serve the cause of progress by giving them a new direction.* . . . The army is the greatest enemy to the progress of socialism. It must be paralysed by the moral education of the people. *Clerical power is personified in the Jesuits. The odium of that name is already a power for the socialists. Make use of it.* . . . Associate! associate! everything is in that word. The secret societies give irresistible strength to the party that will call upon them. Do not fear to see them split: the more the better. All go to the same end by different ways. The secret will be often violated: so much the better: the secret is necessary to give security to the members, but a certain transparency is needed to inspire fire in the stationary. . . . Courage, then, and perseverance!

The objects aimed at by this secret organisation, and its mode of operation, have been unveiled by Cantalupo of Naples:—

1. The society is formed for the indispensable destruction of all the Governments of the Peninsula, and to form a single State of all Italy in republican form. . . . 30. Members who will not obey the orders of the secret society, and those who unveil its mysteries, shall be poignarded without remission. 31. The secret tribune shall pronounce the sentence, pointing out one or two associates for its immediate execution. 32. *The associate who shall refuse to execute the sentence shall be held perjured, and as such put to death on the spot.* 33. *If the victim succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued incessantly in every place; and the guilty shall be struck by an invisible hand, were he sheltered on the bosom of his mother, or in the tabernacle of Christ.* . . . 54. Each tribunal shall be competent not only to judge guilty adepts, but to put to death all persons whom it shall devote to death.

This was the policy, these the proposed means of action

of the men who recognised in Mazzini their apostle and leader; and a policy more ruinous to true liberty and substantial progress it were impossible to imagine; or means more crafty, or more treacherous, not dishonesty itself could invent.

Here, on the one hand, was the large-hearted, high-souled Pontiff, abounding in love for his people, anxious to redress their grievances, to remove every just cause of discontent, and confer upon them the greatest measure of freedom compatible with safety, and the preservation of interests sacred not merely in his own eyes, but in the estimation of the Christian world; and, on the other, a band of insane revolutionists, who, gathered from different parts of the Italian Peninsula, were sworn to subvert and destroy all forms of government that stood in the path of their reckless ambition, or stopped short of the realisation of their utterly impracticable schemes. These men were the worst, because the most insidious, enemies that a reforming ruler could have combined against him; for their fixed and settled plan of action was, as may be seen by the instructions of their teacher, to flatter and cajole, to seduce and corrupt, every individual or class that could serve their purpose,—to inflame the public mind by exciting the most extravagant hopes of changes which could never be soberly contemplated,—and to turn against the Pope and his government, as instruments of destruction, the very reforms which he voluntarily conceded!

These were the worst enemies of the Pope, as of true liberty; but they were not the only enemies with whom he had to contend.

Austria, that held in her grasp some of the fairest portions of Italy, experienced even more alarm than indignation, as she beheld the noble attitude of Pius IX., and saw how the spirit emanating from the Vatican was kindling a new and dangerous fire in the breast of a down-trodden people. Wily in her councils, powerful in her arms, and mighty in

her resources, Austria was, from the very outset, the most formidable enemy of reforms which she had every reason to dread. Naples, too, viewed with jealousy the onward progress of the Pope, and subsequently attempted to hide from her people the knowledge of measures which he had conceded to his subjects. Smaller powers also regarded with dismay the march of reform, and trembled for its influence upon the minds of their subjects. Nor was France, which was in a short time to be the theatre of one of the most remarkable revolutions recorded in her history, believed to be altogether sincere in her professions of approval and admiration of the benevolent acts and reforming spirit of the Pope.

The alarm of many of the Cardinals was great, but, taking all circumstances into consideration, by no means unfounded. They remembered the amnesty of 1831, which had only given the opportunity for violent protestations and fresh plots; and they could not believe that the amnesty of 1846 would be productive of more fortunate results. The Pope held his first Consistory on July 27; when Cardinal Macchi, in replying to the allocution, thus pointed out the apprehended danger:—

'We think, at the same time, to what tempests the Church is exposed, and by what licence and effrontery of opinions men, unbridled to every mischief, leave nothing untried to deprave manners with wicked boldness, to precipitate the ignorant into the abyss of error, to overthrow every power, and even the Catholic Church itself, if that were possible.'

But, notwithstanding the complicated difficulties of his position, Pius boldly persevered in his mission of clemency and reform. He personally enquired into and improved the administration of the public departments; he rigorously examined into the management of hospitals, prisons, and religious institutions, and compelled such changes as he deemed advisable: he punished fraud and extortion, espe-

cially if practised on the poor, with the sternest severity; he promoted employment by useful works, and stimulated industry by encouragement and reward; he introduced reforms into the collection of the public revenue and the management of the finances; he remitted taxes which pressed upon the necessities of the bulk of the population, and diminished such as interfered with their comforts; he granted 'concessions' to companies for establishing railways, and aided the introduction of gas; he opened the public offices to deserving laymen; he permitted the establishment of a press, whose freedom was guaranteed by a mild system of censorship—and to render more effective, as well as permanent, the reforms which he himself introduced, he announced, by his circular of April 19, 1847, his intention of calling together a Council, chosen by the various provinces, to assist him in his administration, and give its opinion and advice on all matters of government connected with the general interests of the country.

And with all these labours he combined a sweetness and a simplicity that won the hearts of the good, and excited a love and veneration that would have overcome all but the malice and the machinations of his relentless foes, who were busily occupied with their work of 'regeneration.' He was to be seen, to the amazement of the sticklers for etiquette, and to the delighted wonder of the people, walking through the streets, clad in a plain garb, and sparingly attended. Sorrow had not then robbed his cheek of its freshness, or dimmed the mild lustre of his eye; and, as he passed through his capital, an almost adoring populace received with ecstasy the benediction of the Pontiff, and the sweet smiles of their ruler and their father. Children ran to him with eagerness, and artlessly made known to him all their wishes, which were ever sure to be complied with.

One day he went on foot from the Quirinal, to say Mass at the convent of the Visitandines of St. Francis de Sales. On leaving the church, a little child went up to him, and

said, 'Art thou the Pope?' 'Yes, my little friend, I am,' replied his Holiness. 'I have no father,' said the little fellow. 'Then I will be a father to you,' was the answer of the Pope, as he embraced the child. The promise so given was fully redeemed; for enquiry having satisfied the Holy Father of the truth of the child's statement, he gave orders to have him carefully educated and provided for in his name, and at his charge.

Several anecdotes are told of the Pope's gentleness and familiarity with children. Amongst others, the following is not the least characteristic. One day a little fellow, all in tears, attempted to make his way through the ranks of the Swiss guards, to present a petition. The Pope, hearing the noise, enquired as to its cause, and sent for the petition. It was in these words :—'Most Holy Father, my mother is old and infirm. I am too young to support her life and mine. Our landlord, a bad man, will turn us out to-morrow if we don't pay him the four scudi we owe him. Deign to lend them. I will pay you when I am bigger.' 'What is your name, my good child, and how old are you?' asked the Pope. 'I am Paul: and I am ten years old.' 'What trade is your father?' 'He's waiting in Paradise for us these ten years,' answered the little fellow, with an accent of touching emotion. 'And your mother?' enquired the Pope. 'She embroiders and prays from morning to night.' Having asked the child where he lived, and been told, the Pope desired him to come the next day, and that he would give him what his mother wanted. In the meantime enquiries were made, which proved that the statement of the child was correct; and when he came again, the Pope gave him ten scudi. 'I did not ask you for ten,' said the little fellow, and he gave back six. 'Take them again, my good child,' said the Pope, 'and tell your mother I will look after her for the future.'

Not content with giving alms in the street, or to those who applied to him personally or by petition, the Pope him-

self visited many an abode of poverty, and with his own hand ministered to the wants of their occupiers. The same hand smoothed the pillow of the sick in the public hospitals (which he visited without the possibility of his intentions being previously made known), and administered to the dying the last consolations of religion.

One night a person, in a priest's habit, entered one of the public hospitals, and being attracted by the groans of a patient, approached the bed on which he lay. The sufferer was a poor French artist, who, feeling that he was dying, was most anxious to have the services of a priest. The almoner was looked for in vain; but the Pope—for it was he—administered the last Sacraments to the poor man, who expired in his arms. Next day the almoner was dismissed.

Other institutions were visited in the same manner, and their abuses laid bare to the vigilant eye of one who recognised a brother even in the most wretched of criminals. Gentle and merciful to every form of suffering, whether the malady were of the soul, the mind, or the body, the Pope was inexorable to those who oppressed or defrauded the helpless or the poor; and many salutary examples were given, by fine or by dismissal, to officials in charge of the various public institutions, who were soon made to know that the least offence against charity or justice would not go unpunished. And no class of his subjects excited in his breast a livelier compassion than the poor imprisoned debtors, many of whom, no doubt, were the victims of their own folly and extravagance, but many more of whom were victims of the fraud or the tyranny of others. To these his visits were indeed those of an angel of mercy; for his hand flung open their prison door, and his generosity supplied them with the means of commencing a new career.

Ever alive to the great importance of educating the young—a duty to which he had already devoted so many years of his life—the Pope was determined to see with his own eyes how his wishes in that respect were carried out;

and scarcely a week passed in which he did not make one of his unannounced and unexpected visits. These visits were made by night as well as by day.

On a day in March, 1847, two priests, who had come in a hired carriage, asked permission to see the schools in a certain street. The teachers were rather annoyed at being disturbed; and one of them said, 'Certainly the Pope would not like strangers to be admitted to the school exercises without an order.' 'You are mistaken,' said the Pope, throwing open his cloak. He then took a seat, enquired into everything, examined the pupils, and distributed prizes to the deserving.

On another occasion he desired to witness for himself the operation of the Night Schools, which had been specially established for artisans and others, who, being employed during the day, could not attend the ordinary schools; and leaving the Quirinal at night in a hired carriage, and attended by one of his chamberlains, the Pope was enabled to judge for himself of the value of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the Roman schools.[1]

As an instance of the manner in which he corrected abuses and administered justice with his own hand, may be mentioned the following.

Shortly after his accession, as he was going into the garden of the Quirinal, a soldier on duty held out a regulation loaf. The Pope took it, and found it to be bad. 'Do you always get bread like this?' asked the Holy Father. 'Always, your Holiness,' replied the soldier. 'Well, we will look to it.' Next day he asked for a loaf of the bread, and found it just the same. He sent for the purveyor, and had him at once arrested and sent to prison, to be tried for the fraud.

He was one day at the Police Palace, when, on looking out of the window, he observed a number of country people, who were kept waiting an hour for their passports, while the person in charge was lunching. The Pope sent for him,

[1] See account of the Roman Night Schools in a subsequent chapter.

and after administering a sharp rebuke, added:—'Now you must give these poor people fifty pauls (about a pound English money) for the time you have robbed them of.' 'But I have not got fifty pauls,' responded the official. 'Here they are,' said the Pope; 'and they shall be struck off your salary.'

To love and serve his people, to render them good and happy, was the sole thought of Pius.

Fondly attached to his own family, he yet resolved, from the moment of his election, that the natural weakness of human affection should not in the slightest degree interfere with his duty to his subjects; and, accordingly, it was soon made known to his brothers and nephews that any hopes of preferment, to which his election to the Pontificate might have given birth, were vain and illusory. It is said that he warned one of his nephews, a young officer in the army, that he must not expect promotion at the cost of others; and exhorted another, who was living without an employment, to retire to Sinigaglia from the ostentation of Rome. And to this policy, so widely different from that which we see practised in every court of Europe, Pius IX. has adhered to the last hour. Not a single member of his family held a public position or office, either in the Papal States, or at any foreign court; and so far from his election to the throne having served his family, it has more or less injured them—inasmuch as they have been compelled, in consequence of his elevation, to assume a greater state, and at a necessarily increased expense. In this most important respect Pius IX. has only followed the example of Gregory XVI. How splendidly does such conduct contrast with the policy pursued by every other sovereign of whom we know anything!

CHAPTER IV.

Alarm of Austria at the Acts of the Pope.—Popular Demonstrations artfully promoted.—Proclamations against them.—Occupation of Ferrara by the Austrians.—Military Enthusiasm of the People.—Inauguration of the Council of State.—Its Creation an Evidence of the Pope's Desire for Reform.—The Pope explains his Intentions.—Address from the Council.—Foreign Sympathy.—The Pope's Generosity to Ireland.—His Appeal in her Behalf.—State of Europe.

THE jealousy of Austria became more marked, and her remonstrances more urgent, if not more overbearing in their tone, as the liberal intentions of the Pope were fully disclosed. The following passage from the *Times* of the 28th of March, 1847, is important, as affording a just estimate of the public conduct of Pius IX., and of the difficulties which foreign cabinets—that of Austria especially—were determined to throw in his way:—

The opposition of Austria has been constant and intense from the moment of his election. The spectacle of an Italian Prince, relying for the maintenance of his power on the affectionate regard and the national sympathies of his people—the resolution of the Pope to pursue a course of moderate reform, to encourage railroads, to emancipate the press, to admit laymen to offices in the State, and to purify the law, but, above all, the dignified independence of action manifested by the Court of Rome, have filled the Austrians with exasperation and apprehension. There is not the least doubt that the Cabinet of Vienna is eager to grasp at the slightest pretext for an armed intervention south of the Po. If such pretext do not occur, it is but too probable that it may be created; and any disturbances calculated to lead to such a result would at once betray their insidious origin.

Meanwhile the Pope is menaced in Austrian notes, which have sometimes transgressed the limits of policy and decorum; and the minor Princes of Italy are terrified by extravagant intimations of hostile designs entertained against them by the national party, headed by the Pope and the house of Savoy, in order to persuade them that their only safeguard is the Austrian army. These intrigues may be thought necessary to the defence of the tottering power of Austria south of the Alps, for every step made in advance by Italy is a step towards the emancipation of the country.

It will be shortly seen that the apprehensions to which the bearing of Austria gave rise were fully justified by her subsequent acts.

In the meantime, however, the plan of promoting demonstrations was systematically persevered in; and thus was cunningly devised a kind of outdoor tribunal, to which the daily course of the Government was submitted, and by which its particular acts were applauded or condemned. The advice of Mazzini was followed to the letter—'Profit by the least concession to assemble the masses, were it only to testify gratitude. Fêtes, songs, assemblies, numerous relations established among men of all opinions, suffice to make ideas gush out, *to give the people the feeling of its strength, and render it more exacting.*' Care was taken to gain over the more prominent of the leaders of the populace, by working on their vanity; and amongst those was Cicerouachio, who, vain, noisy, and credulous, was easily persuaded that he was an orator, and who, foremost in the expression of his boisterous homage to the Pope, soon became distinguished as the leader of each tumultuous ovation, and eventually as the blind instrument of his crafty flatterers.

Let it not be supposed that the Pope was either intoxicated or deluded by the shouts and cries, the crowds and the processions, the music, the banners, and the flowers, that were ready to greet his appearance on every possible occasion. He could not but be conscious that—even sup-

posing there were no lurking enemies plotting his ruin, and whose policy it was to excite and inflame an ardent and impulsive people—the state of feeling created by those constant and almost daily provocations to popular excitement, must be unsuited to a due appreciation of that rational freedom and those progressive reforms which it was his object to promote. Besides, placards, of a nature calculated to excite the worst apprehension of what the future might bring, began to make their appearance on the walls of Rome; and in the provinces, the tumultuous gatherings which, according to Mazzini, were to teach the people 'its strength,' and render it 'more exacting,' had been attended with serious disturbance.

To check an evil now becoming too formidable to be longer endured, and also, if possible, to moderate expectations which were artfully stimulated, a proclamation was published on the 22nd of June, 1847, by Cardinal Gizzi, in the name of the Pope, in which his Holiness, after alluding to the reforms he had felt it his duty to introduce, declares that he intends to persevere in the same course, but to observe, in doing so, wisdom and prudence. The proclamation went on to say :—

His Holiness is firmly resolved to pursue the course of amelioration in every branch of the public administration which may require it, but he is equally resolved to do this only in a prudent and calculated gradation, and within the limits which belong essentially to the sovereignty and the temporal government of the head of the Catholic Church — a government which cannot adopt certain forms which would ruin even the existence of the sovereignty, or at least diminish that external liberty, that independence in the exercise of the supreme primacy for which God willed that the Holy See should have a temporal principality. The Holy Father cannot forget the sacred duties which compel him to preserve intact the trust that has been confided to him.

The proclamation enumerates some of the reforms and

ameliorations that the Pope had introduced, and continues :—

The Holy Father has not been able to see without deep regret that certain restless minds are desirous of profiting by the present state of things to promulgate and endeavour to establish doctrines and ideas totally contrary to his maxims, or to impose upon him others entirely opposed to the tranquil and pacific nature, and the sublime character, of the person who is the vicar of Jesus Christ, the minister of a God of peace, and the father of all Catholics, to whatever part of the world they may belong; or finally to excite in the minds of the people, by speeches or writings, desires and hopes of reforms beyond the limits which his Holiness has indicated. As these persons are in small number, and the good sense and rectitude which govern the great majority of the people have hitherto rejected these insinuations and counsels, the Holy Father feels assured that they will never find a welcome among the people. But it is more easy to imagine than to describe the grief felt by his Holiness at some horrible acts which have taken place in various provinces, and which are in open opposition to the peace and concord which he was desirous of establishing among his beloved subjects, when, in the early days of his glorious pontificate, he pronounced the sweet word of pardon. Another subject of grief for his Holiness has arisen from certain assemblages of the multitude, which, under a pretext of scarcity of corn or other wants, have taken place in divers parts of the State, to the disturbance of public order, and sometimes with menace against personal security.

Cardinal Gizzi then says that the Pope does not confound these meetings with assemblies which have taken place for the manifestation of gratitude for the benefits which he has bestowed on the people, and that his Holiness is deeply sensible of such demonstrations, and implores God to bestow the most perfect blessings upon the reforms which he has granted. But he adds :—

The paternal heart of his Holiness suffers deeply at seeing entire populations and individuals incessantly put to expense for public demonstrations, artisans abandoning their labour to

the injury of their families, and youths, destined to study, losing time which is precious to them. The heart of his Holiness would suffer still more if this state of things were to continue. The first year of his pontificate is over, and in this period of time the Holy Father has been able fully to appreciate the love, gratitude, and devotedness of his well-beloved subjects. He now asks a proof of their praiseworthy sentiments; and this proof must consist in the cessation of all unusual popular meetings on whatever occasion, and all extraordinary manifestations, except those for which, anterior to the present notification, permission had been received from the competent authorities.

The effect of this proclamation was to check an enthusiasm that was rather dangerous than serviceable, and to restore, in some measure, sobriety to the public mind, which had become bewildered by a succession of undue stimulants. It for a time chilled the feeling of the people, who, on some occasions subsequent to its publication, received the Pope with a coldness and silence that presented a remarkable contrast to the absolute frenzy of rejoicing with which they had hailed his appearance a few weeks before. But who, looking at the real state of things as they are now presented to their consideration, will say that this proclamation was not absolutely indispensable, in order to dispel delusions which it would have been in the highest degree mischievous to encourage, even by silence? If the result were to create a sentiment of disappointment and mistrust, its intention was honest and its necessity imperative.

In a short time after (on the 17th of July), the difficulties of the Pope's position were increased by the conduct of Austria, and the circumstances to which it gave rise.

On the pretext of protecting the Sovereign of the Papal States against conspirators, the city of Ferrara was occupied by Austrian troops, 1,500 strong, arrayed in order of battle, with artillery and lighted matches. The general in command acted under strict orders from Marshal Radetski, then in Milan. This violation of the rights and dignity of an inde-

pendent sovereign was met by a spirited protest from Cardinal Ciacchi, the Apostolic Legate of the city and province of Ferrara, and an indignant demand on the part of the Pope's Government, through Cardinal Ferretti, the new Secretary of State, for the withdrawal of the invading force. The bold attitude thus assumed by the Government, as well as the natural irritation created by the insolent and menacing conduct of Austria, in a moment excited the military ardour of the people, and added to the hatred in which the foreign occupants of the soil of Italy were held by every true Italian.

Though neither within the province nor the disposition of Pius IX. to act the part of an aggressor, still, as a sovereign, he had rights to maintain, and, as a patriot, a country to defend; and, in the spirit of the one and the other, he resolutely prepared, if negotiation should fail, to meet the invader with his own weapons. The people nobly responded to their ruler; and even the cloistered monk was not insensible to the martial ardour of the hour, but proclaimed his readiness to don the harness of the warrior, and wield the sword of the flesh against the enemy.

A little while ago, and the cry was for further reforms—now it was for battle with the Austrians; and the press, to which liberty had been conceded, did its utmost to stimulate to the highest point the courage of the nation. All the disposable troops were ordered to the frontiers; and the National Guard was organised throughout the States with the utmost activity, and its banners were blessed with all the solemnity which religious ceremonial could impart. Something like the old spirit of Rome blazed out for the moment.

In this critical emergency the bearing of the Pope was worthy of his position and the occasion. Thus writes the gifted contributor to a London Journal,[1] who witnessed what he described :—'Meantime Pius, overwhelmed with the cares of his new position—isolated, so to say, among

[1] The Daily News.

the crowned heads of Europe—has a heart and confidence in the God of justice which nothing can daunt. He is fully prepared for every emergency.' 'The face of Pius,' says another eye-witness, 'beams with the calm of a good conscience.'

The Jews shared in the enthusiasm of the hour, and offered the homage of their gratitude to the Pope, who had extended the privileges which they had enjoyed under the Papal sway, and had recently allowed them to appoint a successor to their late High Priest then twelve years dead. On the occasion of the induction of the new High Priest, the ceremony was concluded by a hymn for the Pope, written in the choicest Hebrew.

The difference with Austria was ultimately arranged without the necessity of coming to blows.

On the 15th of November, 1847, the Council of State, promised by Pius in his circular of the 19th of April, was solemnly inaugurated, amidst the enthusiasm of the people, the earnest wishes of the moderate, the apprehensions of the timid, and the evil expectations of the designing, whose hopes were not in reform, but in revolution—not in gradual development or judicious progress, but in anarchy and confusion.

The object of calling together the Council of State, as well as its composition and division, are explained in the following *Proprio Motu* promulgated by the Pope on the 15th of October, a month previous to its assembly:—

When, by our circular of the 19th of April last, we announced our intention to choose and call to Rome respectable persons, from each province of the Pontifical dominions, our object was to form a Council of State, and thus endow the Pontifical Government with an institution justly appreciated by the other European Governments, and which, in former times, constituted the glory of the States of the Holy See, a glory due to the genius of the Roman Pontiffs. We are persuaded that, when assisted by the talent and experience of persons honoured

with the suffrages of entire provinces, it will be easier for us boldly to take in hand the administration of the country, and impart to it a character of utility, which is the object of our solicitude. This result we are certain to attain. Our fixed determination, combined with the moderation of the public mind, must enable us to reap the fruit of the seed already sown. We will thus show the entire world, through the medium of our voices and the press, and by our attitude, that a population inspired by religion, devoted to its prince, and gifted with good sense, knows how to appreciate a political blessing, and express its gratitude with order and moderation. This is the only price we demand in recompense of our constant solicitude for the public welfare, and we confidently hope to obtain it. Trusting in the aid of Divine Providence, and wishing our sovereign resolutions to be executed, we have decreed the following of our own accord, having duly considered the matter, and in virtue of our supreme authority:—

ORGANISATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

'The Council of State is to be composed of a cardinal president, a prelate, vice-president, and 24 councillors, named by the provinces, and who are to have fixed salaries. Each province will return a councillor, Bologna 2, and Rome and its vicinity 4.

[The second paragraph relates to the mode of election and nomination of the councillors.]

'They are to be divided into four sections:—first, of legislation; second, of finance; third, of internal administration, commerce, and manufactures; fourth, of the army, public works, prisons, &c.

'The Council is instituted to assist the Pope in the administration; to give its opinion on matters of government, connected with the general interest of the State and those of the provinces; on the preparation of laws, their modification, and all administrative regulations; on the creation and redemption of public debts; the imposition or reduction of taxes; the alienation of the property and estates belonging to the Government; on the cession of contracts; on the customs' tariff and the conclusion of treaties of commerce; on the budget of the State, the verification of the accounts and general expenditure of the administration of the State and provinces; on the revision and reform of the present organisation of district and provincial councils,' &c.

Let us not try this new concession, which was but the

forerunner of one still more ample, by a false standard; as such mode of judging of its value or its importance would be fallacious and unjust. We cannot attempt to test it by a comparison with the free constitution of these countries, or of any country in which popular institutions have long been established. Let us, instead of forming a comparison between it and our thoroughly defined representative system, which has been the growth of ages, and the result of an unwearied and persistent struggle of the popular element against the claims and encroachments of the kingly power and the aristocratic influence, regard it in its true light—as a bold innovation on the established system of Papal Government, and as an eminently venturous step in the path of political change. A great reform in itself, it was intended to be the basis of reforms far more comprehensive. It was an instrument, fashioned by the hand of a benevolent monarch—one with which the true patriot might have effected great good in the way of substantial and enduring improvements in all the social and national interests of the Papal States. But, alas! this instrument, intended for good, was turned against the breast of its author.

That was a day of carnival in Rome which witnessed the arrival at the Quirinal of the members of the Consulta—consisting of the President, Cardinal Antonelli; the Vice-president, Monsignor Amici; and the twenty-four Provincial Deputies—and beheld them take their places in the Hall of the Throne, where they first assembled to pay their homage to the Sovereign, who, in reply to an address from the President, spoke these words, which were perfectly in accordance with the intentions he had from the first expressed:—

I thank you for your good intentions, and as regards the public welfare, I esteem them of value. It was for the public good that since my elevation to the Pontifical throne I have, in accordance with the counsels inspired by God, accomplished all that I could; and I am still ready, with the assistance of

God, to do all for the future, without, however, retrenching in any degree the sovereignty of the Pontificate; and inasmuch as I received it full and entire from my predecessors, so shall I transmit this sacred deposit to my successors. I have three millions of subjects as witnesses, that I have hitherto accomplished much to unite my subjects with me, and to ascertain and provide for their necessities. It was particularly to ascertain those wants, and to provide better for the exigencies of the public service, that I have assembled you in a permanent council. It was to hear your opinion when necessary, to aid me in my sovereign resolutions, in which I shall consult my conscience, and confer on them with my Ministers and the Sacred College. Anybody who would take any other view of the functions you are called to fulfil would mistake materially, as well as he that would see in the Council of State I have created the realisation of their own Utopias, and the germ of an institution incompatible with the Pontifical sovereignty.

His Holiness having pronounced those last words with some vivacity, and not a little heat, stopped a moment, and then resuming his usual mild manner, continued in the following terms :—

This warmth and those words are not addressed to any of you, whose social education, Christian and civil probity, as well as the loyalty of your sentiments and the rectitude of your intentions, have been known to me since the moment I proceeded to your election. Neither do those words apply to the majority of my subjects, for I am sure of their fidelity and their obedience. I know that the hearts of my subjects unite with mine in the love of order and of concord. But there exist unfortunately some persons (and, though few, they still exist,) who, having nothing to lose, love disturbance and revolt, and even abuse the concessions made to them. It is to those that my words are addressed, and let them well understand their signification. In the co-operation of the deputies I see only the firm support of persons who, devoid of every personal interest, will labour with me, by their advice, for the public good, and who will not be arrested by the vain language of restless men devoid of judgment. You will aid me with your wisdom to discover that

which is most useful for the security of the throne and the real happiness of my subjects.

The Pope took leave of the Deputies in these words: 'Proceed, with the blessing of Heaven, to commence your labours. May they prove fruitful in beneficial results, and conformable to the desires of my heart.'

Amidst the heartfelt rejoicings of the population, and surrounded or accompanied by all that could gratify the eye or excite the imagination, the procession wound its imposing splendour through the streets which lay between the Quirinal and the Vatican. Brilliant tapestries; fluttering banners, emblematic and distinctive; gorgeous equipages; glittering uniforms of infantry and cavalry; costumes of all kinds, many of them in the highest degree picturesque—these, added to a dense mass of ardent and enthusiastic people, formed one of those magnificent pageants of which Rome, above all other cities, has ever been prolific. Religion lent its sacred aid, in the greatest of its earthly temples, to render solemn and memorable the inauguration of the National Council. From beneath the dome of St. Peter's, the Deputies proceeded to the chamber allotted to them in the Vatican, and there formally commenced their labours.

Of the address drawn up, in answer to the speech of the Pope, the following passages, with which it concludes, exhibit a clear perception of the motives of the Sovereign, the magnitude of the work to be accomplished, and the means by which it could alone be successful:—

But the accomplishment of an undertaking so great and so difficult will require much study, time, and calmness. We confide in the continuance of the noble tranquillity of which your subjects have given so many proofs. They will patiently await the salutary fruits of the seeds which you have sown with a generous hand.

Your work, Holy Father, has not been undertaken to favour exclusively one order of citizens; it embraces all your subjects in a common bond of love, and that love is such that your

example is admired and followed by the other sovereigns of Italy, united with their subjects in the alliance of principles, passions, and interests.

We have often seen reforms, imposed by popular exigencies, developing themselves amidst tumults and collisions. Their conquest cost tears and blood. But, amongst us, it is the first and most venerable authority of all which wishes to initiate us in the progress of civilisation. That authority itself directs the minds in a peaceable and moderate movement, and guides us towards the supreme end, which is the reign of justice and truth on earth.

While these events were passing in Rome, the sympathies of every generous nation were drawn towards the occupant of the Chair of Peter. And on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, in the chief cities of the United States, masses of men met to express their admiration of the acts of the illustrious reformer. Amongst the most remarkable of the meetings which took place, was that held in the month of December, 1847, in the 'Tabernacle,' New York, at which many of the leading statesmen of America gave the warmest expression to their sympathy and admiration. The address and resolutions were proposed by Puritans, and the descendants of Puritans; and though Catholics attended the meeting in numbers, they purposely refrained from taking any prominent part in the demonstration, with the intention of rendering it more striking and effective. The fourth resolution exhibits a thorough consciousness of the obstacles with which Pius had to contend, and the dangers by which he was menaced :—

Resolved,—That we present our most hearty and respectful salutations to the Sovereign Pontiff for the noble part he has taken on behalf of his people; that, knowing the difficulties with which he is surrounded at home, and the attacks with which he is menaced from abroad, we honour him the more for the mild firmness with which he has overcome the one, and the true spirit with which he has repelled the other.

Nor was Ireland, even in the midst of her sorrows and

tribulations, insensible to the claims which the Holy Father had upon her sympathies; for fresh in her gratitude was the recollection of the generous hand that had been extended towards her from the Vatican, and of those urgent appeals which were made in her behalf to the compassion of Christendom. No sooner had the cry of a distressed nation reached the ear of Pius IX., than it found a ready response in his heart; and not only did he at once send, out of his small means, a munificent contribution towards the fund for its relief, but caused the churches of Rome to resound to the earnest solicitations of his clergy in the cause of suffering humanity. The Pope's feelings in behalf of Ireland are best conveyed in his own expressive words. On the 8th of February, 1847, a number of English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen, then residing in Rome, and who had formed themselves into a Committee for the collection of subscriptions, waited on his Holiness for the purpose of expressing their thanks for his liberality. 'We desire,' said the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. Harford),—

to express to your Holiness our lively acknowledgment for the benevolent and spontaneous manner in which you have signified to us, through Dr. Cullen, your charitable and generous intention of contributing a thousand scudi to the same object. We also beg your Holiness to permit us to express our conviction, that the sentiment which at this moment animates our hearts will be deeply felt, not only by the English now in Rome, but in every portion of the British empire.

To which, with every appearance of the most genuine emotion, the Pope replied :—

It affords me great consolation to see so many benevolent gentlemen from every part of the United Kingdom engaged in so excellent a work of charity, exerting themselves to arrest the progress of famine, and striving to alleviate the dreadful distress of their brethren in Ireland. Were the means at my command more extensive, I should not limit myself to the little I have done in a cause in which I feel the warmest sympathy. To

supply the want of a larger contribution, I shall pray with fervour to the Almighty, beseeching him to look with mercy on his people, to remove the scourge that afflicts them, and to give peace, happiness, and abundance to the country.

But the Pope, in his Encyclical Letter of the 18th of March, so fully expressed the compassion with which he witnessed the increasing distress of Ireland, and his knowledge and appreciation of the religious fidelity of its people, as of their attachment to the Holy See, that a passage from that document is appropriate in this place. It is as follows :—

Being moved by this example of our predecessors, and, at the same time, by the inclination of our own will, when first We learned that the kingdom of Ireland was involved in a great dearth of corn, and a scarcity of other provisions, and that that nation was suffering from a most dreadful complication of diseases brought on by want of food, We instantly applied every means, as far as in us lay, to succour that afflicted people. Therefore, we proclaimed that, in this our city, prayers should be poured forth; and We encouraged the clergy, the Roman people, and those who were sojourning in the city, to send assistance to Ireland. By which means it was arranged, that partly by money cheerfully sent by ourselves, and partly by that which was collected in Rome, assistance, as far as the necessities of the time permitted, could be forwarded to our venerable brethren the Archbishops of Ireland, which they may distribute according to the conditions of the respective localities and of their suffering people. But letters are still brought to us from Ireland, and accounts are daily related to us respecting the calamities mentioned above still continuing in this island—nay, even increasing—which afflict our mind with incredible grief, and urgently impel us again to afford assistance to the Irish nation. And what efforts ought We not to make to raise up that nation now suffering under such a disaster, when We know how great the fidelity of the clergy and people of Ireland is, and always has been, towards the Apostolic See—how, in the most dangerous times, their firmness in the profession of the Catholic religion has been conspicuous—by what labour the clergy of

Ireland have toiled for the propagation of the Catholic religion in the remotest regions of the world; and, finally, with what zeal for piety and religion the Divine Peter, whose dignity (to use the words of Leo the Great) is not the less in an unworthy heir, is among the Irish nation honoured and distinguished in our humble person!

By the Pope's personal contribution, as well as through his instrumentality, a sum of about 12,000 scudi was collected, and sent to the suffering poor of Ireland.

With such an evidence of his compassion and goodness before their eyes, it is no exaggeration to say, that by no people were the steps of Pius, in the paths of social and political amelioration, watched with a more intense interest than by the Irish, especially those whose religious sympathies harmonised with their love of rational liberty. The Pope had also testified his marked respect for the memory of O'Connell, that champion of the Church, whose heart, according to his dying wish and desire, had been brought to Rome, as a last attestation of his attachment to the Holy See. The vestments used on the occasion of the solemn obsequies had been sent from the Papal Chapel, by the express orders of his Holiness.

Towards the close of 1847, disturbances had commenced in Messina; insurrection was rife in Palermo; and disaffection was hourly making itself manifest in Milan. These were the first heavings of that universal earthquake which was, ere long, to burst forth in the principal capitals of Europe. Accounts from all parts of the Italian Peninsula heralded a year of storm and convulsion.

CHAPTER V.

The Year of Revolutions.—Great Excitement in Rome—Further Reforms demanded.—Opening of the Roman Parliament.—The War of Independence.—Its disastrous Result.—Conduct of the Republicans.—Count Rossi Prime Minister.—His Assassination.—Despatch of the French Ambassador.—Inhuman Rejoicings.—Assault on the Pope's Palace.—The Pope's personal Liberty at an End.—No Excuse for this Violence.—He resolves to abandon Rome.—His flight from the Quirinal.—He reaches Gaeta.—His Reception by the King and Queen of Naples.

THE year 1848 opened gloomily upon the political world, almost every country in Europe being rife with discontent and ready for revolution.

In Rome events were fast hastening to a crisis; and each new account of risings throughout the Italian States or elsewhere but added to the daring of the extreme party, now actively represented by the press, which was chiefly in the hands of refugees, and by the clubs, which had lately sprung into existence, and had already become the focus of intrigue, and the organs as well as the promoters of violence. By both, the crafty policy of Mazzini was persistently inculcated, and every opportunity availed of to encourage the fêtes, songs, processions, and gatherings of the masses, so cunningly relied on as a means of stimulating popular excitement, keeping the public mind in a state of feverish impatience, 'teaching the people its strength,' and rendering them 'more exacting.' None but revolutionary measures could keep pace with such a state of feeling as was artfully fostered by the enemies of rational reform. The deliberations

of the Consulta were rudely intruded upon by the mob-leaders, and changes demanded with a manner not always free from menace.

To add to the perils of the hour, the diversion of large numbers of the people from their customary pursuits led to the very consequences against which the Pope, in his proclamation of the 22nd of June of the previous year, had so prophetically warned his subjects. With the abandonment of industry, idleness became general, and poverty and distress followed as a matter of necessity. Nor were frequent acts of violence and bloodshed wanting, to impart a darker aspect to the position of affairs.

It was, then, upon a population so inflamed, that the news of the insurrection which had broken out at Palermo burst with electric influence. These tidings were quickly followed by still more startling intelligence,—that a free constitution had been granted by the King of Naples; that movements of a revolutionary character were apprehended in Austria and Prussia; that barricades had been erected in the streets of Paris, and a Republic established on the ruins of the Orleans dynasty. From this moment the audacity of the press, the clubs, and the mob-leaders knew no bounds; and even the most upright and well-intentioned ministers, who were constantly appearing upon and disappearing from the political stage, were reluctantly compelled to flatter where they could not hope to control.

The accounts from Paris produced the most intense excitement; and, in a short time after these were circulated through Rome, the people proceeded in an immense crowd to the Quirinal, to demand the promised constitution; to frame which, with safety to the grave interests of the Church —which the Pope was specially bound to protect—seemed, to their impatience, a matter of trifling difficulty. In answer to a subsequent and more formal demand, the Pope gave the following reply:—

The events, I will not say which succeeded each other, but

which have hurried on to a conclusion, justify the demand addressed to me by the senators in the name of the magistrates and the Council. Everybody knows that I have been incessantly engaged in giving the government the form claimed by those gentlemen and required by the people. But everybody must understand the difficulty encountered by him who unites two supreme dignities. What can be effected in one night in a secular state cannot be accomplished without mature examination in Rome, in consequence of the necessity to fix a line of separation between the two powers. Nevertheless, I hope that in a few days the constitution will be ready, and that I shall be able to proclaim a new form of government, calculated to satisfy the people, and more particularly the Senate and the Council, who know better the state of affairs and the situation of the country. May the Almighty bless my desires and labours! If religion derives any advantage therefrom, I will throw myself at the feet of the crucified Jesus, to thank him for the events accomplished by his will, and I will be more satisfied as Chief of the Universal Church than as a temporal prince, if they turn to the greatest glory of God.

The promise thus given was speedily fulfilled; and on the 5th of June the Roman Parliament was opened by a speech read by Cardinal Altieri, in the name of the Pope; in which, after expressing his satisfaction at having succeeded in introducing into his States the political reforms demanded by the times, his Holiness directed the attention of the Chambers to matters of pressing interest and growing emergency. The sittings were then declared to be open.

And thus was a new field offered to the activity of the party who looked upon all reforms with contempt, and regarded the most generous concessions but as a means to an end. The two Chambers contained many sincere patriots, earnestly devoted to their country, their sovereign, and their church; but their prudence and their good sense were soon overborne by the violence of those whose vanity or whose reckless ambition impelled them to every excess.

In the meanwhile the flame of insurrection had burst out

in other capitals, to which the startling events at Paris had given a wild impulse. The revolution at Vienna imparted new confidence to the patriots of Italy; and the Milanese, after a noble struggle, compelled the Austrians to evacuate their beautiful city. A republic was also once more proclaimed in Venice.

The Pope was not insensible to the generous influence of the hour, and no one could more sincerely desire to witness the triumph of Italian independence than he did. To accomplish this great object he made several efforts, unfortunately in vain, with a view of combining the different states into a common national league; but while he met with a cordial concurrence in some instances, his proposal was received with coldness and jealousy in others. Naples, Tuscany, and other States entered with alacrity into the scheme; but the Sardinian Government refused to send delegates to Rome, and suggested a Congress in the North of Italy--a proposition not calculated to overcome the natural apprehensions entertained by the governments of the South of the ambitious views of Charles Albert. Had the scheme of an Italian League, under the presidency of the Pope, been carried into effect, it would, in all human probability, have effected the freedom of Italy; and also, while saving Rome from the machinations of anarchists, it would have consolidated the reforms granted to the Papal States. But such was not to be.

It would be an unnecessary task, and besides one foreign to the purpose of this volume, were I to follow through its vicissitudes the short War of Independence, that, commencing with an enthusiasm to which no class, and scarcely any individual, was insensible, ended in defeat and disappointment, and the complete triumph of Austria. The Romans, who, on the 24th of March, witnessed the departure of General Durando from their ancient gates, at the head of a brave but not too well disciplined army, and who thought of the old times, as, with music and banners, their youth

marched to resist the foes of their country, ere long received the tidings of their having capitulated at Vicenza; from which place, but three weeks before, they had gallantly repulsed the Austrians.

General Durando had, in the first instance, exceeded his instructions, which were, to proceed to the frontiers, and act on the defensive; and in an address, whose exaggeration the circumstances of the moment may explain rather than justify, pledged the Pope to a crusade of exterminations against the Austrians, as the enemies of 'the Cross of Christ.' The Pope's repudiation of this unwise address excited intense agitation in Rome; but Pius resolutely adhered to his proclamation, in which, while professing his devotion to the cause of Italian freedom, he at the same time declared that he could not, as Pontiff, proclaim war against a Christian power. He thus, in these touching words, rebuked the violence of the moment, which was but the fitting prelude to the subsequent infamous excesses:—

Our words have excited a commotion which threatens to break out into open violence: such as, regardless of the respect due to persons, heedless of every constituted right, attempts (oh God! our heart freezes in recording it) to dye the streets of the capital of the Catholic World in the blood of venerable persons, marked as the innocent victims destined to satisfy the uncurbed will of those who do not reason. And shall this be the reward a Sovereign Pontiff had to expect for the numerous proofs he has given of his love for his people. *Popules meus, quid feci tibi?* Do not these ill-advised men see that, besides the enormous excesses with which they would stain themselves, and the incalculable scandal which they would present to the whole world, they would only injure the cause which they mean to defend, filling Rome, the States, and all Italy with an infinite series of evils? And in this and similar cases (which God keep far away) could the spiritual power which God hath given us remain inactive? Let all be aware that we feel the magnitude of our dignity and the force of our power. Save, O Lord, your Rome from so many evils! enlighten those who will not listen

to the voice of your vicar! let wiser counsels prevail with all! so that, obedient to those who govern them, they may live in the exercise of the duties of good Christians, without which they can neither be good subjects nor good citizens.

Durando was nevertheless ordered to co-operate with Charles Albert; and the unhappy result of the brief Roman campaign gave rise to a stormy debate in the Roman Commons, in which the most opposite opinions were expressed as to the conduct of the war, and the courage of the officers in command. But the armies of Rome and Piedmont had other enemies to contend with besides the Austrians; for in the camps both of Durando and Charles Albert, the emissaries of the republicans were ever actively engaged in sowing the seeds of suspicion and distrust, and amongst the very troops which, if these men were sincere in their devotion to the cause of Italian liberty, they should rather have stimulated and encouraged.[1]

[1] The following extracts from *The History of Modern Italy*, by Richard Heber Wrightson, a writer of fairness and moderation, exhibit the revolutionary party in no enviable light:—

'The agents of the revolutionary party made the most of this opportunity, and Farini, himself a witness of the scene, relates that on the evening of May 6, when he and other civilians visited the camp for the purpose of succouring the wounded, the emissaries of the Milanese *circoli* were there for a different purpose, and were busily exerting themselves to undermine the confidence of the soldiers in their commanders, and shake their loyalty to their sovereign.

. . . . . .

'The political intrigues carried on by the Mazzinists or republicans—if republicans they may be called—were already undermining the Italian cause; and there can be little doubt that Radetsky was well aware of that fact, when he exhorted his government to persevere, and assured it of ultimate success.

'The practices of this party began at a very early stage in the war. On May 6, as has already been noted, its emissaries had penetrated into the camp of Charles Albert, and were tampering with the fidelity and discipline of the soldiers; and two days later we find that the very existence of Durando's army was endangered by agents of a similar

The defeat of Charles Albert under the walls of Milan put a termination to the war, that gallant monarch being compelled to retire within the boundaries of his own dominions. And although the King had done all that man could under the circumstances in which he was placed; and though the terms of the capitulation were honourable to him and favourable to the people of Milan, whose persons and property it protected, the treatment which he received from the rabble, urged on by the false and cowardly anarchists, was disgraceful in the extreme. But these men, wherever they appeared, proved themselves the worst foes of Italian freedom.

Meanwhile the press, the clubs, and mob-leaders of Rome had become more violent; while a new and more dangerous element was added to the already sufficiently excitable populace, by the return of numbers of reduced or disbanded soldiers, of questionable character, but of singular aptitude for riot and disturbance. Each succeeding hour the populace—in reality the *mob*—grew more 'conscious of its strength,' and consequently 'more exacting in its demands.' In this sad state of things there was only one chance for the cause of constitutional liberty against the dictation of the clubs and the lawless violence of an infuriated populace; and that was in the energy and determination of a minister of liberal policy and firm purpose.

And such a minister did Pius IX. call to his councils in the person of Count Rossi, whose abilities as a trained and practised statesman were only excelled by his desire to see Italy restored to peace and tranquillity, and the enjoyment of national prosperity as well as true freedom. It was not in a moment like that which had now arrived, that a man of his stamp would lightly assume a position so abounding in

description, amongst whom were Fathers Gavazzi and Bassi, zealous preachers of sedition, and active subverters of discipline and subordination.'

difficulties, and undertake a task so fraught with hourly peril. A solemn consciousness of duty, and a chivalrous anxiety to be of assistance to a noble but ill-used sovereign, alone induced Count Rossi to undertake the conduct of the government. To the anarchists—those who looked for the overthrow of the Pope's authority, and the erection of a Red Republic upon its ruins—no minister could be more hateful than Rossi; and accordingly, his first vigorous efforts to restore order, and put a stop to a condition of things which no government could permit without a virtual abdication of its functions, were answered by a yell of rage from the revolutionary press, and by the ferocious denunciations of the clubs. Nowise daunted, Rossi persevered in his good work, which was so happy in its results, that in the course of some three weeks—having assumed the direction of affairs on the 16th of August—he succeeded in the difficult task of infusing confidence into the breast of a bewildered public, and renewing hopes of ultimate success in the minds of those who had long since surrendered themselves to despair.

With such a man there was therefore left but one mode of dealing, and that was speedily resolved upon. The dagger of the assassin was now to do its bloody work, not in the darkness of night, when Nature, as it were, flings a cloak over the murderer, but in the blaze of the noonday sun, and in the presence of hundreds of spectators.

As if to prove to the world how unfitted for representative institutions were a people whom crafty and designing men had systematically trained into licentiousness, the day selected for the abominable deed of blood, which was to put an end to all hopes of constitutional liberty, was that appointed for the reopening of the Chambers; and the appropriate place selected for the murder was the very entrance to the Cancellaria, in which the Roman Parliament held its sittings.

Let the pen of the Ambassador of France (the Duc d'Harcourt) describe an act which evoked one universal shout of execration in whatever country it was heard of. The following despatch was laid before the National Assembly of France, preparatory to the debate on the proposed expedition to Civita Vecchia :—

Rome, November 16.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I have already had the honour of announcing to you by the telegraph that M. Rossi, Minister of the Interior, was assassinated yesterday at 1 o'clock, as he was alighting from his carriage to enter the Chamber of Deputies. He was stabbed in the throat, and died immediately. The murderer was not arrested, nor was even any attempt made to seize him. Some gendarmes and National Guards, who were on the spot, did not interfere. The populace remained mute and cold. It was with difficulty that the Minister's servant could find any one to help him in carrying the body of his master into a neighbouring room. The Assembly, on the steps of which the murder was committed, continued undisturbedly to read its minutes, and not a word was mentioned of the incident during the whole sitting. In the evening the murderers and their adherents, to the amount of several hundreds, with flags at their head, fraternised with the soldiers at their barracks, and none of the magistrates came forward to act. The Director of Police, although urged to take some energetic measures, refused to interfere, and withdrew. This morning the whole of the ministry resigned. It is difficult to conceive any new combination possible, or any chance of re-establishing order, after what has passed. Such is the position of the successors of the ancient Romans! Having no packet immediately at my disposal, I have resolved to send this despatch overland. Accept, &c.

HARCOURT.

The Ambassador did not add the revolting fact, that the assassins, their accomplices, and their abettors, travestied those fêtes which it was the policy of the advocates of revolution to encourage; and, gathering together all that was foul or frenzied of the populace, passed in procession through

the streets, until they arrived beneath the windows of the house in which lay the ghastly form of its murdered owner, and there insulted, with inhuman shouts and songs of hellish triumph, the agony of the living, and the solemn repose of the dead.

'Long live the hand which poignarded Rossi!' was the benediction pronounced upon the assassin.

That night of the fatal 15th closed in blood; but the morning of the 16th dawned on a day of horror and sacrilege, in which the guilt of the previous day was far exceeded in atrocity. The ministry of Count Rossi having been destroyed in his person, it was now determined, by those who instigated, or were resolved to profit by, his assassination, to force a ministry of their own selection upon the sovereign. The second despatch from the Duc d'Harcourt, an eye-witness to the infamous outrage, thus describes the manner in which the well-instructed rabble exhibited their 'strength:'

Rome, Nov. 17.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I have had the honour to give you the account of the murder of M. Rossi. Yesterday we had a continuation of these excesses, which will make you regret, perhaps, not having given, at a certain time, some support to the Sovereign Pontiff. It would be difficult to witness a more sad spectacle for the nation, than that of which we have been ocular witnesses. Towards two o'clock a rather large crowd of the people went to the Quirinal with a programme, known beforehand, and which issued from the presses of the Popular Club. This programme demanded the dismissal of the Ministry, the formation of another, the formation of a Constituent Assembly, a solemn declaration of war, &c.—There are in the interior of the Quirinal 100 Swiss, who are alone charged with the personal guard of the Pope, with a few *gardes du corps*. When the Swiss saw this hostile demonstration, they closed the doors and prepared for a defence. The diplomatic corps had time to enter the palace, and offered to the Pope its moral support against the violence that might be attempted against him. The assemblage at first uttered menaces to obtain admission, and

seing that their desire was not complied with. they endeavoured to burn down the principal door. A few musket shots from the Swiss, and their decided attitude, soon forced the aggressors to retire to a distance. Up to this time only the populace had interposed; the attack, therefore, did not last long, and the populace were beginning to disperse when we witnessed, to our great surprise, an unexpected spectacle. The civic guard, the gendarmerie, the line, and the Roman legion,[1] to the number of some thousands, in uniform, with music and drums, came and ranged themselves in order of battle on the square of the Quirinal, and were there joined by a few of the people who had remained, and began to fire at the windows of the Palace. Some balls penetrated into the apartments, and one killed a prelate who was in his chamber. As the Swiss continued to display a bold attitude, and it was thought that a determined resistance would be offered, cannon was brought to batter down the doors of the palace of the Pope, who is mildness itself, and who had only a hundred Swiss to defend him. It is generally thought that there were only a few hundred plotters, who had laid the plan of this conspiracy. There were near the Pope, during the whole of the day, only the diplomatic corps. The Pope, all this time, showed much *sang froid* and firmness; but as it was impossible to oppose resistance,—and, besides, as he was less able and disposed than anybody to shed blood—it was necessary to do whatever was demanded by his own troops, who besieged him in his palace. Negotiations were entered into, and a list of ministers was proposed to him, at the head of which figure MM. Mamiani, Sterbini, Gilleti, &c. This he accepted, protesting, however, against the violence which was practised, and declaring that he would refer to the Chambers the other measures which were demanded of him. The authority of the Pope is now absolutely null. It exists only in name, and none of his acts will be free and voluntary.

HARCOURT.

The statement of the French Ambassador omits the fact,

[1] The fact that the Ambassador wrote under strong and most honourable feelings of indignation, will account for some trifling errors into which he fell. Of this legion, it may be remarked, but few were Romans.

of which perhaps he was not aware at the time he wrote his despatch, that the motley rabble, amongst whom, to their shame, men who called themselves soldiers were mixed up, had proceeded in the first instance to the Chamber of Deputies, and insisted on several members of that body accompanying them, as their organ and mouthpiece, to the palace of the Pope. To his eternal honour be it recorded, the insulted Sovereign declared, in spite of the hoarse and savage shouts which reached his ears, that 'he would not grant anything to violence.' This was his reply to the second demand made by the dishonoured Deputies in the name of a frenzied mob. But the brutal violence to which his Holiness eventually, though under protest, did yield, will be even more fully understood from the following passages of a letter which appeared in the *Daily News*, written by a gentleman whose communications to that journal excited the greatest attention at the time :—

At this stage of the proceedings it was evident that the die was cast. From the back streets men emerged bearing aloft long ladders wherewith to scale the pontifical abode; carts and waggons were dragged up and ranged within musket-shot of the windows to protect the assailants in their determined attack on the palace; the cry was, 'To arms! to arms!' and musketry began to bristle in the approaches from every direction; faggots were produced and piled up against one of the condemned gates of the building, to which the mob was in the act of setting fire when a brisk discharge of firelocks scattered the besiegers in that quarter.

The multitude began now to perceive that there would be a determined resistance to their further operation, but were confident that the Quirinal, if not taken by storm, must yield to progressive inroad. The drums were now beating throughout the city, the disbanded groups of regular troops and carbineers reinforcing the hostile display of assailants, and rendering it truly formidable. Random shots were aimed at the windows, and duly responded to; the outposts, one after another, taken by the people, the garrison within being too scanty to man the

outworks. The belfry of St. Carlino, which commands the structure, was occupied. From behind the equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux a group of sharpshooters plied their rifles, and about four o'clock Monsignor Palma, private secretary to his Holiness, was killed by a bullet penetrating his forehead.

As if upwards of 6,000 troops of all ranks were not considered enough to reduce the little garrison of a couple of dozen Swiss, two six-pounders now appeared on the scene, and were drawn up and duly pointed against the main gate, and, a truce having been proclaimed, another deputation claimed entrance and audience of the Pope, which the monarch ordered to be allowed. The deputation were bearers of the people's *ultimatum*, which was a reproduction of the five points before stated, and they now declared that they would allow his Holiness *one hour to consider*; after which, if *not* adopted, *they announced their firm purpose to break into the Quirinal, and put to death every inmate thereof, with the sole and single exception of his Holiness himself.*

Who will attempt, on rational grounds, to account for this abominable outrage? If, indeed, the palace assailed with such fury had been the dwelling-place of some tyrant, stained with the blood of his people—of some monster, to whose ears the cries and groans of his subjects were as sweet music—of some wretch dead to every good and generous emotion, who delighted in oppressing and trampling upon those obedient to his sway,—then might the world comprehend and account for the dark doings of this day of shame. But the monarch thus outraged was the best as well as the most exalted of living men,—in whose breast ever welled a fountain of love, and charity, and compassion,—whose every thought from the moment that he rose in the morning, till he last knelt to his God at night, was of doing good—how he could improve and elevate his people—how he could promote their temporal and eternal interests—how he could most effectually minister to the necessities of the poor, the suffering, and the sick—how he could best train the young in intelligence and virtue, raise up the fallen, and restore the erring to the right

path. His was a brow that never contracted in resentment —his an eye that never flashed with anger—his a mouth that never uttered words of scorn or contempt; but ever gentle, ever merciful, ever good, Pius IX. seemed born to attract towards him the hearts and win the confidence of mankind. But the base and bad took advantage of those qualities which command the respect of the good, and despised the gentle and benign sovereign for the lack of that sternness and that rigour which they could alone appreciate, but which formed no element in the sweet character of the Vicar of Christ.[1]

The plotters had done their work too effectually to allow of hope for their return to reason. The moderate were shocked at the excesses perpetrated in the prostituted name of Liberty; but they were powerless in this hour of frenzy, nor could their voice be heard in the wild storm of popular commotion. The power of the Pope was utterly paralysed, and his personal safety in danger. To repeat the words of the Duc d'Harcourt, 'The authority of the Pope is now absolutely null. It exists only in name, *and none of his acts will be free and voluntary.*'

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[1] It was in these words, delivered in the French Assembly, that Count de Montalembert vindicated the political character and conduct of Pius IX.

'I have said that his weakness was oppressed and innocent; oppressed by the black ingratitude of those whom he had loaded with benefits, and innocent—ah, gentlemen! was there ever a sovereign more innocent, more irreproachable than Pius IX.? One cannot reproach him with the shadow of a violence, the shadow of a perfidy, the shadow of bad faith. He has made promises, he has made them spontaneously, and he has surpassed them all. His political life may be summed up in two words: amnesty and reform! so much for his innocence; so much for his titles to your respect and your support, even outside of the spiritual Sovereignty to which I shall immediately refer. Never was Prince more irreproachable and more magnanimous.'

Such being the case—all power and authority being centred in the very men who had all along been plotting his overthrow, and who now gloried in their achievement—there was but one course left to the outraged sovereign—namely, *flight*; and this he was soon induced to adopt. One consideration more than another was powerful with the Pope,—that the direction of those affairs which related to the Church was not merely interfered with, but was rendered wholly impossible, under the circumstances which then existed.

At first, he was doubtful as to the course which he should take, or the resolution to which he should come; and in this state of suspense he remained for two or three days, when he received a letter from France, from the Bishop of Valence. In this letter the Bishop acquainted his Holiness that a little silver case having come into his possession, which had served Pius VII. of blessed memory to keep therein a consecrated particle, in order that he might have the most Holy Sacrament as a solace during the sad exile to which tyranny and infidelity had condemned him, he was happy to have it conveyed to Pope Pius IX., as a memorial of one of his holy predecessors, and as an object perhaps not useless during the events that were taking place in those days. On the receipt of this precious memorial, the Pope no longer hesitated as to the course which he should take; and he accordingly resolved upon abandoning Rome.

At first, he deliberated as to what place to select for his stay; but as the Spanish Court had offered him their hospitality, and as the Ambassador, Signor Martinez della Rosa, assured him of the immediate arrival of a steamer belonging to that nation in the harbour of Civita Vecchia, the Pope thought that this would be an opportune means whereby to effect his escape. But the Spanish steamer being retarded from day to day, and the state of affairs in Rome becoming more and more alarming, the Pope intimated to

the Spanish Ambassador that he purposed setting out at once, and that orders might be given to the captain of the steamer, when he should arrive at Civita Vecchia, to sail to the port of Gaeta, whither he had determined to proceed. The intended flight had been already communicated to upwards of fifty persons, ecclesiastics and seculars, and everything was in readiness for its accomplishment. It took place in the following manner:

Count Spaur, Minister of his Majesty the King of Bavaria, wished to take upon himself the duty of accompanying the Pope on his secret journey. Meanwhile, the Palace of the Quirinal, which had witnessed the savage assault of the 16th, was surrounded on all sides by armed men, and guarded by a great number of sentinels; so that the escape of the Pope seemed to be a matter of impossibility—at least, beyond his power, or that of his faithful friends, to accomplish. But Providence was on the side of the good, and against the wicked.

It was about the dusk of the evening when, in pursuance of the plan that had been adopted, the Duc d'Harcourt, whose despatches have been quoted, came to visit the Pope, leaving his carriage at the foot of the stairs by which all those who are about to have an audience with the Holy Father must ascend. After a short communication with the Duke, the Pope asked him to remain in his cabinet, in order that he himself might retire to another apartment, and laying aside his white robes, assume the dress of an ordinary priest. This humble toilet was completed in a few minutes; and the Holy Father, who preserved throughout the greatest calmness and tranquillity of mind, took his leave of the Duke, who was deeply affected, but who was compelled to remain awhile in the cabinet, in order to give the fugitives time to pass through the secret apartments, and descend into the Cortile by another staircase. The Cavaliere Filippani, a Roman, who had a carriage in readiness in the Cortile, accompanied the Pope through the spacious halls along which

they had to pass, their footsteps lighted only by a single taper, borne by the Cavaliere. As they passed through one of the apartments, the taper was suddenly extinguished, and both the Pope and his attendant were left in total darkness. To proceed further without a light was impossible; so Filippani was obliged, in order to re-light the taper, to return to the same cabinet in which the French Ambassador had been purposely left waiting. On seeing Filippani return, the Duke was seized with astonishment and terror, believing that some untoward occurrence had occasioned the extinction of the taper, and deranged the entire plan of escape; but his mind was immediately relieved, and his apprehensions of danger removed, by the assurance that it had occurred through mere accident.

All cause of apprehension was not yet at an end; for just as the Pope was about stepping into the carriage prepared for him, a domestic, accustomed to show respect to his illustrious master, and totally forgetful of impending danger, cast himself upon his knees to receive the blessing. Fortunately, however, he instantly arose, upon a sign to that effect being rapidly made to him.

The Cavaliere Filippani entered the carriage along with the Pope, and it safely passed the Piazza and Cortile of the Quirinal, which was full of guards, but whose attention was so engaged at that very moment—one might almost say miraculously so—that they did not perceive who it was that passed; and Pius thus escaped, through the midst of armed men, from the palace in which he had been held and treated as an actual prisoner. Having passed the Piazza del Quirinale, the carriage descended by the Via delle tre Canelle into the Piazza degli SS. Apostoli, and having traversed a portion of the Corso, proceeded through different streets to the Coliseum, and thence by the Via or Strada Labicana, from whence the Pope arrived, on foot, at the monastery of SS. Marcellino e Pietro, where Count Spaur was awaiting him with another conveyance.

Having passed through the adjoining gate of San Giovanni, he arrived without any mishap at the gate of Albano, and, in accordance with the plan previously arranged, went somewhat out of his way by the so-called Gallerie di Castel Gandolfo, where he was to meet the postchaise which was to carry him to Gaeta, and which fortunately was there in readiness to receive him. The Pope descended from the conveyance in which he had arrived, and rested against a paling during the short space of time in which his trifling baggage was being adjusted; and at this very moment three gendarmes, on patrol, happened to pass by, and halted between the carriage and the Pope. But he calmly saluted them, by wishing them 'a good night.' His dress, that of an ordinary priest, saved him from their recognition. Count Spaur now mounted to the box seat; and the Holy Father, with the Countess and her son Maximilian, then about the age of eighteen, and a Bavarian priest, D. Sebastian Liebel, entered the carriage.

At dawn, on the 25th, they arrived safely at Fondi, and continued their route to Mola di Gaeta, where they met Cardinal Antonelli and Count Arnan, Secretary to the Spanish Embassy, whose exertions and zeal, in conjunction with those of the Ambassador Martinez della Rosa, cannot be too highly praised, directed as they were to assist the Supreme Pontiff in this afflicting emergency. Here the Pope rested for some hours, and then, accompanied by the same retinue, proceeded to the neighbouring Gaeta, expecting that he should there find the diocesan Bishop.

Before parting, however, he wrote a letter to the King of Naples and Count Spaur offered himself to be its bearer. In this letter the Pope informed King Ferdinand that, having been compelled to abandon Rome, he felt himself bound to announce to him that he had entered his kingdom; but that he did not wish, by his presence, to cause him the least trouble during the stay which he would be obliged to make,

whilst waiting for the vessel which should carry him to Spain. The Nuncio of the Pope, who had left the King a little time before, returned again to the Royal Palace with the Bavarian Minister, who, about midnight, presented to his Majesty the letter of which he was the bearer.

Scarcely had the King read it, when, with a promptitude and alacrity that displayed alike his generosity and attachment to the Vicar of Christ, he gave orders that a vessel should be got in readiness on the instant, and such matters placed in it as he thought would be most necessary to supply the wants of the Pope and the companions of his exile. Then going on board, with the Queen and the entire Royal family, he sailed immediately for Gaeta, where the vessel arrived about mid-day.

In the meantime, the Pope, not having found the Bishop at his residence, betook himself to a common inn, without having been recognised; and there he passed the night. On the King's arrival at Gaeta, he caused the Queen to be conveyed to one of the palaces, and then taking another route, in order to escape the observation of the curious crowd, prevailed upon the Pope to leave his humble dwelling unobserved, and come to the Royal Palace; which invitation, warmly and affectionately urged, was accepted by the Holy Father.

On the Pope's arrival at the palace, he was met by the Queen, who received him on bended knees at the foot of the staircase. Much affected at this reception, the Pope gave his blessing to the good Queen, and, raising her up, he ascended the stairs in company with her Majesty, and conversed with her until the arrival of the King, who could not speak through emotion, as he beheld the illustrious fugitive beneath his roof, and thought of the indignities and outrages which he had endured.

And it must be said, in justice to King Ferdinand of Naples, that he maintained throughout the entire of the

Pope's long stay in his dominions—a period of nearly seventeen months—the same generous solicitude for his comfort, and the same veneration and affection which he displayed from the very first moment, when he found the loftiest Majesty of the Christian world sheltered in a lowly inn, a fugitive from the rage of enemies who had turned his capital into a Pandemonium.

CHAPTER VI.

Pius appeals to the Catholic powers—Profane Rites in St. Peter's—Atrocities of the Republic—Official Burglary—Delusion of the Republicans—Lord Palmerston's Advice—Appeals to France and England—Armed Intervention indispensable—The French enter Rome—The Pope re-enters his Capital—Enthusiasm of the People.

THE Pope appealed to the great Catholic Powers, and demanded their armed assistance. This he did, by his Cardinal Secretary of State (Antonelli), in a note of singular ability and power, dated from Gaeta, February 18, 1849. In it were recapitulated the reforms and concessions that he had granted, as well as the various machinations by which his efforts were neutralised, and the boons he bestowed were converted into sources of evil.

The document is one of considerable length; but the following passages will sufficiently describe its character, and indicate its purpose :—

After the most iniquitous malversations to reward their accomplices, and get rid of honest and God-fearing men—after so many assassinations committed under their guidance—after having let loose rebellion, immorality, irreligion—after having seduced the imprudent youths, desecrating even the places consecrated to public worship by converting them into dens of most licentious soldiery, formed of runaways and criminals from foreign countries—the anarchists wished to reduce the capital of the Catholic world, the See of the Pontiff, to a sink of impiety, destroying, if they could, all idea of sovereignty for him who is destined by Providence to govern the Universal Church; and who, precisely to exercise freely his authority over all the Catholic world, enjoyed as an estate the patrimony of the

Church. At sight of such desolations and massacres the Holy Father could not but be profoundly grieved, and at the same time moved to weep over his faithful subjects, who claimed his aid and his succour to be delivered from the most atrocious tyranny.

. . . . . .

The decree called fundamental, emanating on the 9th inst. (February) from the Roman Constituent Assembly, is an act which is the essence of the blackest felony and most abominable impiety. It declares, principally, the Pope deposed by fact and by right from the temporal government of the Roman State; it proclaims a Republic; and by another act is decreed the confiscation of the patrimony of St. Peter. His Holiness, seeing that it disgraces his supreme dignity of Pontiff and Sovereign, protests before all the sovereigns, before all nations, and before the Catholics of the entire world, against this excess of irreligion, against so violent an attempt, which despoils him of his sacred and incontestable rights. If a proper remedy is not applied to this state of things, succour will arrive only when the States of the Church, at present a prey to their most cruel enemies, will be reduced to ashes.

The Holy Father having meanwhile exhausted all the means in his power, obliged, by his duty to the Catholic world, to preserve in its entirety the patrimony of the Church and the sovereignty which is annexed to it, so indispensable to maintain his liberty and independence as Supreme Chief of the Church herself, moved by the sighs of his faithful subjects, who loudly implore his aid to deliver them from the iron yoke of tyranny which they cannot endure, addresses himself to the Foreign Powers, and in a particular manner to those Catholic Powers who, with such generosity of soul and in so glorious a manner, having manifested their firm intention to defend his cause. He has confidence that they will concur with solicitude, by their moral intervention, to re-establish him in his See, in the capital of his dominions, which have been piously allotted for his support in full liberty and independence, and which have been guaranteed by the treaties that form the basis of European nationality.

And since Austria, France, Spain, and the kingdom of the

Two Sicilies, are, by their geographical position, in a situation to be able efficaciously to concur by their armies in re-establishing in the Holy See the order which has been destroyed by a band of sectarians, the Holy Father, relying in the religious feeling of those powerful children of the Church, demands with full confidence their armed intervention to deliver the States of the Church from this band of wretches, who, by every sort of crime, have practised the most atrocious despotism.

To this appeal, which it pained the heart of Pius to make, but which the madness of his enemies rendered indispensable, the Catholic Powers responded with generous alacrity and filial ardour; and, ere many weeks had passed, Rome witnessed the approach of the army of France—this time come, not to assail the Papacy, not to rifle the galleries and temples of the Eternal City; but to restore to the Pope his venerable Capital, and rescue its people from the horrors of anarchy and confusion.

Some few instances may best represent the state to which the special friends of human liberty had succeeded in bringing affairs in Rome, the centre of their Model Republic.

The Triumvirs—Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi—determined to celebrate the great festival of Easter with all the religious pomp that was possible in the absence of the Supreme Pontiff; and, accordingly, they commanded the Canons of St. Peter's to prepare for the same magnificent worship which the Pope had usually celebrated, and which had hitherto attracted the faithful from all parts of the world to the centre of Catholic unity. The good priests, loyal to their duty as ministers of God, refused to play the ignominious part of political showmen, more especially in this sad hour of the Church's desolation.

Compelled by the honourable refusal of the Canons to look elsewhere for a celebrant of rites which, to many, had an air of impiety, the Triumvirs were content to avail themselves of the assistance of a priest alleged to be under

interdict, and who celebrated pontifically at one of the four altars of St. Peter's, at which only the Pope and the Dean of the Sacred College, appointed by Papal Bull, are authorised to offer the Holy Sacrifice. The sublime church was dressed in all its festal splendour; but instead of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Prelates, there were present the Triumvirs, the Deputies, the public officials, and the Clubs; while the Tuscan, Swiss, American, and English consuls also graced the motley assembly by their presence. Military music was substituted for the glorious chaunt of the Papal choir.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the presumptuous priest went in procession to the great balcony, from which on that day twelvemonth the Holy Father had given his benediction to his people; and, bearing the Blessed Sacrament in his hand, and surrounded by the banners of the Republic, he imparted his blessing to a kneeling multitude, amidst the pealing of bells and the roar of cannon. Mazzini, too, presented himself to the deluded people, who shouted for him, and the liberty which, through him and his followers, they then enjoyed. This solemn mockery, according to one of the organs of the revolution, was the festival of the 'New Pasch.' 'The Vicar of Christ was wanted,' said the writer, who added—'but not by our fault; and, though he was away, we had the people and God.'

For their courageous resistance to the commands of the Triumvirs, the Canons were condemned to pay each a fine of 120 scudi; not indeed solely for this offence, but also for having refused to sing the *Te Deum* for the Republic! The reason given for this sentence was, 'That the Canons had grievously offended the dignity of religion, and excited scandal; and that it was the duty of the Government to preserve religion from contamination.'[1] Their punishment was, however, a very trifling one, when compared with that

[1] 'Stato Romano,' book v. cap. 6.

inflicted on the Provost of the Cathedral of Sinigaglia, who was murdered on March 21, 1849, for having guiltily refused to sing *Te Deum* for the proclamation of the Republic!

The celebration of the festival of *Corpus Domini* was even more glaringly profaned, the Republican leaders playing a still more prominent part, to the indignation of the faithful.

This spirit of wicked mockery, which characterised the public acts of the authorities, was not lost upon those whom crime had already thoroughly depraved, or licence had intoxicated with its frenzy. In this hour of mad excitement, profanations and sacrileges were not only perpetrated, but applauded; and the more daring the profanation, and the more infamous the sacrilege, the louder the applause of the wretched mobs that attended at the unholy rites of the Lungara and the Capitol.

The Lungara—a street which is situate in the Trastevere quarter, and runs parallel with the Tiber—enjoyed a bad pre-eminence in this saturnalia of iniquity. The hearts of the pious were filled with grief and horror as they witnessed, or heard of, the atrocities that were indulged in as a popular diversion. The Sacrament, which had been stolen from a church, or obtained at the communion rails, by the most flagitious sacrilege, was frequently borne in procession, in which the solemnities of religion were foully travestied, and then either stabbed with the dagger of some cut-throat, trampled beneath the feet of harlots, or cast into the flames, amidst the yells of an obscene and frenzied multitude consisting of disbanded soldiers, liberated galley-slaves, and brazen prostitutes, together with all the loose characters that in ordinary times shrink from the public gaze, but in the hour of public confusion and social disorganisation are sure to rise to the surface.

The hospitals, tenanted by the sick and dying, and so sacred to humanity by their sad associations, were not free

from the foul mockeries of the time; even the awful solemnity of the bed of death was outraged by disgusting impurities. The Quirinal had been converted into an hospital by the Republicans; and there, as to San Spirito and other hospitals, abandoned women were sent by the infidels on purpose to excite evil desires in the minds of the sick! This was done with the object of bringing ridicule upon religion, and as a coarse mockery of the holy ministering of the nuns, whom the afflicted had hitherto found at their bedside. The Pope, in his allocution of December 8, 1849, addressed, from Portici, to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy, thus refers to these infamies:—

> And even the miserable sick, struggling with death, deprived of all the aids of religion, were compelled to yield up their souls in the midst of the wanton solicitations of lewd harlots.

In times of civil commotion, when the authority of the executive is subservient to the caprice or fury of the populace, all kinds of excesses are indulged in; for in such moments it either happens that acts of individual ferocity pass for proofs of a zeal perhaps too exaggerated in its manifestation, or that those entrusted with the administration of the laws find themselves too weak to arrest, or too much compromised to punish, their perpetrators.

The short-lived Roman Republic was not unfruitful of monsters, some of whom, for savagery and blood-thirstiness, would not have suffered by comparison with the most ferocious 'Reds' of the Reign of Terror. Amongst those who earned for themselves an infamous notoriety, was Zambianchi, who appeared to have had a special mission—namely, to hunt down and kill ecclesiastics of every description. This mild patriot was indignant at the absurd leniency of the Government, that released, after a short imprisonment, a number of priests and civilians whom, solely because of their dislike to the Republic, he had sent as prisoners and criminals to Rome. In the estimation of this zealot, hostility to

the Republic was the greatest of all offences, and, as such, merited death. He was then stationed on the confines of Naples, on duty with the Revenue Police; and from thence he had forwarded his prisoners to Rome, in the full belief that the bullet or the sword was to be the reward of their heinous guilt. Disgusted with the criminal weakness of the authorities, he swore that, for the future, not only would he act the part of an officer of justice, but that of judge and executioner. And he kept his oath with exemplary exactness; for when, on his return to Rome, he encountered, on the road of Monte Maria, the parish priest, Father Sghirla, a Dominican, he slew him on the spot, and afterwards made a boast of the assassination.

Having commenced so happily, he determined to render still greater service to the Republic. He took up his residence near Santa Maria, in Trastevere; and having 'suspected' that priests and monks were conspiring the ruin of the Republic, he prowled about in quest of his prey, and having succeeded in seizing several, shut them up in San Callisto, and commenced slaughtering them at his pleasure. It is not known how many such proofs he thus gave of the strictness of his republican principles; but he himself afterwards boasted that they were 'very many.' Neither are the names of his victims accurately known; but amongst those who thus fell by the hand of this monster, was another Dominican, Father Pelliciajo, the priest of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. It was said that fourteen were found half-buried in the convent garden; but it is certain that, having information of these assassinations, the Government sent its officers to save the prisoners who remained alive, and that twelve were rescued in spite of the resistance of the executioners. Those who were thus rescued were either priests or monks.[1]

A still bloodier tragedy was enacted in the noonday, on

[1] Farini, 'Stato Romano.'

one of the most public spots in Rome, and in the presence of a considerable multitude. Two unfortunate men had been seized on suspicion, and were conducted into Rome in the midst of a threatening mob. They were clad as vine-dressers; but the cry was raised that they were Jesuits! To be a Jesuit was to be an enemy of the Republic, and to be an enemy of the Republic was to deserve death. Shouts and imprecations rose on every side; eyes flashed and daggers gleamed; furious hands were thrust forth to clutch the innocent victims of popular rage. 'At them! at them!'—'Kill, kill!'—'They are Jesuits!'—were the cries with which the sanguinary mob lashed itself into frenzy; and on the Bridge of St. Angelo, the wretched victims were literally torn to pieces by bloodthirsty savages—an immense multitude being spectators of the tragedy!

To this public butchery might be added a long list of atrocious murders at Rome, Ancona, Sinigaglia, Bologna, and throughout the Papal States.

Notwithstanding their affectation of respect for religion, the Government, or the Triumvirs, made no successful effort to check the fury of the faction which held dominion in the streets, and which lost no opportunity of inflicting injury upon the priests. While hymns of liberty were sung, and greetings of brotherhood were interchanged, dwellings were broken into, villas were plundered, property was appropriated, and every opportunity was availed of for violence or rapine. No doubt, the Government desired, and in many instances made attempts, to restrain this lawlessness; but what could it do against numbers—especially against those who had been too well taught the lesson of their 'strength'?

Besides, it must be admitted that the Republican authorities did not themselves exhibit any extraordinary respect for the sacredness of private property; and that, under the convenient plea of the necessity of the State, and the interests of the common weal, they 'confiscated' whatever they could conveniently lay their hands upon. Sacrificing all

feelings of delicacy, if indeed any such existed, to a high sense of duty, they set on foot a system of legalised plunder, which, but for its imposing title of confiscation, differed little from the most commonplace burglary. It is true, the victim of this highly-titled housebreaking was occasionally complimented in the columns of the *Monitore Romano*, the official organ of the Triumvirate, for a generosity and patriotic devotion to the Republic, of which he was eminently unconscious.

As an instance in point of the purely *voluntary* nature of the contributions said to be made by 'lovers of their country' towards the support of the Republican Government, the following will suffice.

Cardinal Castricani sought a friendly shelter in the Irish College from the fury of the friends of order, and remained in that asylum until the storm had blown over, and the authority of the Pope was re-established. He was much amazed and puzzled on one occasion, when, in reading over the pages of the *Monitore*, he saw himself included among a list of 'voluntary' contributors to the coffers of the Republic, and for a considerable amount. In vain he sought to understand what this announcement could mean, and how it was that he should be represented as a supporter of a state of things he cordially detested. At length, however, the mystery was cleared up by one of his servants, who ventured to visit the college. The fact was, that the palace had been forcibly entered, and a rigid search made for valuables, and that this official visit resulted in the forcible abstraction of a quantity of plate. The precious metal soon lost its identity in the crucible of the Government mint; and its noonday plunder was falsely represented in the Government organs as the voluntary gift of a Republican Cardinal!

In the columns of the same journal appeared this proclamation, which throws additional light on the real nature of the voluntary liberality of the 'rich,' to whom it specially appeals, and explains the patriotic readiness with which they

exchanged their cherished family plate and jewels for worthless paper. The concluding reference to 'positive orders and severe measures' was one of those significant hints that acted like magic on the strongest of strong boxes, and the most secret of caskets. The document ran thus :—

ROMAN REPUBLIC.

Proclamation.

CITIZENS,

In the imminent circumstances in which the country is placed, and in the duty of maintaining the rights of the people as well as internal order and tranquillity, it is necessary for the Government to furnish the public coffers immediately with a sufficient amount of effective coinage. And as all citizens are bound to co-operate as far as in them lie for the benefit of the common weal, the Triumvirate does not hesitate to turn to the rich amongst you, *inviting* you to bring immediately your *silver* to the Government mint, *where it will be exchanged against a proportionate amount of treasury bonds.*

The Triumvirate flatters itself that this invitation will be followed by an immediate effect, so sparing it the necessity of *positive orders and severe measures.*

Rome, April 26, 1849.

The Triumvirs,
CARLO ARMELLINI.
AURELIO SAFFI.
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

The energies of the Triumvirate were now required for the defence of the Capital against the advancing armies of indignant Christendom.

Perhaps the strangest delusion common to this period, was the belief entertained of the stability and permanence of the Republic, and of the sympathy and support which it was certain to receive from the principal nations of Europe, if not from their governments. The Rome of the Popes being, according to the boastful assertion of the revolutionists, as much a thing of the past as the Rome of the Cæsars, the

Rome of the People was now to have its career of glory and renown. These enthusiasts saw the future from the historic hill of the Capitol; but an English Minister, not averse to foreign commotion, viewed it from a less elevated position, but through a clearer atmosphere. Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Minister, assured those who successively waited upon him on behalf of the Republic, that it was advisable to come to terms with the Pope, for that it was certain he would be restored in spite of all opposition. This was the advice which he had offered from the beginning; and even after a gleam of transitory success, the result of the repulse of the French in their first serious assault on Rome, had flung a ray of hope over the fortunes of the Republic, the same advice was more emphatically urged by his lordship, with the assurance that, no matter what might be the form of government in France, even should it be a Red Republic, still France would restore the Pope to his dominions, under some title, name, or colour.

The French Assembly, as well as the English Parliament, were addressed in a manifesto issuing from the Roman Assembly, who began at length to understand that the Catholic Powers would not refrain from active interference in the Pope's behalf.

The Roman Republic was, indeed, willing to recognise the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy Father, but unwilling to restore his temporal authority; which latter had much better be retained in the hands of the Triumvirate—Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. What power the Pope could maintain for the free exercise of his spiritual authority under the rule of those gentlemen, and coexistent with the revolutionary zeal of the Assembly, the tyranny of the gallery, the activity of the clubs, the ferocity or enthusiasm of the press, and the sanguinary and unchecked licence of the streets, it would be absurd to speculate upon. In such a state of things, the Pope would be simply a state prisoner, at the mercy of a reckless faction, the more insolent because of its success

and the dearest interests of the Church would be hourly imperilled through the machinations or the violence of its most inveterate opponents.

As matters stood, mere negotiation was useless; and nothing but the sword could put an end to the complicated difficulties of the position. If the Pope were to be restored, it should be as an independent sovereign, not as a puppet or a slave.

The other Catholic Powers eagerly responded to the appeal from Gaeta; but to France, the eldest born of the Church, belongs the glory of restoring the Vicar of Christ to his throne of the Vatican.[1]

The French expedition commanded by Marshal Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, entered Rome after a short but energetic siege on July 2, 1849, Garibaldi and his troops having evacuated the city the night before. It was, however, not till the spring of the following year, 1850, that the Pope returned to his capital. His journey from Portici was a constant triumph.

The crowning spectacle of the whole was witnessed on April 12, when Pius IX. presented himself to his now repentant capital. The whole population had been from an early hour in the streets, and every spot was occupied from which the first glimpse of the Holy Father could be obtained. Amidst a dense mass of human beings, through

[1] It was the French people, through the Legislative Assembly, under the presidency of General Cavaignac, who first sent an expedition to Rome for the Pope's protection. The late Emperor, then a member of the Assembly, was unfavourable to the expedition, as his own letter to the *Constitutionnel* conclusively demonstrates. These are his words:—

'Knowing that my absence from the vote on the expedition to Civita Vecchia has been remarked, I think it right I should avow that, however determined to support all measures necessary for securing the freedom and authority of the Supreme Pontiff, I could not sanction by my vote a military demonstration, which appeared to be dangerous even to the sacred interests which it sought to protect, and calculated to compromise the peace of Europe.'

which French and Roman troops with difficulty preserved an open space, Pius made his entry. Such was the enthusiasm now manifested, that one unacquainted with the Italian character might have supposed the people had suddenly gone delirious. And yet many who now, with vehement gesture, called down blessings on the Holy Father, had, not very long before, as vehemently shouted, 'Long live Mazzini!'—perhaps had yelled their coarse imprecations against the Pope on November 16, 1848, because he would not accept a revolutionary ministry at the demand of an armed mob. But now flowers, and smiles, and blessings were flung over the past; and those were but a small minority who were not really glad to behold the return of their Sovereign. With illuminations, and music, and processions, were renewed at night the rejoicings of the day.

The exulting strains of the *Te Deum*, which now echoed through the superb dome of St. Peter's, were answered from the Churches of Christendom; for the Catholic world gloried in the triumph of good over evil, of order over anarchy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Pope's Daily Life—His Audiences — Petitions—The Pope's Charity—Protestant Opinions of his Character—He gives Audience to a Negro slave—His Love for Children—His Solicitude for their Welfare—His Affability to Students—The Holy Father on Foot—His Personal Courage—His Visits to the Cholera Hospital.

RETURNED to his dominions, Pius IX. strenuously devoted himself to the difficult duties of his position, and endeavoured, by the application of wise remedies, to repair the injury which had been inflicted on the Papal States—in its trade, its industry, its finance, as well as its intellectual progress and moral condition—by the fury and paralysis of the Revolution. In its paper money and its debts, the Republic left a legacy of serious embarrassment to the Pope. But this difficulty was happily and completely overcome; and, in a few years after, the finances of the Pontifical Government could stand comparison with those of many prosperous European nations.

To educate youth, to reform the criminal, to comfort the sick, to protect the widow and the orphan, to shield old age from want, to encourage industry, to reform abuses, and to re-awaken in the hearts of his people the spirit of religion—these have been the principal care of Pius IX. since the hour of his return to Rome.

And to duties such as these, to which he was alike impelled as a temporal sovereign and a spiritual father, were added those of the Supreme Pontiff, who has to watch over

the widely spread branches of the Catholic Church throughout the world, and to apply to the wants and necessities of each the remedies which its condition and its circumstances demand.

It was not to be supposed that the revolutionary embers would not occasionally emit a sullen spark; but though plot and conspiracy have since then been attempted and detected, the feeling of the Roman people—even of the fickle populace—became year by year more in favour of the Pope, and less in favour of those wild schemes which brought such misery and suffering upon the country.

If Pius IX. did not repeat the experiment with which he commenced his reign, let those who read the story of the past say, if gradual reform and steady amelioration should not be preferred to a more ambitious achievement, when attended with a more certain risk?

Let us now enquire more minutely than we have as yet done into the life and character of the Holy Father; and we shall behold his simple and laborious life—his universal benevolence—his active and unceasing charity—his enlightened liberality—his splendid munificence—his great and continual efforts to render Rome the chief object of attraction to the pious, the polished, the learned, and the philosophic of every civilised nation of the earth.

Judge, from his daily life, how different is the real Pope from the imaginary portraiture which fiction has drawn, and which prejudice has accepted as accurate.

He rises before six o'clock, and celebrates Mass every morning in the year. Not content with this act of priestly devotion, he hears another Mass. He first gives audience to his Secretary of State, on matters of public importance; and then to his Major Domo, on the affairs of his household. He next receives the letters addressed to him, which, as I shall have reason to show, are of the most varied character. These he carefully reads, and places in the hands of his Private Secretary, for further information, or

to be at once acted upon, as the case might require. At ten, his audiences, properly so called, commence, and generally last till two. He then dines, his fare being of the simplest kind. At three, he frequently drives out, his excursion usually occupying till five. At five, the audiences are resumed, and continue till nine, or even till ten, at night. The audiences being over, he reads his office, as any ordinary priest, and retires to a bed as simple and plain as belongs to the humblest student in Rome. Besides special audiences, which may occur at any moment, each day is set apart for those of a particular kind, and the transaction of certain classes of business, connected either with the internal administration of the Papal States, or appertaining to those no less grave matters which demand the constant consideration of the Supreme Pontiff.

Before the above-mentioned morning audiences commence, the Holy Father receives, about half-past eight o'clock, every day of the year, his Eminence the Secretary of State, or, in his place, Monsignor the Under Secretary of State.

It may be truly asserted that the Pope is the sovereign who, of all others in the world, is the most accessible to his subjects. Even the humblest applicant may approach his person; nor is the blackest criminal in the States debarred from the privilege of addressing him by any petition. Hence the innumerable claims for audiences; and hence the flood of appeals, on every imaginable subject, that pours in daily upon his Holiness, either directly, or through a multitude of channels, official or otherwise. A petition to the Pope is no idle mockery, but a prayer that, in one shape or other, is certain to reach the ear, if not touch the heart, of the most merciful and benevolent of men. No matter for what offence a prisoner may have been incarcerated, that prisoner can appeal directly to the Pope; and no officer or person in charge of a prison dares to stand between the criminal and the seat of mercy. As in all other places in the world,

but perhaps more peculiarly in southern countries, there are crimes, even of grave enormity, which are almost wholly the result of passion and excitement; and if, upon enquiry through the proper channel, which enquiry is unfailingly made, the Pope feel convinced that mercy may be beneficially extended, it is so extended, and the punishment is either greatly lessened, or a free pardon is granted.

From his accession to the Pontificate to the close of 1858, Pius IX. devoted to charitable and pious purposes the sum of 1,500,000 scudi—a sum fabulous in amount, when taking into consideration the extent of his *private* resources. These consist of 355 scudi a month, or 4,260 scudi in the year; about equal to 1,000*l.* a year of English money. What a revenue for a Sovereign Prince! How, it may be asked, were the 1,500,000 scudi obtained?—from what source was this enormous fund derived? The greater portion of this wealth, which the Pope devoted to works of piety and charity, poured in upon him at Gaeta, while he was an exile from his country and his throne; poured in upon the Father of the Christian Church from all quarters of Christendom, at the moment when thoughtless persons were exclaiming, 'The Papacy is at an end!'

Shortly after his return to Rome from his temporary exile at Gaeta, the Queen of Spain sent him, as a mark of her respect, a splendid tiara, which was valued at 50,000 scudi—a large sum, even when represented by English money. The Pope accepted the princely gift, and gave immediate orders that its value, to the full amount, should be distributed to the poor, the aged, and the sick, and in such a manner and through such channels as would be certain to produce the most beneficial results.

I could fill a volume with well-authenticated facts illustrative of the tender and compassionate disposition of one who, in this as in many other respects, is a type and model of every Christian virtue. Let it not be supposed that my information is exclusively derived from those whose personal

veneration for the Holy Father might be considered to influence their judgment. Such is not the fact; for I have heard English Protestants, who have not a single feeling in common with the religion of which he is the head, and whose prejudices are strongly opposed to the form of government existing in Rome, speak of the Pope with the utmost respect and veneration. A most intelligent Englishman, of the class I indicate, was speaking to me with respect to certain reforms which he deemed necessary—not great organic changes, but reforms in administration; and he wound up by saying: 'But as for the Pope, I verily believe there is not a kinder, or better, or purer man living on the earth—there can be only one opinion about him.'

As to his personal bearing, even to the humblest, no other Sovereign approaches him in this respect. No matter what may be the object for which an audience is sought of the Pope, whether of business or charity—to prefer a charge, or obtain a favour—the same kindness and courtesy are exhibited to all persons, and on all occasions.

A most remarkable case in point occurred in the course of the year 1856. A family of French extraction brought with them from New Orleans a female slave of pure African blood. Had this poor woman desired to do so, she might have made herself free; for long before the cry for the emancipation of the Negro was heard in England, a Pope had declared that in the Roman States 'no slaves could be.' Having been brought up a Catholic, she wished to be confirmed; which she was, in the chapel of the French Nuns of the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Bedini. It afterwards occurred to her mistress that it would be a great comfort to the good creature if she were allowed to stand somewhere so as to get the Pope's blessing as he passed. His Holiness was informed of this wish of the American lady; to which he replied,—'I will think about it.' The next day, a papal dragoon was seen riding up and down the Via Condotti, making enquiries at various places for 'Mademoiselle Mar-

guerite,' for whom he had a letter of audience with the first Sovereign of the world! Not finding Mademoiselle Marguerite in the Via Condotti, the dragoon became somewhat perplexed how to execute his commission. At last he said to himself,—'Oh, this is one of those French or English devotees, and they will know something of her at the convent of Trinità de' Monti.' To that convent he accordingly proceeded, and was there told that his letter would be safely delivered to the right person. At the appointed hour, the sable-visaged Marguerite found herself in the midst of a company of the high-born and the rich, who were waiting to pay their Easter homage. The Pope was long and privately engaged. But when he was at length free, the first name called was that of 'Mademoiselle Marguerite.' One may imagine the feelings of awe and reverence with which the poor despised child of Africa prostrated herself at the feet of the successor of Peter. A voice of touching sweetness and gentleness soon inspired her with confidence. 'My child,' said the Pope, 'there are many great people waiting, but I wish to speak to you the first. Though you are the least upon earth, you may be the greatest in the sight of God.' He then conversed with her for twenty minutes. He asked her about her condition, her fellow-slaves, her hardships. 'I have many hardships,' she replied; 'but since I was confirmed, I have learned to accept them as the will of God.' He exhorted her to persevere, and to do good in the condition in which she was placed; and he then gave her his blessing. He blessed her, and blessed 'all those about her.'

A beautiful feature in the character of Pius IX. is his benignity. From it springs that thoughtful consideration for the feelings of others which ever distinguishes him, and of which I have given an instance in the case of one whom prejudice—aye, and prejudice deep-rooted in the breasts of those who boast of their Christianity—held to be destined by nature for servitude and degradation.

To children he is gentleness itself. He delights to engage them in conversation, as he meets them in his walks outside the city, or in its more retired districts. But he never fails to enquire as to their knowledge of the catechism, and their progress in education; and if he find that the object of his scrutiny is ignorant, or in danger of falling into an evil course, either through having bad or negligent parents, or from being unprotected, he at once gives an order to one of his attendants,—which order ensures to the child the benefit of a good education, or the protection of a safe asylum. Frequent cases of this kind occur; and there are now, in the schools and other institutions under the care of religious committees, growing up in piety, intelligence, and industry, many young girls who have been thus personally rescued from danger by the Holy Father.

Some years since, a very beautiful girl, of that age when the child is becoming merged in the woman, was in the habit of asking alms of the Pope, as of all passers-by: and her manner, which was bold and forward, only increased the apprehension which her singular beauty inspired. The Holy Father ordered her to be sent to the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, to be educated and provided for at his personal expense; and this poor girl, who was unconsciously proceeding on a dangerous path, it might be to her ruin, was, at the time of my second visit to Rome, one of the most docile and gifted of the pupils under the care of that community.

To students he is as affable and familiar as he was in his bishopric of Imola, or while yet a simple priest. In the early part of the autumn of 1856, he had a number of the students of every ecclesiastical college in Rome to dine with him. This was an act of condescension altogether unusual, as the Pope almost invariably dines alone; but such is the special kindness which he feels towards the students of the Irish College, that more of their body enjoyed the distinction

than of any other college; that is, in proportion to their relative numbers.

The first time I saw the Holy Father walking abroad was one afternoon when, as I was returning from a ramble over the charming Pincian Hill, from whose various elevations exquisite views of Rome and the country beyond it may be enjoyed, the friend who accompanied me cried out,—'See, there is the Pope!' I looked in the direction to which he pointed my attention, and I saw a figure clad in a white cloth sutane, with a cape and belt of the same colour, and wearing a wide-brimmed crimson hat, adorned with a gold cord, which encircled it, and which terminated in large tassels of the same material. At each side walked two Camerieri Segreti; and behind them came three or four officers of the household, one of whom acted as Almoner, as is the custom when the Pope goes abroad. These were followed, at some distance, by a few of the Noble Guard; and by two carriages of a plain description, the one for his Holiness, the other for his attendants. My friend and I did not hesitate long about forming part of the *cortège* that accompanied the illustrious pedestrian from the foot of the Pincian Hill, across the Piazza del Popolo, through the gate of the same name, and for nearly two miles along the Flaminian Way, which the prevalence of a strong wind had rendered more than usually dusty. Clad in the simple dress which I have described, his figure appeared stout and robust, but by no means unduly full for a man in his sixty-fifth year. He walked vigorously and well, freely using his arms, as do those who desire to give the benefit of the healthful exercise to all their limbs.

As he was descending the hill, he met a group of students of the Propaganda, amongst whom I instantly recognised one of the dark faces I had previously seen in the Pauline Chapel. The Pope at once stopped, and conversed with them for a few moments. In the same way he spoke to some children who had been enjoying themselves in inno-

cent sport, but who, on being addressed by the Holy Father, evinced towards him affection, not bashfulness. For two miles, or even more, he stoutly pursued his way along the road, walking in the very centre of it, and little regarding the dust which rose before a breeze that was stripping many a tree on each side of its russet leaves.

Every one whom he met on his way knelt to receive his blessing. There was no exception whatever—old as well as young, rich as well as poor, the rude driver of the quaint-looking market-cart, as well as the noble equestrian—all knelt as he approached, and with an utter disregard of the mode or place in which they knelt. I particularly remarked that a group of gentlemen, some of whom were named to me as members of well-known noble families, at once dismounted, and knelt with just the same alacrity as the poorest. The latter had more than one motive for their act of homage; for they knew that the Almoner, or his substitute, was among the attendants of the Holy Father, and that he bore with him a purse, which had been specially replenished for them, and whose contents were then in rapid process of distribution.

The dress of the Holy Father was different from that in which I had beheld him on several previous occasions; but there could be no change in the unalterable mildness and benevolence of his features; there was nothing in that face to awe or to repel, but everything to attract. In its general character—I do not mean its lines and curves, but its spirit—there is in the face of Pius IX. much that would recall to the memory the sweet countenance of another most benevolent priest, the illustrious Father Mathew. Nor is the resemblance merely external; for in considerateness and kindness of manner to all persons, without distinction of rank; in compassion and tenderness for the poor and suffering, and in unfailing gentleness to youth, there is much similarity of character and disposition between these two great and good men. In their boundless charity—the desire

to convert their every earthly possession into the means of relieving others—I can see a still stronger and more touching resemblance.

The Pope receives many beautiful and costly presents, not alone from the faithful, but even from those who, while they regard his Church with aversion, admire his character, and do honour to his virtues. Amongst other presents received, some years since, by the Holy Father, was a sumptuous saddle, studded with precious stones, and enriched with all the barbaric magnificence of the East. This costly gift was the offering of the then reigning Sultan, who had frequently, and in many ways, manifested his personal respect for the Pope. By the sale of its gems and other ornaments, he was enabled to carry out a favourite work of charity. With their produce he fed and clad and consoled the poor.

I shall have ample occasion to exhibit still further the merciful disposition and enlightened character of Pius IX.; but it may not be out of place to refer to one trait, for which, owing to misrepresentations of its real nature, many people may not give him credit—namely, *courage.* In moments of the greatest danger, he has displayed a calmness and a presence of mind that are not always associated with the more vulgar quality of mere physical bravery. Mild and gentle as he is by nature, there is no danger which he would not face, when called upon by a consciousness of duty to do so. Remember how he braved and awed the assassins in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Imola. Also, how, amidst the horrors of November 16, 1848, he maintained his position with unshrinking courage, repeatedly declaring that 'he would yield nothing to violence.' If, at length, he did affect to yield, it was to save his faithful guards and personal attendants from being butchered, and the streets of his capital from being deluged with blood. Again, during his flight, he exhibited a coolness and courage which those interested in his safety could with difficulty emulate. And bravely,

too, on another critical occasion, but one of a far different kind, did his nerves withstand a shock that made many a stout heart tremble at the time.

This was on April 12, 1855, when the flooring of a hall in the Monastery of St. Agnes gave way beneath the unaccustomed weight of some hundred and fifty persons; and Pope, cardinals, prelates, generals, soldiers, monks, and students were whirled through the yawning ruin, amidst falling beams, fragments of masonry, and clouds of dust. Not a few were hurt, some more or less seriously, by the fall and consequent crush; but the Pope was untouched—his escape, under the circumstances, appearing almost miraculous. Not the least miracle, however, was the wonderful presence of mind which he displayed at such a moment. By cheerful words he dispelled the panic with which nearly all were seized. And, in gratitude to God for their safety, he invited those who were unhurt to follow him to the church; where, in a full and firm voice, he intoned a thanksgiving to the Almighty for His great mercy.

I shall not dwell upon his courage in braving the perils of the Cholera Hospital; for there is scarcely to be found a Catholic priest who, whatever his natural timidity or nervousness, is not at any moment ready to incur the danger of visiting and administering to the sick, no matter by what malignant disease they may be stricken down, and whether in the wards of an hospital, or in the fetid atmosphere of a garret or a cellar. But the difference between the two cases is this—the priest goes to the Cholera Hospital in the discharge of his duty; while the Pope did so with the view of allaying the apprehensions of his people, and giving an example of fearlessness to others.

It would be impossible to describe the dismay and horror of the lower classes of the Roman people at the last visitation of this terrible disease. As the poor were generally its victims, and as the rich mostly escaped—just as had been the case in all other places—it was madly supposed by the

former that there was a hellish conspiracy of the latter against them! They even fancied that the doctors were bribed to administer poisoned medicines to the class marked out for sacrifice. In moments of terror men and women go back to childhood, and are slaves to its wildest credulity. The subject of the cholera swallowed up all other topics, and entirely absorbed the public mind. 'Who is dead to-day?—how many cases since last night?' were the questions universally asked. In a word the panic was at its height. And such was the mortal terror caused by the spread of this disease, pronounced to be 'contagious,' that the nearest and dearest ties of affection and of blood were appealed to in vain, and the sick were fled from in dismay. In the midst of this panic, when all who could have done so had left Rome, the Holy Father publicly visited the great hospital of Santo Spirito: going from bed to bed, he blessed and consoled the patients, taking many of them by the hand; and, with the utmost tenderness and compassion, he assisted one sufferer in his last agony. He then visited the convalescents, and spoke to them, and blessed them, and cheered them by his gentle voice and hopeful words. A few days afterwards he went to the female Cholera Hospital at Saint John Lateran, and there imparted consolation to the last moments of a poor Jewess, who actually died in his arms. On another occasion he visited the French soldiers who were attacked by the disease, and in the same pious offices displayed at once his compassion and his courage. These visits produced a profound sensation and most beneficial effect throughout Rome; and in a short time the panic subsided, and the community was restored to confidence and tranquillity.

There is no sacrifice which he would not be prepared to make, no danger which he would not cheerfully encounter, in vindication of the truth, or in discharge of what he felt to be his duty. 'I am prepared to go to-morrow to the Catacombs, as many of my predecessors have done, if the

interests of the Church of God require it,' were words which he uttered in my presence; and with such simple dignity, such an unconscious nobleness of gesture, such a quick flushing of the face and lighting up of the eye, that there rose to my mind those fearless martyrs of the early Church, who, though gentle and mild as Pius IX., could yet meet the sword of the tyrant without the betrayal of a single emotion of human weakness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Religious Character of the Roman People.—Attendance in the Churches.—Roman Churches not merely local.—Attendance at the Forty Hours' Adoration.—Religious Retreat for the Poor.—St. Peter's.—The Pope at the Tomb of the Apostles.—Ascent of the Dome.—A Glance into the Church.—View from the Top.

AN erroneous notion with respect to the religious character of the Roman people, is commonly entertained by strangers who casually visit the churches of Rome. They imagine, because they do not behold them crowded with worshippers, that therefore the Romans are not a religious people. As a rule, the idler in Rome is not an early riser; while, in order to be able to form a just idea of the devotional character of the people, he should be so; for it is at the very hour when he is still buried in slumber, that they are to be found in great numbers in the parish churches, or in those attached to the convents, and are even seen crowding round the rails of the altar, as communicants. This description applies to the week days, but of course in a much greater degree to the Sunday. Before commencing the business of the day, the shopkeeper and the trader punctually attend Mass; and the workman sanctifies his coming toil by the same pious practice. Strangers almost invariably go to the High Mass, to witness the more imposing ceremonial, and enjoy the singing; but the Roman people go at the earliest hours to the 'low Mass'—the feeling of religious obligation being with them a sufficient inducement. Thus the great churches, such as the Jesu and the Minerva, may be seen crowded at an early hour in the morning by devout congregations;

and so may other churches, which, on many accounts, are held in special favour—for example, the church of the Capuchins, in the Piazza Barberini. Besides, notwithstanding the occupation of the people during the hours of business and labour, it is almost impossible for a visitor to enter any one of the 300 or 400 churches of Rome, no matter at what hour of the day, without perceiving at least two or three persons kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament; which altar is as conspicuous from the worshippers absorbed in devotion near its rails, as by the lights which are constantly kept burning before it. I must have visited two-thirds of the Roman Churches, and I have scarcely ever seen any one church entirely destitute of worshippers; whereas, on many occasions, I have seen considerable congregations both at Mass and at Vespers. But, after all, how is it possible that any number of the churches of Rome could appear to be well filled? Remember, the population is about 200,000, and that the number of churches is between 300 and 400; and that amongst them are included St. Peter's, St. Paul's, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Lateran, Santa, Croce, and a number of other stupendous buildings. Why, it would require a population almost equal to that of London to fill the churches of Rome.

'But why,' asks the utilitarian, in the true parochial spirit, 'has Rome so many churches, when there are not congregations to fill them?' The answer is, the Roman churches are not local churches, for local purposes, and local wants; they being to Catholic Christendom—to the Church of the whole world—not to Rome alone. From the fourth to the nineteenth century, the great churches of Rome have been the splendid evidences of the piety and liberality of rulers and of nations; and, even at this day, the contributions of the faithful throughout the earth have assisted Pius IX. to bring to a state of completion the great Basilica of St. Paul's, which, originally commenced by Constantine, and finished by Theodosius and his son Honorius, has risen

from the ashes of the great fire of 1823 in almost unparalleled grandeur and magnificence.

All the churches of Rome have been erected with the great and paramount object of giving glory to the Supreme Being; but many have been founded with the additional object of honouring the Virgin Mother of God, and the Apostles and Martyrs of the Church—of commemorating those glorious deeds by which the religion of the Gospel was firmly established, and recording those signal events by which the Church was protected from the violence or the machinations of her enemies. St. Peter's is not a mere Roman church—but the Church of the Christian World; for beneath its sublime dome repose the bodies of the greatest of the Apostles—Paul and Peter. Thus, many of the churches which the utilitarian may deem superfluous and unnecessary, rise above the hallowed relics of some saint or martyr, whose preachings, whose labours, or whose sufferings, caused them to belong, not to any country or to any race, but to the world and mankind. And where, more fittingly than in Rome, could Catholic piety have erected, or Catholic munificence have adorned, such splendid memorials to the honour of the Heroes of God's Church? In fact, in the Christian temples of Rome, you may trace the chequered history of the Church throughout all ages, from the gloomiest days of its persecution to those of its proudest triumphs and most splendid conquests. Popes, emperors, kings, princes, cardinals, and bishops, as well as empresses, queens, and princesses, have ever sought, through the magnificence of architecture, the charms of painting, the more spiritual beauty of sculpture, and the lavish use of the rarest and most costly productions of nature, to render Rome the Centre of Catholic Unity—the City of Holy Places.

The immense number of churches in Rome may be further accounted for by the many parishes into which the city is divided—each parish having a church of its own; by the fact, that to each convent or monastery a church is

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almost invariably attached; and also by the number of national churches belonging to the Catholic nations, or to nations with a proportion of their population Catholic.

But I was alluding to the devotion of the modern Romans. To really understand the religious character of the people, one ought to see them at the devotion of the *Quarant' Ore*, or the forty hours' adoration. The spectacle is most impressive,—the church, purposely darkened, crowded at all hours with kneeling worshippers—the outlines of the building dimly traced, and the congregation but faintly illumined, by the lights burning on the altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. Then the deep, earnest devotion, the reverent air, the prayerful attitude, so humble and so pious, must satisfy any one, who is not an arrant scoffer, that those who kneel before that altar do so in the spirit of faith and piety. The prince and the peasant meet here on a perfect equality; the one receiving new impulses to that charity by which the Roman noble so truly proves himself a son of the Church—the other borrowing strength and fortitude to meet and endure the difficulties of his daily life.

Houses for spiritual retreat are very numerous in Rome. About fifty years ago, Michelini, a curate in the Trastevere, obtained for the purpose of prayer and temporary retreat, the family house of the Ponziani, which was then a granary. In this retreat the poor prepare themselves for their first Communion by a seclusion of eight days; during which time they are provided gratuitously with every necessary, and ministered to and instructed by ecclesiastics, who shut themselves up so long as the retreat lasts. Seventeen of these retreats, sixty persons to each retreat, take place in the year: so that, in this one institution, 1,020 Christians are, each year, fully prepared for the greatest act of their spiritual life; and these are not the rich, but the poor. Pius IX. evinced his interest in this charity by presenting himself unexpectedly some years since, and administering Communion

to the temporary inmates of the building. The whole thing is beautiful. A cheerful little court for recreation, adorned with plants and orange trees, and the modest refectory at the side. Upstairs, the wards, plain and exquisitely neat, each with a bed for a priest who presides, and over the door the name of a saint. Several chapels for the different exercises, one set apart for the Communion, and a room for an hour's conversation—all singularly tasteful and attractive. In one of the chapels are beheld an eloquent testimony to the efficacy of this good work—pistols, stilettoes, and knives, voluntarily abandoned. Here everything is *gratuitous*; given by the devotion of the priests, and the alms of the faithful.

A corresponding place for women is established at San Pasquale.

There are many similar houses in Rome; and it is no uncommon thing to see a venerable Cardinal kneeling in the modest oratory, and performing all other acts of devotion, by the side of the humblest workman, or the poor boy who seeks in prayer the assistance of God in determining his lot in life. Worldly distinctions, pomp and pride, are left at the threshold of these lowly sanctuaries; religion infusing into every breast, along with its peace, the spirit of the holiest brotherhood. Many eminent persons make special retreats at the time of the Carnival, when the city has abandoned itself to pleasure, and folly reigns supreme.

The Festivals of the Church afford the people of Rome abundant opportunities of indulging their piety. I had an opportunity of witnessing the celebration of several, and at the same time of convincing myself of the devotional character of the modern Romans.

And here I cannot but say a few words about Rome's greatest temple, the Church of St. Peter.

So majestic, so holy, did St. Peter's appear to Madame De Staël, that she represents *Corinne* and *Oswald* hushed

into silence as they enter the temple, and first comprehend its sublimity.[1]

My first opportunity of appreciating the vastness of St. Peter's was on November 18, 1856, when the Pope attended High Mass in the Canon's Chapel. The knowledge of the intended presence of the Holy Father had drawn together a considerable number of persons—many of whom were mere spectators, but more were devout and earnest worshippers—sufficient in all to form the congregation of a good-sized church. And yet they seemed a mere handful in that enormous structure, as, at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, they divided at each side of the nave, so as to allow a sufficiently wide passage for his Holiness, who, closing a long and splendid procession of ecclesiastics and officers of his court, proceeded to offer up his prayers before the Tomb of the Apostles. In fact, the many hundreds of persons then present only fringed the marble pavement of the mighty nave.

How beautiful the piety of the Pope! What an expression of devotion—of sublime, prayerful devotion—lit up his whole face, as he thus knelt before the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, in 'the most glorious church that has ever been applied to the use of religion!' Not the marble figure of his saintly predecessor, Pius VI., which the chisel of Canova has represented in a kneeling posture before the entrance to the tomb, was more replete with the sentiment of holiness, than was the unconscious attitude and absorbed air of the living Pope.

In company with seven other visitors, I made the ascent of the dome, even to the ball of the cross which surmounts it. I thought the view down into the church from the lower gallery, by which the interior of the dome is encircled, sufficiently trying to the nerves: but that from the upper gallery,

[1] 'Là tout commande le silence: le moindre bruit retentit si loin, qu'aucune parole ne semble digne d'être ainsi répétée dans une demeure presque éternelle.'—*Corinne, ou L'Italie.*

into which a little door opened from the winding stair, was literally enough to take away one's breath. The eye dived down into a fearful depth—comprehending with difficulty that the mite-like things that crept over the floor were full-grown men and women; and that the toy-like decoration, beneath the centre of the dome, was the baldachino, which rose above the high altar to the height of 100 feet! No mere building could convey an idea of such gigantic altitude as St. Peter's, when seen from the upper gallery in the interior of the dome. I confess I was happy to exchange this position for the loftier but more agreeable one afforded by the balcony at the base of the tower from which the great cross springs into the air.

And, save from the summit of a mountain, where can one behold so glorious a prospect as is here spread out on every side? Rome, living and dead, lies beneath, expanded like a great map, with every line, marked by nature or by man, upon its seven hills, distinct and legible to the eye,—its Christian temples and its Pagan ruins—its venerable walls, traceable for many miles over the varying surface of the soil—the grand old Tiber, sweeping majestically by the base of the Castle of St. Angelo, and gleaming like silver beneath the noonday sun, as it winds through the purple brown of the desolate Campagna[1]—desolate for more than a thousand years, since the villas and temples of the Republic and the Empire were made the prey of the ferocious Hun, the brutal Vandal, and the scarcely less savage and ruthless Lombard. The eye leaps across this barrier of desolation, which encircles Rome with its girdle of ruin, and dwells with delight upon the distant Apennines, on whose wooded sides and naked cliffs beautiful shadows chase each other, as if in sport—upon the picturesque outlines of the Alban and Sabine hills, famous in Roman story—and is

[1] Desolate the Campagna undoubtedly is, but far from sterile or unproductive.

caught by the bright line of light where dance and sparkle the waters of the Mediterranean.

A dapper little French soldier amused me much by the eagerness with which, at every stage of our ascent, he scribbled his name in pencil upon various parts of the building; his labours for the benefit of an admiring posterity only terminated in the ball.

To other works I must refer the reader for a description of this sublimest of Christian temples, which, begun by Constantine in the fourth century, and recommenced in the fifteenth, employed the genius of the greatest architects, and the energies and resources of the most vigorous Popes; and consumed, in its erection, nearly three hundred years and twelve millions of money.[1]

[1] To the tablets which record the ascent to the dome performed by the Sovereigns and members of the reigning houses of Europe, has been added one which will acquaint future visitors of the fact, that the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, has also achieved that interesting but not very difficult feat.

CHAPTER IX.

Opening of the Year 1859—War declared against Austria by France—The Emperor's Motives—Count Cavour's Policy—First Revolutionary Movement in Italy—Austrian Evacuation of the Legations—Revolution in Bologna and elsewhere—The Pope's Words—Treaty of Villa Franca—Cardinal Antonelli not Cavour's Dupe—'Reforms' asked for of the Pope—The Emperor proposes a Confederation—The Imperial Pamphlet—The Emperor's Letter—The Pope's Reply—Touching Address from the Holy Father—Various Negotiations—The Plebiscitum—The First Triumph of Evil.

BUT it is time to return to contemporary history.

The year 1859 opened ominously with an announcement made to the Austrian Ambassador by the Emperor Napoleon. 'I regret,' said the Emperor, 'that our relations with your Government are not so good as they have been for the past; but I beg of you to assure the Emperor that my personal feelings for him are not changed.'

This announcement was the prelude to great changes and great treasons—changes, to which France contributed both directly and indirectly—treasons, to which she appeared to afford at least an excuse, if not her actual sanction.

One has not to seek far for the motives that impelled the Emperor to enter upon this war in Italy. Notwithstanding his ability and his courage, Napoleon III. had long before discovered that to rule France was a difficult task, one that required the utmost exercise of his resources. The mettlesome steed could not always be held in with bit and bridle; it should appear at least to have its own way

on some occasions. Constitutional liberty, properly so understood, had then no actual existence in France, while the popular struggle for its attainment was persistent and determined. It was therefore necessary to distract public attention from questions of an embarrassing nature, by the movement and glitter of a military expedition, and that too in the famous field of the First Emperor's earliest triumphs; while it was deemed well to gratify the national vanity by making France once more play the *rôle* of Liberator of 'oppressed nationalities.' And if it were not possible to extend the boundaries of France in the direction of the Rhine, it might be so on this side of the Alps.[1] Then, there was the still vivid recollection of the murderous attempt in the Rue Lepelletière, with its ghastly sequence—the execution of the emissaries of the implacable Secret Societies. Orsini's mission was at once a warning and a menace.

In Italy, an ambitious king was well sustained by a minister able and devoted, daring and unscrupulous. To extend the dominions of his sovereign, no matter how, or at what hazard, and make himself the instrument of accomplishing this paramount object, was the purpose of Cavour's life. And to bring about that result, there was no trick, fraud, or subterfuge to which he would not descend.[2] The

[1] Count Persigny, President of the Council, in a speech delivered by him at Saint Etienne, on August 27, 1860, insisted that the intentions of France as to Savoy and Nice were not unknown to the English Government; and that previous to the war Sardinia had been informed that if events led to a great Kingdom in Italy, France would require that 'le versant des Alpes' should not remain in her hands. Which, plainly spoken, meant that Savoy and Nice were to be the price of French aid towards the objects of Victor Emanuel and his astute minister, Count Cavour.

[2] On April 9, 1856, Count Cavour, writing to Signor Rattazzi, while the Congress was sitting in Paris, said: 'If diplomacy be powerless, we should have recourse to means beyond the law. In our epoch,

publication of letters written by his own hand, as well as the revelations of those who acted with him, prove this beyond the possibility of doubt.

Were the time and circumstances favourable to action in the face of day, Count Cavour would probably have adopted that line of policy; but mining, and secret ways, and underground plotting, seemed more congenial to his taste, and certainly more suited to the game he had to play. Under the shelter of darkness and mystery a minister and a government could do acts, and make use of agencies that they dare not openly perpetrate or avow. Thus he was in constant league with conspirators and traitors of every kind, and on the best terms with the heads of Secret Societies. And while Garibaldi appeared to be the hero of the great Italian drama, he was, in reality, an unconscious puppet in the hands of this wily statesman—now impelled forward, now kept back; at one time formally and even solemnly repudiated, at another applauded and encouraged; but at all times made use of for the furtherance of the ambitious designs of the minister, and the aggrandisement of his royal master.

To plot treason against an ally under the sanctity of Ambassadorial privilege, was one of the favourite means employed by this modern Machiavelli; for we have it on the unquestionable authority of his own letters, published in Turin, in 1870, by Admiral Persano, that the Marquis de Villamarina, the Piedmontese ambassador to the Neapolitan Court, was the chief promoter of revolution and treason in the capital of a friendly Power—that the Palace of the Piedmontese Embassy was the focus of conspiracy and insurrection.

Mr. Scarlett, the British Ambassador at Florence, informs his Government that conspirators were plotting against

boldness is, I believe, the best policy.'—*Letters from M. Cavour to M. Rattazzi*, published by M. Charles de Varanne.

the Grand Duke at the house of Signor Buoncompagni, the Ambassador of Piedmont.[1]

'In my conviction,' says Mr. Scarlett, writing home on May 15, 1859, 'that which has happened at Parma was but a part of *the great conspiracy planned by Piedmont*: this conspiracy had its ramifications in all the cities of Italy.'

To promote insurrectionary movements through the instrumentality of agents trained in the work of fomenting discontent and disturbance, and with the aid of money and other means of corruption, was also a useful mode of giving expression to the 'irrepressible sentiments of an oppressed and suffering people!' Were the trick done cleverly, and, therefore, successful, it was promptly taken advantage of; if the agents of treason blundered in their work, they were as promptly disavowed.

Though the Emperor Napoleon proclaimed that, in going to war with Austria he would neither dispossess the old sovereigns, nor endanger the throne or authority of the Holy Father, Count Cavour was, at the same moment, conferring with the chiefs of the Secret Societies, and, in concert with them, tracing out the plans of the future revolutions; but letting his instruments distinctly understand that *he* was not to be compromised by their acts. 'You,' said he to La Farina, the president of the National Society, 'are not a minister, and you can act freely; but learn that if I be interpellated in the Chamber, *I shall repudiate you*.[2]

When confederates quarrel, the world is sure to be enlightened with respect to matters which were previously either obscure or differently understood. We have now revealed, through Admiral Persano, the secret of those uprisings of the Italian people against their rulers, which

[1] Despatch from Mr. Scarlett to Lord Malmesbury, April 2, 1859.

[2] Nicodemi Bianchi, *Documenti sul Conte di Cavour*, Turin, 1863.

uprisings we had been told were the inevitable result of popular indignation and deep-rooted discontent. The following words, addressed by Count Cavour to Admiral Persano, on August 9, 1860, represent the secret instructions given to hundreds of others—sometimes the traitorous relative of the ruler to be assailed, sometimes the more vulgar though not less vile doers of dirty work: 'The problem we have to solve is this—*help the revolution, but help it in such a way that it may appear in the eyes of Europe to have been a spontaneous act.*'

In this instance the King of Naples was the sovereign plotted against in the cabinet of Count Cavour.

If Piedmont could intervene anywhere—whether in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Naples, or the States of the Church—in obedience to these 'spontaneous acts,' it was what was specially desired. Much against her own inclination, and indeed only in obedience to the passionate appeals of the oppressed, Piedmont, the self-denying, could then play the noble part of champion and regenerator.

But, as a necessary preliminary to the success of this underground plotting, it was essential that the work of vilification should be vigorously carried on; that the character, conduct, motives, of the ruler to be attacked and government to be overthrown should be represented in the blackest light—that he and his government should be held up to the execration of the world as too wicked and odious to be any longer endured. The greater the lie and the fouler the calumny, the fitter for the purpose: it explained the 'spontaneous act' in the eyes of sympathising Europe. The government was so bad, so infamous, it was impossible it could be any longer borne by a high-spirited people: hence they rose in their anger against it. 'Most natural; just as it should be,' said Europe, the dupe of this well-planned spontaneity.

With this preface, we proceed to trace an outline of the events that culminated in the open invasion of the States of

the Church by the armies of Piedmont, and the bombardment of Ancona by its navy.

The first revolutionary movement—or 'spontaneous act'—took place at Florence, upon the refusal of the Grand Duke to join in the war against Austria. His ministers and the chiefs of his army having been thoroughly corrupted, that Sovereign deemed it prudent to withdraw to the Legations. The previously arranged Provisional Government was at once constituted; war was proclaimed; and, in furtherance of the plan agreed upon between the Piedmontese minister, the chiefs of the secret societies, and the Tuscan traitors, Victor Emanuel was appointed Dictator. The Tuscan army became from that moment the nucleus of the revolutionary force that afterwards overran Central Italy, and overthrew the governments of Modena and the Legations.

In the month of May, during the struggle between France and Austria, of which Sardinia was to reap the principal advantage, the Holy Father, addressing some hundreds of strangers to whom he had granted an audience, said: 'We are on the eve of great events. God alone knows what is reserved to us. You know that I am the visible head of the Catholic Church, and that you are its members. We form together the Church Militant; and you cannot be ignorant that he who assumes the Papacy takes to himself universal catholicity, of which the Pope is the head. Close round me, my children; every day unite your prayers to mine, so that we may do a holy violence to the heart of God. Oh! if you knew, my dear children, what is the force of prayer, how powerful it is before the throne of God! Do not then ever cease to pray for the holy Church, for His dear Spouse.'

At the outset of the war the Papal States were occupied by French and Austrian troops; the former having garrisons at Rome and Civita Vecchia, the latter in the Legations. The course taken by the Austrian general commanding in

the Legations seriously compromised the interests of the Pope's Government. After the battle of Magenta, fought on June 4, 1859, and the retreat of Gyulai from Lombardy, General Urban, becoming alarmed for the safety of his army, being menaced by Tuscans on the one hand, and the corps of Prince Napoleon on the other, suddenly determined on evacuating the Papal States. Only a few hours' notice of this intention was given to the Papal authorities; and on June 6, two days after the battle of Magenta, the Austrians began to withdraw. On the 11th the evacuation was completed. This movement was an entire surprise to the Pope's Government.

In the early part of May some such contingency appears to have been foreseen, and the Papal Nuncio at Vienna was directed to enquire whether there was any danger of the Austrian garrisons having to withdraw without affording sufficient time for the introduction of Papal troops to take their place; the Pope's Government being prepared in that event to send its own troops into the Legations. He was answered, that no such event could occur—that there was no danger of the Austrian garrisons being withdrawn. The idea of a joint occupation was in consequence abandoned at Rome.

The day the Austrian flag was withdrawn from Bologna, the stage was clear for those who had been previously at work. A revolutionary junta, headed by the Marquis Pepoli, was immediately formed, and a deputation sent to the Cardinal Legate, Melesi, to announce that war was to be proclaimed against Austria, and Victor Emanuel appointed Dictator. The Cardinal was helpless, and could only protest against the subversion of the Papal authority; and retiring to Ravenna, he issued a formal proclamation to the same effect.

Events not being yet sufficiently matured to admit of Victor Emanuel and his master-spirit, Cavour, throwing off all disguise, the dictatorship, duly tendered to the King

by his own agents, was ostensibly refused; but Massimo d' Azelio was sent from Turin to assume the government, with a staff of Piedmontese officers to organise the civic guard, and of course take charge of Piedmontese interests.

The revolutionary movement begun at Bologna extended to the Southern portions of the Legations, and risings, which were made to assume the appearance of 'spontaneous acts,' took place. The same plan was everywhere steadily, indeed, rigidly adhered to, the invariable aim and end being the dictatorship of Victor Emanuel.

The movement in Perugia was promptly suppressed by General Schmid, who, marching from Rome at the head of 2,000 men, beat the revolutionists, and restored the authority of the Pope. This act of necessary vigour was represented by the press in the interest of Piedmont or of revolution as an atrocious crime, whereas nothing could have been more legitimate than that a sovereign should employ force to restore his authority, and rescue his subjects from incendiaries and traitors. But the most ordinary exercise of authority on the part of the Pope's Government was then, as it had been previously and was subsequently, represented in an odious and abhorrent light; while the most infamous acts of treason and duplicity, as well as the most savage and ruthless suppressions of popular feeling, on the part of the Pope's enemies, were openly applauded, deliberately ignored, or unblushingly denied.

The Papal authority was restored in other places. Of these Ancona was the most important.

While these movements had been in progress in the Papal States, the Tuscan army had marched into Modena and Parma, and overthrown their legitimate Governments, the loyally-disposed inhabitants being incapable of offering any effectual resistance. An attempt at bringing about a 'spontaneous act' in Naples was then abortive, because premature.

Replying to the address from the Sacred College on the

occasion of the anniversary of his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter, the Holy Father spoke in these words: 'Under all circumstances the good wishes of the Sacred College are extremely dear to me; but they are more specially so in these days, when my soul is steeped in bitterness and mourning. Wherever I cast my glance I behold but subjects of affliction and grief. But *væ homini illi per quem scandalum venit!* Woe to those who have brought about these events. Nevertheless, let us not be cast down. Let us pray, and pray with humility, with confidence, with perseverance; let us pray, above all, that the Lord may assist and sanctify us. Let us humble ourselves under the hand of God who chastises us. And what! if we receive from God good things and joys, why should we not accept from Him afflictions and trials? As for me, nothing can make me change my resolution; I have put my trust in God, and I am tranquil. This morning, when reading, at the holy Mass, the epistle taken from the prophet Joel, I thought I already heard the response to all our fears and all our wishes—*Et scietis quia in medio Israel ego sum . . . . et ego Dominus . . . . et non confundetur populus meus in eternum.*'

In a few days after, and during the same month of June, referring to the anniversary of his coronation, and to the triple diadem that pressed so heavily on his brow, the Holy Father remarked that if the precious stones with which it was enriched symbolised the fidelity and love of his children, in seeing them detach and fall from it he should consider how deceptive and fragile an ornament they were. In fact, several Catholics in the world and in his own States had deserted him, and his heart was full of bitterness. 'But,' he added, 'those who sow in tears will gather in joy. *Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent.* And this diadem, so heavy, so painful to bear, is also the symbol of a power which comes from on high, and against which men strive in vain.'

The battle of Solferino was fought on June 25, and the Allies proceeded to invest Peschiera.

On July 8 an armistice was agreed to, and on the 12th the Emperors of France and Austria met at Villa Franca, where the basis of a treaty of peace was arranged. The terms, as afterwards announced in the Emperor Napoleon's letter to Francis Joseph, were—first, the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia; and secondly, the formation of an Italian Confederacy under the presidency of the Pope, whose dominions were to be preserved intact, the Emperor Napoleon using his influence to procure certain reforms at the hands of the Holy Father. It was arranged that the terms of the peace should be settled at a conference of the three Powers—France, Austria and Piedmont—who were to meet at Zurich; and it was also stipulated that a Congress of the Great Powers should be convoked to give effect to the new constitution of the Italian States.

Throughout the negotiations it seems to have been clearly understood that the integrity of the Papal dominions was to be maintained, subject to the reforms contemplated.

It must not be supposed that Cardinal Antonelli was the dupe of Count Cavour, or did not thoroughly comprehend the game that Piedmont was playing through its multifarious agents. On July 12 the Papal Government addressed a note to its representatives abroad, complaining that the King's refusal to accept the proffered dictatorship of the Legations was illusory, and that the appointment of D' Azelio, as head of the Provisional Government, was a flagrant breach of neutrality on the part of Piedmont. The note contained a dignified protest against the violation of the Pontifical Sovereignty.

Shortly after the conclusion of the peace, Piedmont withdrew its 'Commissioners' from the Legations, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. This act of apparent self-denial was as illusory as the refusal of the dictatorship; it simply enabled the clever agents of Count Cavour to adopt a course that

was to appear in the eyes of Europe to be a 'spontaneous act' on the part of these 'oppressed nationalities.' National Assemblies were convoked by the Provisional Governments of these States. National armies were at the same time formed; General Fanti, a Piedmontese officer, taking the command in Tuscany, Modena, and Parma; Garibaldi in the Romagna; and Mezzecapo at Rimini.

The Assemblies met about the middle of August, and, as had been previously arranged, voted for annexation to Piedmont. Deputations from Tuscany, Modena, and Parma were sent to convey this intelligence to Victor Emanuel. The King dared not. at that moment, accept the offer of these States; and while declaring that he felt bound to do nothing pending the meeting and decision of the Congress, generously promised the anxious deputationists—his own creatures—that he would plead the cause of their peoples with the Great Powers!

The Romagnese Assembly also, according to the programme, voted for annexation; the Sardinian arms being put up in September, and the government administered in the name of Victor Emanuel.

The negotiations at Zurich were not concluded until the end of September. In the meantime the French Ambassador at Rome had been pressing on the Papal Government the reforms which the Emperor sought to introduce into the administration of the Pope's dominions.

As to these reforms in the Roman States, pressed on the Pope's Government with such apparent earnestness by the French Emperor, it rather taxes one's credulity to believe the ruler of France to have been really serious in their advocacy; or to suppose that, had his proposals been literally adopted by the Roman Government, their adoption would in any way have modified the plans of the great conspirators, or prevented their accomplishment. There is abundant evidence to show the willingness of the Papal Government to adopt the suggestions made in apparent friendliness by those who,

had they looked nearer home, might have seen the necessity for far more sweeping reforms to satisfy the 'legitimate aspirations of the people.' Lord Cowley, writing to Lord John Russell from Biarritz, states that, on the day following the meeting of the Emperors at Villa Franca, Count Walewski informed him that the Pope had spontaneously declared that he was ready to follow the advice that might be given to him by France. The despatch goes on to state that in the month of September the Duke de Grammont had communicated to the Pope a complete plan of reforms; that the Duke was replied to, that his Holiness was ready to accept these reforms, provided he was given the assurance that in granting them he would preserve the States belonging to the Church; but that Count Walewski told Lord Cowley that an assurance of the nature desired by the Pope implied on the part of France a guarantee which the Emperor was unwilling to give.

It is difficult to say what was the real policy of France with respect to the Italian Sovereigns and their revolted States; but there appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 9th of September—evidently in reply to the purposely vague manner in which the proffer of Tuscany to Victor Emanuel was received by that monarch—a paragraph expressly declaring that the return of the Archdukes was a fundamental condition of the peace with Austria.

On September 29 the deputation from the Romagnas came to Turin with the annexation vote, which had been procured in accordance with the mode and means adopted on similar occasions all through the piece. The King's speech was studiously enigmatical. The time for outspoken plainness had not yet arrived. Professing profound reverence for the Pope and the Church, he alleged that Europe had accepted formal obligations towards the revolted provinces, and was bound to recognise their demand for reforms; and, as in previous instances, he promised to be their advocate—their disinterested advocate—at the Congress.

While the Piedmontese Government was professing to abstain from all interference in the affairs of Central Italy, its agents and instruments were actively at work, each according to his special aptitude and vocation. Annexation being the object aimed at, the path to its easy accomplishment was prepared with the utmost care. The public mind was kept in a high state of inflammation by manifestoes, placards, and pamphlets of a revolutionary character, and was purposely alarmed by reports of threatened invasions by Roman and Neapolitan troops—this at the very time that the Pope's Government was making no attempt whatever to re-establish its authority in the revolted provinces, and was quietly awaiting the decision of the Great Powers.

The negotiations for their assembling were ostensibly going on; but Garibaldi, who had his head-quarters at Bologna, proclaimed that the States would never submit to the restoration of the Archdukes, and that the Italians should prepare for a new war against their tyrants. Utterances of this nature, if not actually inspired by Victor Emanuel and his ministers, were useful in furtherance of their policy. Besides, there was this advantage in them—they might be accepted and relied upon as the expression of the national sentiment, or repudiated with well-acted indignation.

On October 20 the Emperor Napoleon addressed a remarkable letter to the King, containing the proposal of what the King specially disrelished – an Italian Confederation. According to the Emperor's scheme, Italy was to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond. Each of these States was to adopt a particular representative system, with salutary reforms; the Confederates to have but one flag, one system of customs, and one currency. The directing centre was to be at Rome, where the Federal Diet was to assemble; and the Holy Father was to be President of the League. This arrangement, the Emperor declared, would increase the moral influence of the Pope, and enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations. Austria was also to

be a member of the Confederation in right of Venetia, which was to become in all respects purely Italian.

Though the Emperor, in his proposed redistribution of the territories of the old Sovereigns, dealt most liberally with Piedmont, by making considerable additions to its already largely increased dominions, his scheme was received with intense disgust at Turin; and the King hastened to inform his potent ally that if France were bound by the treaty of Villa Franca, Piedmont had engagements to the Italian people which she could not sacrifice—and that he would appeal to the Congress in favour of the oppressed nationalities!

The state of things was now becoming too critical to admit of Cavour remaining inactive even for a single hour. It was essential to anticipate by action—'spontaneous' action, if possible—the risky operations of diplomacy; for the Great Powers were not likely to sanction the wholesale plunder by one Sovereign of the territories of several other Sovereigns, no matter on what patriotic or high-sounding pretence it might be brought about or defended.

Under the pretext that it was indispensable, pending the decision of the Congress, to form a League of the revolted States for the purpose of mutual defence, the National Assemblies were convoked in the beginning of November; and on the 19th of that month decrees were passed at Florence, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, appointing Prince Carrignani, *uncle of the King*, Regent of the States, with unlimited authority. This, of course, was purely 'spontaneous' on the part of the populations of the revolted States, and was in no degree managed by Count Cavour; nevertheless it was a movement in advance somewhat too strong for the placid endurance of the Emperor; and a peremptory note to Piedmont expressed with sufficient accuracy the state of Imperial feeling with respect to it.

On November 16 the Foreign Minister of Victor Emanuel issued a circular stating that the King, abstaining from

any decision which might interfere with the deliberations of the Congress, had refused to allow the Prince (his uncle) to accept the regency. Signor Buoncompagni—who, while ambassador at Florence, had plotted with the traitorous subjects of the Sovereign to whose friendly Court he was accredited by his own Government—was substituted for the King's uncle; and though France saw that this was but a prelude to annexation, it allowed its opposition to be overcome by the representation that the appointment had no ulterior signification, and was simply made with a view of concentrating the Governments of the States in a single hand pending the decision of the Congress.

The outlines of the treaty of Zurich were settled in the end of November, and on the 29th, France issued her invitations to the Congress—in whose assembling, it may be remarked, there were some not very profound believers. The Powers summoned were England, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Piedmont, Rome, and Naples.

On December 10 the Austrian Premier, Count Rechberg, issued a note to the representatives of his Government abroad, in which the objects of the Congress were specified; these included the restoration of the exiled Princes, and the re-establishment of the authority of the Pope.

On the 18th, the Pontifical Government communicated its formal acceptance of the Congress.

All difficulties seemed to have been surmounted, when, on December 29, the celebrated pamphlet, entitled *The Pope and the Congress*, appeared at Paris. This *brochure* came out in the name of M. Grandguillot, but was universally believed to have been due to Imperial inspiration. Opening with a violent attack on the Pontifical administration, it admitted that the Holy See should be maintained in a position of temporal independence, but clearly declared that its authority should be restricted to the City of Rome.

The appearance of this pamphlet worked an instant and complete change in the aspect of affairs. Cardinal Antonelli

was at the point of starting for Paris, when it burst like a thunder-clap upon the political world. His journey was of necessity postponed, and the Nuncio received instructions to ascertain whether the pamphlet was to be taken as expressing the views with which France would go into the Congress. Similar enquiries came from Vienna.

The French Government hastened to disavow M. Grandguillot; and Count Walewski assured Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, that as long as he remained at the head of affairs, *The Pope and the Congress* should never form the basis of the French policy. The French Ambassador at Rome assured his Holiness that the pamphlet in no way foreshadowed the programme with which his Government would enter into the Congress.

The Holy Father availed himself of an early and conspicuous occasion—when, on January 1, 1860, General Goyon, commander of the French army of occupation, accompanied by his officers, went to the Vatican to present his respects to the Sovereign Pontiff—to refer with marked distinction, indeed with pardonable bitterness, to this treacherous publication. These were the Pope's words :—

'Prostrated at the feet of the God who has been, who is, and who will be eternally, we will pray in the humility of our heart, that He may send His graces and lights in abundance on the august chief of this army and this nation, so that, with the aid of this light, he may walk in all safety in his difficult path; and also recognise the falsehood of certain principles put forward lately in a *brochure* which may be described *as a signal monument of hypocrisy, and an ignoble jumble of contradictions.* We pray that with the aid of these lights—no, no, let us rather say, we are persuaded that, with the aid of these lights, he will condemn the principles contained in this pamphlet; and we are the more convinced of this, that we possess several documents that his Majesty had the goodness to commit to us formerly, and which are a veritable condemnation of these false principles.'

The emphatic assurances of the French Government were accepted as satisfactory; and Cardinal Antonelli was again about to start for Paris, when events occurred which left no doubt whatever of the hostile nature of the Imperial policy, notwithstanding the complete and absolute repudiation of *The Pope and the Congress.* Count Walewski was dismissed, and replaced by Count Thouvenel, who was understood to be animated by sentiments less favourable to the temporal power; and simultaneously with this alarming change came the publication of the Emperor's letter to the Pope, dated December 31, 1859, suggesting the cession of the Romagnas to Piedmont.

In this letter the Emperor says that one of his greatest anxieties, both during and after the war, was the condition of the States of the Church; that one of the motives which induced him to conclude an early peace was the apprehension lest the revolution should assume larger dimensions. He further says that on the cessation of hostilities he wrote to the Pope, pressing for administrative reforms, and the appointment of a lay governor for the revolted provinces; on which conditions he believes they would return to their allegiance. The Pope, he states, did not carry out these suggestions, and the endeavours of France were not able to prevent the spread of insurrection, and the invasion of the Marches of Ancona. As regards the future, the Emperor observes that the Powers would not question the incontestable rights of his Holiness as Sovereign of the Romagnas; but they probably would not be inclined to favour their assertion by force of arms. If foreign troops were employed to reduce the provinces to obedience, it would imply a lengthened military occupation, which would increase the troubles and dissensions of Italy, and foster jealousies amongst the Great Powers. And assuming that an occupation was out of the question, the Emperor considers what solution of the problem is possible. 'If,' he goes on to say, 'the Holy Father, for the sake of the peace of Europe, should

give up these provinces, which for fifty years have been a great embarrassment to his Government, and if, in exchange, he should request the Great Powers to guarantee him the possession of the remainder, I do not doubt of the immediate restoration of tranquillity.'

The publication of the Emperor's letter revived the hopes of more than one party in Italy; it gave a new impulse to revolution, and increased the audacity of the annexationists. On the conclusion of peace, Cavour had resigned in disgust at the check which the treaty of Villa Franca seemed to place to his ambitious schemes, and Rattazzi had been called to carry on the Government; but the Imperial manifesto appeared to render a cautious policy no longer necessary, and Cavour was again placed at the head of affairs.

The negotiations for the Congress were still proceeded with; but there were few who believed that it was ever to assemble, or that, if it really did meet, it was destined to settle the territorial arrangements of Italy.

In the end of January, 1860, an Encyclical letter of the Pope was published in answer to the letter of the Emperor. His Holiness declared that the patrimony of the Church was not the personal possession of the Pope, and that without violating the most sacred obligations he could not for a moment entertain any proposition for its dismemberment. He, at least, could not be a party to the spoliation of the Church. His answer to the Imperial mandate was the celebrated *Non Possumus.* His Holiness adverted to the letters he had received from the Emperor previous to the war, which were of quite a different tenor from his later communications, and he mildly reproached the Imperial Cabinet with the violation of its engagements to the Holy See.

'The letter of Napoleon III. to the Pope,' said Count Cavour, in May, 1860, 'proclaiming that the reign of the Pope over the Romagnas is at an end, has given us more than we have obtained at Palestro and at San Martino.

Sacerdotal domination was for us even more prejudicial than the Austrian domination.'

Addressing the American students of the Propaganda and the students of the American College, on January 29, 1860, when celebrating the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the Pope employed the lesson taught by the Gospel of the day, to inspire his hearers with confidence—'*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* The waves raged round the barque of Peter; but God would calm the tempest, as He did when it was asked in wonder, "What manner of man is this, for the winds and the sea obey him?" But no,' continued the Holy Father, 'it is not their arms, it is not their soldiers, it is not their force, of whatever strength it may be, that make us fear. It is not the loss of our temporal power which causes to our heart the greatest of its afflictions; that which the most afflicts and frightens us is the perversion of ideas, the horrible evil which consists in falsifying all things. Vice, in fact, becomes virtue, and virtue is taken for vice. They go so far, even in one of the cities of unhappy Italy, as to glorify a cut-throat and assassin.[1] And while they exalt and praise the most wicked men and the most culpable actions, they have the audacity to describe constancy in faith, and even the firmness of bishops in defending the sacred trusts confided to them, as hypocrisy, fanaticism, and abuse of religion. The greatest of evils is the perversion of the heart and the perversion of the spirit. But that can only be overcome by the greatest of the miracles that God can work; and we must ask it of Him by prayer. The vengeance of the priesthood and that of the Vicar of Christ is prayer and praise, so as to implore of God that all our enemies may be converted and live.'

England, that had lent its aid and sympathy to revolution, now proposed, through Lord Cowley, a mode by which matters might be pleasantly arranged—namely, that France

[1] Referring to the pension for life granted to the mother and two sisters of the regicide Milano.

and Austria should pledge themselves to non-intervention; that the armies in occupation, whether French, Austrian, or Italian, should be withdrawn; and that the question of the future destiny of the revolted States should be put to the vote. This proposition was not favourably received at Vienna, and France would not surrender her special charge of the States of the Church, though she was satisfied to accept the English suggestion, so far as related to the other States.

As the propositions of England met with so unfavourable a reception, France now tried her hand at a new solution of the Italian difficulty. Count Thouvenel, in a note of February 20, 1860, put forward a new set of propositions—the annexation of Parma and Modena to Piedmont; the establishment of a vicarial government in the Romagnas, in connection with the Kingdom of Sardinia, but recognising by a tribute the Sovereignty of the Pope; and the restoration of Tuscany to the Grand Duke. This scheme met with the same fate as that proposed with such plausibility by England. This last attempt to get rid of a difficulty which had been deliberately created, having also failed, further negotiation seemed to be useless.

And now that Count Cavour felt convinced that there was nothing to be feared on the part of France, he determined, by the adoption of a decided step, to realise the object of his ambition—the annexation of the territories of the other Italian sovereigns to those of his master. Accordingly, on March 1, Farini issued a decree, directing a *plebiscitum* to be taken on the 12th of that month on the questions of *Annexation to Sardinia, or a Separate Kingdom* —the wording of the vote excluding any declaration in favour of the former rulers. As may be readily supposed, the decision in favour of annexation was carried by as many votes as were deemed sufficient for the purpose.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell on the means by which this vote was obtained; suffice it to say, the same means

were employed then as on all previous occasions. Corruption, intimidation, and treason had done their work effectually. The bayonet and the dagger were at the breast and throat of any one who dared to express a doubt as to the political purity of Count Cavour, or the loyalty and disinterestedness of Victor Emanuel. Freedom of opinion in Florence or in Bologna was what it was in Paris in the Reign of Terror.

The robbery had in reality been perpetrated long before; but the formality of annexation now being gone through, the provinces were overrun by the legions of Sardinia. Thus was the first triumph of evil accomplished.

Austria, Rome, and the Archdukes protested against the daring usurpation; but France gave a tacit assent to the spoliation. Emboldened by his success, Count Cavour prepared for new schemes of aggrandisement. The King of Naples was to be driven from his dominions by fraud and force; and so much of the territory of the Pope as could be torn from him, with the connivance of the Eldest Son of the Church, was to swell the greatness of Victor Emanuel.

The story of the manner in which the King of Naples, undermined by Piedmontese agents, was cheated, tricked, baffled, and finally assailed and overthrown, is one of the most infamous in the modern annals of the world.[1] It is, however, with the mode in which the King and his Minister dealt with the Pope and his territories that we have now to deal.

[1] We refer the reader to extracts from the *Private Diary of Admiral Persano*, kept in the years 1860 and 1861, for the fullest justification of the description given in the text. They will be found at the conclusion of the Roman events of 1860—page 420.

CHAPTER X.

General de La Moricière—In Exile—Obeys the Pope's Summons—Loyal Piedmont!—Monsignor de Merode—Cavour's Treachery—The Mask thrown off—Defence of Spoleto—Battle of Castelfidardo—La Moricière reaches Ancona.

IN the midst of the difficulties thickening like storm-clouds round the dominions of the least aggressive and most defenceless of all potentates, an appeal was made to the chivalry of one who combined the highest reputation as a soldier with an earnest devotion to the cause and person of the Holy Father. That noble soldier and faithful son of the Church was General de La Moricière.

The General's career had been a remarkable one; and, though the worshippers of success may refuse to admit it, the close of that career was more honourable to his fame than were even those brilliant years during which, with the approval of his brethren in arms, and amid the applause of the army, he won step by step in his arduous profession. In the comparatively short period of fifteen years he passed through every grade, from that of simple lieutenant to that of lieutenant-general, with which latter rank was united the responsible office of governor and administrator of a conquered province.

The war in Algeria made many great soldiers, but none superior to La Moricière. Algeria afforded a grand theatre for the development of those qualities which form an accomplished and successful soldier. The country was unknown, the climate unfavourable to the invader, the mode of war-

fare different from that of Europe, and the enemy to be overcome animated, even to frenzy, by the strongest passions that can inspire a warlike race to deeds of desperate valour —love of country and intense religious fanaticism. They were led, too, by warriors of renown, who exercised an extraordinary influence over their followers, no less by their personal character than by their capacity as military leaders.

On this field of incessant strife La Moricière soon became the idol of his own countrymen, and the most formidable danger to the foe. Nature had been generous in her gifts to the scion of the fine old Breton stock from which he sprang. Vigorous of constitution and robust of frame; as insensible to fatigue as unconscious of fear; keen of vision, quick of comprehension, and ready of resource; collected in the worst hour of difficulty; calm and cheerful, even gay and jaunty, under the deadliest fire; frank, brusque, yet full of the finest and tenderest sympathies—La Moricière was formed to gain the unlimited confidence and devotion of his men, and to make them accomplish what to others, who did not understand the secret of his influence, seemed miracles of daring and endurance.

When the Pope appealed from Gaeta to the Catholic Powers for aid against the revolutionists, La Moricière was one of the most eager in his desire to render all the aid in the power of France to afford, not only for the protection of the person of the Holy Father, but for the restoration and protection of his dominions.

As Ambassador to Russia, he represented the Republic with distinction and advantage.

But the hour came when La Moricière, and many others of the bravest and best of the public men of France, were swooped upon by the *Coup d'État* made prisoners of, and hurried into involuntary exile. He was then in his forty-sixth year, in the fulness of intellectual and bodily vigour, and apparently with a long career of usefulness in his country's service before him.

Driven thus into exile, and condemned to unwilling inactivity, the mind of the gallant soldier was turned inwards upon itself. Then was developed in him that strong religious feeling which, amidst the turmoil of the camp and the excitement of a military career of ceaseless occupation, had lain dormant to that moment; and from that hour to the last of his life this Christian soldier found in the exercises and duties of religion fortitude under the most adverse circumstances, and a consolation that sustained him against every disappointment.

It did not require much time for deliberation on the part of a chivalrous Catholic like La Moricière, when appealed to for aid by the head of his Church. He not only came himself, but he brought others with him, and by his own example induced many more to dedicate their swords and their fortunes to a sacred cause.

Like all true men, La Moricière was hopeful for the best —trustful in the honour of princes, and in the influence of an honest public opinion. Yet he could not exclude from his mind the probability of failure and defeat, for he was too sagacious not to understand what a web of fraud was being woven round the Holy Father by enemies whose craft was equalled by their unscrupulousness—to whom moral considerations were as idle wind, and who recognised no obstacles to their designs that did not peril their own interests, or endanger their own security. He had, however, led too many desperate expeditions against fearful odds to hesitate now; accordingly, he flung himself into the struggle with all the ardour, energy, and enthusiasm of his nature. And though, as the General-in-chief of an army mostly improvised and wretchedly equipped, the gravest difficulties presented themselves to him at every step, he conquered many of them by the sheer force of a brave spirit and an indomitable will. But he could not work miracles. He could not coin money out of leaves, nor forge cannon out of good intentions, nor fabricate rifles by his breath; yet what could humanly be

accomplished with means wholly insufficient, he did accomplish.

The words addressed by La Moricière to the Pope, on the occasion of his first interview, prove how fully he understood the difficulty of his position.

'Most Holy Father,' said he, 'your Holiness has required my services: your desires are orders, and I have not hesitated a moment. You can dispose of my blood and life. But I ought at the same time to say that my presence here is either an assistance or a danger: an assistance, if I have only to maintain tranquillity in your States, and preserve them from revolutionary bands; a danger, if my name be a pretext for hastening the Piedmontese invasion. For it is impossible for me, unless through a miracle, to triumph over an army trained to war, with troops of recent formation, badly armed, and who should have to fight *one against ten.*'[1]

Gallant men from various countries—France, Belgium, Holland, Austria, many parts of Italy—offered their services to defend the Holy See against revolutionary violence. The noblest families of France sent to Rome representatives of their valour and devotion. Fathers themselves presented their sons as their most precious offering; husbands quitted peaceful and happy homes for the hardships of the camp and the perils of the field; bridegrooms tore themselves from their brides ere the orange blossom had faded in the wedding chaplet; mere boys left for the new Crusade with the tears and benedictions of widowed mothers, whom faith alone could sustain under so great a sacrifice. The Catholic heart was stirred to its depths; and though Governments pursued towards the Pope a policy tortuous or dishonest, or openly or secretly hostile, the Catholic sentiment was everywhere true and loyal.

Nor was Ireland wanting in active sympathy at such a

[1] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.*

moment. Meetings were held early in the spring of 1860, in various parts of the country; and at these meetings, which were thoroughly representative in their character, the utmost enthusiasm was manifested towards the person and character of Pius IX., and the most ardent devotion to the Holy See. Not content with mere words, however eloquent, the Catholics of Ireland, as if by a simultaneous movement, raised the sum of 100,000*l.*, and forwarded it to the exhausted treasury of the Vatican.

In spite of much devotion and much generous sympathy on the part of the Catholic world, the utmost resources of the Papal Government were barely sufficient to protect the States of the Church from the attempts of the revolutionary bands, especially when these were acting in concert with the Piedmontese Government, whose assistance they had received, and whose co-operation they had been promised. As well might a child cope successfully with a strong man, as Rome hope to succeed in its resistance to a powerful and thoroughly equipped and organised force, such as Piedmont could at any moment bring into the field.

But who—what man of loyal nature—could have anticipated what was about to occur? Who could have supposed that a European Government, representing a civilised and Christian people, was on the eve of perpetrating an act of brigandage such as *then* had no parallel in modern history? In the warfare of barbarous nations, or in those ages when society was yet in an unsettled state, and laws imposing restraint on our grosser or our meaner passions were little understood or were lightly regarded, we read of foul deeds of perfidy and violence; but that, in the Nineteenth Century and in the very heart of Christendom, one nation, because it was strong enough to commit a great wickedness, should swoop down, vulture-like, upon another nation, because it was weak and incapable of effectual resistance, was a thing so shocking and so revolting as to be *then* almost incredible.

And yet this is exactly what occurred in Italy in the September of 1860—a year memorable for this act of international infamy.

There was at the time no open rupture between the Pope and the Piedmontese Government. On the contrary, the latter affected the liveliest interest in the maintenance of public order in the Papal States. Indeed, if Piedmont should interfere—if she were forced, however reluctantly, to interfere—it would be with the sole object of defeating the machinations of the revolutionists, and sustaining legitimate authority against lawless invasion! The professions of *Joseph Surface* were as sincere as those of Piedmont.

The French Ambassador at Rome frequently assured the Papal Government, in answer to enquiries and demands for explanations made through him, that not only would Piedmont abstain from invading the Pontifical territories, but that it would oppose their invasion by the bands of volunteers then forming on various parts of the Roman frontier. This assurance was given even after the movements of the Piedmontese troops had become so indicative of hostile intention as to leave scarcely any room for further doubt. Nevertheless the advice of the French Ambassador was that the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli should rely implicitly on the loyalty of Piedmont!

General de Goyon, commanding the French army in Rome, desired to act in concert with La Moricière in defence of the Papal States; and so impressed was he with the aspect of affairs, that he went personally to France to hasten the departure of the additional troops for which he had urgently asked. He returned to Rome after a fruitless expedition, so restricted by the orders he had received, that he was compelled to remain a silent and impassive spectator of the accomplishment of a great crime, perpetrated in defiance of the laws of nations and of God.

Not only was the total strength of the Papal army quite unequal to the emergency, but it was seriously diminished

by the necessity of providing a garrison for Ancona, which required a considerable number of men for its defence in case of attack, and to protect it from the incessant efforts of the agents of revolution in the pay of Piedmont; likewise of providing garrisons for Pesara, Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, and Spoleto; besides affording as much assistance to other places as was possible under existing circumstances. The force available for the field was not alone small, but it was miserably armed; a certain proportion only being supplied with rifles, and these not of the same pattern, thus necessitating the use of different ammunition. The Battalion of St. Patrick had not received either knapsacks or cartouch-boxes; and other battalions were only in course of formation when the moment of trial was at hand. The artillery was hurriedly formed, the guns of an inferior description, the horses not nearly sufficient in number for ordinary operations in the field; and the men, or the greater number of them, were inexperienced or imperfectly trained. Where six horses were required for a gun, those employed for the carriage of shot attached to the batteries had to be used, or even the bullocks employed for the same purpose. Thus the general was unable to organise a park of reserve. The ambulance train consisted of a few carts; and baggage there was none.[1]

While, in order to represent the actual position of the general and his little army, it was necessary to describe the incompleteness and inadequacy of the means of defence, it is but just to Monsignor de Merode, the Minister at War of that day, to say, that if zeal the most devoted, energy the most ardent, labour the most incessant and unsparing, could have triumphed over poverty of resources, and made up for disappointments, where important aid had been promised and not given, there would be nothing wanting in men, in material, or in equipment. But Monsignor de Merode was only a man, though full of ardour and ability, and not a

[1] Official report of General de La Moricière.

magician. In pantomimes and fairy extravaganzas we see mice turned into horses, and pumpkins into coaches; but cannon and carriages, swords and bayonets, shot and shell, and other such indispensable necessaries of war, are hard to be procured, especially by a poor Government, and that Government environed by hostility and treachery in every shape.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding difficulties and shortcomings of various kinds, the little army of the Pope was full of confidence. 'We did not,' says the General in his report, 'fear any serious attack by sea on Ancona; and as the number of effective troops organised by General Garibaldi was not much greater than that of ours, the defence of the Pontifical territories seemed assured.'

La Moricière did not long remain under this delusion, so natural to a brave soldier and high-minded gentleman. The revolutionists openly boasted that the Piedmontese troops would at once follow the bands, not to oppose and crush, but to support them. And it may be here remarked that, from the first moment until the last, the information obtained by the revolutionists was strictly accurate; a fact to be accounted for very simply,—that they were in the entire confidence of the Piedmontese Government, with whom they were acting in complete accord, and by well-concerted arrangement.

The Piedmontese troops were observed to be massed on the Roman frontier; and amongst other ominous indications of hostility, was the appearance of a heavy siege train in the environs of Ravenna. General de La Moricière entreated Cardinal Antonelli to demand of the French Ambassador at Rome—the willing intermediary between the two Governments—explanations as to the formation of the bands that had appeared in various places, and the concurrent movement of regular troops. 'We received,' writes the General, 'the same answer as before; that, on the one hand, Piedmont would continue as she had done recently'—not being

then ready to throw off the mask,—'*to oppose the invasion of our territory by the bands, and, on the other hand, that the Piedmontese troops should not attack us.*'[1]

[1] Up to the last possible moment—that is, to the very hour when further disguise was no longer necessary—the Piedmontese Government had been duping the French Government with similar assurances to those given in the text. Whereas everything had been carefully arranged beforehand for the invasion of the Papal territory by the King's troops on a certain day; so that the assurances given to the French Government, and through it to the Papal Government, were so many deliberate lies, the object of which was to deceive the one, and lull the other into false security. Thanks to Admiral Persano, we now have the mystery cleared up. From his 'Private Diary,' published at Turin this year—1870—we quote the following extract of a despatch from Count Cavour to the Admiral, in which the '*Grand Coupable*' discloses his iniquitous scheme, to be carried out by the land and sea forces of Piedmont. It may be doubted if there be anything more coolly infamous in the history of modern times. In order to prevent the revolution, which had been systematically excited in the interest and for the benefit of Piedmont, from being injurious to Piedmont, Piedmont resolves to plunder the Pope of his territory. Here are the words of this famous, or rather *in*famous, despatch of August 30, 1860:—

'*In order to prevent the revolution extending into our own kingdom, there is but one resource, i.e. to make ourselves masters, without delay, of Umbria and the Marches.* The Government is decided to attempt this arduous enterprise, *whatever may be the consequences. To this end the following programme has been agreed upon:—An insurrectional movement will be got up in those provinces from between the 8th to September 12. Whether it be suppressed or not, we will interfere. General Cialdini will enter the Marches, and make immediately for Ancona.* But he cannot hope to get possession of that city unless he be energetically seconded by our squadron. You will let me know immediately what you deem necessary for the successful issue of this undertaking. I am willing to place at your service all the materials I can dispose of as Minister of Marine.

Count Cavour, in this despatch impresses upon the Admiral the necessity for the strictest secrecy.

In a despatch of September 3, Count Cavour was more accurate in his calculations as to the exact moment of assailing the Pope's dominions. After remarking that it was at Ancona, not at Naples, the Piedmontese plotters could acquire the 'moral force necessary to

This further assurance, though distinct and specific in its terms, was not sufficient to counteract the effect of the invasion of the Pontifical territories on September 9, at various places, by bands acting in concert, and in accordance with a pre-arranged plan of operations. Neither was it consistent with the manifest disquietude among the populations hitherto devoted to the Holy See.

On the evening of the same day, in reply to a telegram to the Cardinal Secretary, the General received the following communication :—

'Nothing as yet known of the object of the movement of the Piedmontese troops. We have demanded explanations on this subject, but have not yet received reply. As soon as it arrives it shall be communicated to you. Meanwhile act freely according to your own plans.'

If the French Government were really blind, or stupidly credulous, neither the revolutionists of Italy nor their sympathisers throughout Europe were in the least doubt as to the honour and good faith of Piedmont. They knew the game that was being played, and that secrecy as to its real intentions would not be affected one second longer than was necessary to the maturity of the concocted plan, and the easy triumph of villanous deceit. The bland assurances of the French Ambassador at Rome were matter for laughter to those who looked on, and waited for the *dénouement.*

On the following day the mask was flung aside ; treason now exhibiting itself in its naked deformity. Being a chapter in the history of nations, the events of that day must be

keep down the revolution,' the writer says : 'According to the most exact calculations, our troops will enter the Marches the 10th or 12th, and will be before Ancona from the 15th to the 18th. You should be there with the squadron about that time, in order to commence the attack at once by sea and land. . . . . I should indeed be proud if I, as Minister of the Marine, could proclaim you the Conqueror of Ancona.'

told in the words of one who was an actor in the drama. La Moricière thus narrates what took place on this memorable September 10, 1860 :—

I was a prey to all this uncertainty, when, in the afternoon of the 10th, the arrival of the Captain Farini, aide-de-camp to General Fanti, released me from it. He was the bearer of a letter addressed to me by General Fanti, Minister of War, and Commander-in-Chief of the Piedmontese army. Although this letter has been already published, I condense it here.

This general officer gave me to understand, by order of the King of Piedmont, that his troops would immediately occupy the Marches and Umbria, in the following cases :—

I. If the troops under my command should, while in any of the cities in these provinces, be obliged to use force to repress a manifestation in the national sense.

II. If I should order my troops to march upon any city in these provinces in which a national manifestation had already taken place.

III. If a manifestation in the national sense, having taken place, and having been repressed by our troops, I did not immediately order those troops to withdraw, so as to leave the town free to express its will.

The General demanded an immediate reply to his letter. I confined myself to informing him, by telegraph, that I had neither rank nor powers enabling me to reply to a communication of the nature of that which I had received from him ; that I had transmitted it to Rome, and that he would shortly receive the reply which his aide-de-camp seemed inclined to wait for.

I was indignant at the letter which had been brought to me. Captain Farini, whom I received with every courtesy, having told me that he was acquainted with the contents of the despatch of which he had been the bearer, I pointed out to him that *in reality the proposal made to me meant that I should evacuate, without a blow, those provinces which it was my duty to defend; that this would be to us shame and dishonour; that the King of Piedmont and his General might have dispensed with sending me such a summons; and that an open declaration*

of war would have been more frank. In short, that, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of Piedmont, we could not forget that in certain cases neither officers nor men should count the enemy, or consider their lives in comparison with the outraged honour of the Government which they served. I concluded by renewing my declaration, that my expression of feeling had no official character whatever, and that I referred myself entirely to the reply which must come from Rome.

We had scarcely dined when General Fanti asked me, by the telegraph, to send back his aide-de-camp at once, without awaiting the reply of the Pontifical Government.

He wished on the following day to pass the frontiers with his troops, and commence the attack on Pesaro, *where the communications made to us were yet unknown.*

It was then perfectly clear that the bands had acted by order of the Piedmontese Government, with the design of dividing our forces; and that whilst war was declared only on the evening of the 10th, *it had been made for three days previously.*

That evening General La Moricière received a despatch from the Minister at War in these words :—'The French Ambassador has been informed that the Emperor Napoleon has written to the King of Piedmont, to declare to him that if he should attack the dominions of the Pope, he will oppose himself to it by force.'

This announcement was communicated to the soldiers of the Pope's army, by whom it was received with satisfaction ; and though the resistance which it promised never was offered, credit was given to it at the moment, from the fact that on the 6th a regiment of the line had disembarked at Civita Vecchia.

The struggle that ensued was necessarily of short duration ; but not without honour to those who were thus compelled, with scarcely a moment's notice, to face the most tremendous odds. A comparative handful of men, suddenly got together, scarcely organised, imperfectly equipped, and wanting in many essentials, pitted against powerful armies, thoroughly organised, provided with every appliance of

modern warfare, and having unlimited means of recruitment. It required no conjuror to anticipate the inevitable result.

Colonel Kanzler—late Minister at War and Commander-in-chief of the Papal army—was one of those who distinguished themselves during this brief campaign. Finding Sinigaglia occupied by a Piedmontese division, he went on to pass the Misa, at about two leagues from its mouth. His force consisted of but 1,200 men and a section of artillery. The Piedmontese division, informed of the presence of this column, attempted to capture it. This division consisted of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Close to St. Angelo, the Piedmontese came up with Kanzler's column, at one o'clock on September 13, when the fighting commenced, but it did not terminate until five in the evening. Several charges of cavalry having been brilliantly repulsed, and the enemy being severely punished by the fire of the infantry and artillery of the Papal troops, the pursuit was relinquished; and though the engagement cost a loss of 150 men to his force, Kanzler succeeded in reaching Ancona at midnight, after a march of forty-five miles. His arrival was hailed with rejoicing by the garrison, to whom he brought most welcome aid.

The fortified cities, among which the General was obliged to divide a considerable portion of his small army, were assailed by overwhelming numbers, and, after some resistance, more or less protracted, had to yield to unequal odds.

Colonel Zappi made a gallant stand in the fortress of Pesaro, where, with a handful of men and three guns, he held the force of General Cialdini in check for twenty-two hours, and did not surrender until he had reached the last extremity.

Orvieto was not defended with sufficient spirit, and seems to have been abandoned without any adequate necessity.

Perugia was in a position to have made a more prolonged defence than it did; but there were two reasons against it —the arrival of overwhelming reinforcements to the enemy, and the untrustworthiness of a portion of the garrison. After three hours' fighting, the advantage of which appeared to be on the side of the besieged, the Piedmontese General, De Sonnaz, sent a message to General Schmid, telling him that further resistance was useless, as General Fanti, with all his forces, would arrive during the day. A suspension of hostilities for five hours was agreed upon; and on the expiration of that time, General Fanti having arrived in the meanwhile, terms of capitulation were agreed to, by which the fortress was given over to the possession of the Pope's loyal ally, whose sole object in entering the Pope's dominions was to defend them against the Garibaldians!

La Moricière says, in his official report:—'General Schmid, in a private report addressed to me, attributes this result in some measure to the spirit of insubordination which manifested itself during the action in the 1st battalion of the 2nd Foreign regiment. One company of Irish and the greater part of the 2nd regiment of the line alone showed themselves determined to do their duty.'

Spoleto was gallantly defended for twelve hours against tremendous odds, and surrendered only when it would have been an act of insanity to offer further resistance. The garrison consisted of 600 men, 300 of whom were Irish; the remainder consisting of Franco-Belgians, Swiss, Austrians, and Italians—commanded by Major Myles O'Reilly. It was attacked by General Brignone at the head of a well-appointed *corps d'armée*. General de La Moricière states, in his report, that he was 'only able to leave to this place two old iron guns with worn-out carriages.' The enemy, on the contrary, were provided with a strong force of artillery.

The Irish commander did not spare his countrymen, but placed them, where they most wished to be, in the post

of danger—where the work was likely to be the hottest. 'I had detained,' he says, 'the two companies of Irish (300 in number) for the defence of the gate and wall near it, as being the part which would be most warmly attacked.' The Franco-Belges, who were but a mere handful, were also placed in a position where they displayed their gallantry to the utmost, doing much damage to the enemy.

A little after eight o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, the Piedmontese opened with shot and shell from four batteries; and their sharpshooters, who crowned every eminence, kept up an incessant fire. The enemy's artillery had been playing on wall and gate and fortress from eight o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon, when General Brignone deemed the moment had come for a successful assault. At this time Major O'Reilly had but one of the 'old iron guns' at his disposal: but by two discharges from this only available cannon, and the furious fire of musketry with which they were met, the enemy were compelled to retreat, leaving several of their dead near the gate, and on the road leading to it. The assault was not renewed, but the bombardment, now from five batteries, was resumed, while the Bersaglieri, of whom there were several battalions, kept up a constant fusilade. The enemy's shells twice set fire to the roof and rooms over the powder magazine, which fire was with some difficulty extinguished. Though few men were lost during the day, and the besiegers would have had serious difficulties to encounter, still the position was untenable for many reasons,—there were no cannon, and but few rifle cartridges; the defences were much shaken; those who would fight, and did fight gallantly for twelve hours under a broiling sun, were exhausted with fatigue; and the Italian troops, who had been counted on as a reserve force, had been 'hiding all day under beds and in cellars,' and, as the commander of the garrison rightly believed, 'were manifestly not to be trusted in a night assault.'

Under such circumstances Major O'Reilly capitulated on terms honourable to himself and his soldiers.

'Major O'Reilly, with the Irish, defended himself valiantly,' is the emphatic pronouncement of La Moricière.

The story of Castelfidardo is one to excite indignation or admiration, rather than shame and disappointment. Like most of the instances of this unequal struggle, 'though resulting in defeat, it has not been without glory.' It could not, humanly speaking, have been otherwise than a glorious disaster. The enemy were many times more numerous than the Pope's army; and save a miracle were worked in their favour, it was beyond the limits of possibility that La Moricière's small force, constituted as it was, could have been a match for three full divisions of the Piedmontese.[1]

To reach Ancona, which, from the land side, was capable of withstanding a large force and a protracted siege, was the great object of the Papal General. To obtain time was, of all things, the most important at that moment. Promises of assistance had been given from more than one quarter. France, as we have seen, had threatened active interposition in case Piedmont were to attack the Pope's dominions; and the Emperor of Austria was anxious to defend an honoured ally from a common enemy. Therefore, to reach Ancona, and there make a stand, was with La Moricière the first and most essential object. But in order to accomplish that object, a battle had to be fought at all hazards, as the enemy barred the passage to the place of safety—not so much of safety to the Papal army as to the Papal dominions. The intelligence received by the General on the day of the 17th—that Ancona was certain to be at once attacked by a powerful fleet under Admiral Persano—rendered it still more neces-

[1] 'According to my information, a strong force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry occupied Camerano; and as almost all the villages between Castelfidardo, Osimo, and Camerano contained troops, I considered that I must have before me three divisions of infantry.'—*The Report of General de La Moricière.*

sary that he should throw himself into that city, and brave everything in order to clear the path to its gates.

The position of the enemy, and the necessity for making the attack, are best described in his own words :—

Since the 17th the enemy had occupied in strength the hills lying between the mamelon of Castelfidardo and the plain, extending to within 500 yards of the Musone. On the morning of the 18th it appeared to me that they were reinforced at this point. A strong detachment was placed in a farm situated midway, and a force which I estimated at two battalions at least held a second farm, 500 yards to the rear, on the summit of a mamelon which crowned this first position. A wood near this farm was also occupied, and numerous artillery crowned the slopes on all sides. Opposite the first farm was a ford of the Musone, practicable by the artillery, and on each side of it a good country-road joining that which leads from Crocetta to Umana. The banks of the river, though high, might be easily climbed ; at the bottom the water was but three or four inches deep ; the enemy were furnished with *rifled cannon*, which we had not, and their advanced position being only 2,200 yards from the ford placed at the confluence of the Aspio and the Musone, by which my troops must pass, my duty was to take the two farms, and hold them as long as I could.

General de Pimodan received orders to advance upon these positions, to cross the river, to take the first farm, to bring the artillery up to it, to play upon the second farm and the surrounding wood, and then to make the attack.

For these operations General de Pimodan had at his disposal four-and-a-half battalions of his brigade, eight six-pounders, and four mortars, with some 250 cavalry, consisting of light horse, two squadrons of dragoons, and mounted volunteers. There were besides 100 Irish, brought from Spoleto, 'who, having neither knapsacks nor cartouch-boxes, had been placed at the disposal of the artillery, to assist them in clearing the ford, climbing the slopes of the hills, and to protect them in case of necessity.'

The battle commenced under favourable auspices. The

first farm, though hotly defended, was gallantly seized, and a hundred prisoners taken. Two guns were brought to the bottom of the slope, to prevent the enemy from rallying against the captured position ; and two mortars were brought up in front of the house 'under the hottest fire, by the assistance of the Irish.' 'These brave soldiers,' says the General, 'having accomplished the mission confided to them, mingled with the tirailleurs, and during the remainder of the engagement distinguished themselves in the midst of them.'

The attack on the second position, though made most spiritedly by a small column under the orders of Commandant Becdelièvre, was repulsed by a murderous fire ; and though they rallied, and drove back their pursuers by lead and steel, the result was failure. Some of the troops sent to their assistance displayed the most lamentable weakness, which deserved a harsher epithet ; and from that moment the fortune of the day turned in favour of superior numbers and discipline.

The death of General de Pimodan, on whom devolved the execution of the operations, precipitated the disaster by adding to the panic caused by the shameful conduct of a portion of the troops. Though wounded in the face, General de Pimodan held his ground in the midst of his command, and received his death-wound while endeavouring to infuse his noble spirit into his soldiers. 'I exchanged some sad farewell words with him,' says La Moricière, who adds—'This last misfortune, far greater than the rest, aggravated the difficulties of our situation, already seriously compromised.'

From that critical period all was confusion and panic, which the utmost efforts of La Moricière and a few devoted subordinates were unequal to control. If acts of individual heroism could compensate for the many disadvantages under which this utterly desperate battle was fought, the result would have been very different ; but what could the

most splendid gallantry, such as was displayed by the Franco-Belges and others, avail against stupendous odds in men, matériel, and discipline? Panic eventuated in complete rout, and the shattered and disorganised army of the Pope abandoned its position in wild confusion. A considerable body, consisting of corps or fragments of corps of various nationalities, made its way to Loretto, where, in a few days after, it was compelled to surrender.

Faithful to his policy, of making a last grand struggle from behind the ramparts of Ancona, which he had already done all that was within his power to strengthen, General de La Moricière contrived to reach that city the same evening with a small band of followers.

CHAPTER XI.

Bombardment of Ancona.—Its Position.—La Moricière appeals to Austria.—Can this be True?—An Unequal Match.—Gallantry of the Besieged.—One Good Blow.—The Irish.—Final Attack.—An Infamous Deed.—Fortitude of the Holy Father.—Cavour unmasked by Persano.—Instructive Disclosures.

For some time before approaching the walls of the city the sound of heavy firing reached the ears of the General. He now had no doubt as to its cause. It was the fleet of the King of Piedmont bombarding Ancona—hurling shot and shell amidst the Pope's troops and the Pope's subjects. Here it could not be pretended that the object of this warlike demonstration was to protect the Pontifical dominions against revolutionary bands; the infamy was without concealment or disguise of any kind whatever. There was not even the semblance of excuse or provocation for this flagrant outrage upon the law of nations; it was a shameless act of royal brigandage.

As it was not possible the Pope could have imagined that his chief sea-port was to be bombarded by a Power in whose loyalty French diplomatists had repeatedly besought him to repose the utmost confidence, it may be supposed that Ancona was sadly wanting in the necessary means of resisting a combined attack by land and sea. The fortifications had been allowed to fall into disrepair, or former injuries to them had not been made good; and the armament was altogether unsuitable and insufficient. There was not a single rifled gun within the entire circle of wall or fort. As the General expressed it, every European artillery had

its representative among his guns, and the variety of their calibre rendered it most difficult to serve them.

On August 11 La Moricière addressed an urgent letter to the Emperor of Austria from Ancona, soliciting aid in this respect. What he said to his devoted friend and follower, M. de Quaterbarbes, who acted as his amanuensis on that occasion, accurately describes his position :—

Now, my dear friend, take my best pen, and endeavour to write, under my dictation, without erasure or blot, an important letter which I address to the Emperor of Austria. I want sixty cannon to complete the armament of Ancona; I want, moreover, rifled cannon, and I have not a single one—the Government cannot obtain them for me in France. *I am in the position of a man who fights at* 150 *paces with a pistol, against an adversary armed with a carabine.*

Of that famous letter M. de Quaterbarbes preserved the memory of the concluding passage, which he quotes in his *Souvenirs d'Ancone* :—

'We have the hope that your Majesty, fortified by the treaty of Villa Franca, will not permit the invasion of the Pontifical States. If it be otherwise, if the Sovereign Pontiff be obliged to quit Rome, we will take from the sanctuary of Loretto the standard given by the Holy Pius the Fifth to Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto; we will conduct the Pope to Ancona, and we shall then learn if Christian Europe will see without being moved Pius the Ninth besieged—bombarded by the barbarians of the nineteenth century.'[1]

It was to anticipate an attack on the most important place then belonging to the Pope, that his faithful general made every effort to prepare for such a contingency—one deemed, at the worst, possible, but by no means probable; for he says in his report, 'let me add, without any disguise, that we had not foreseen an attack by sea, with such powerful means as those employed against us.' Thus almost

[1] The world, did, however, see this in ten years after.

everything had to be provided, and within a time quite inadequate to the necessity. What he had done previously to the arrival of M. de Quaterbarbes is thus described by that gallant soldier :—

The General, by the time of my arrival at Ancona, had executed several great works. It was necessary to put the place in a position to resist a *coup de main*, and to protect the port from the attempts of filibusters. He filled up the breaches, repaired the advanced forts, connected the city with the heights of the Gardetto by a bastioned wall, constructed cisterns, casemates, means of shelter for the garrisons of the forts. Not having either the requisite funds, or the time necessary to fortify the harbour, he closed the entrance by an enormous chain, and added to its defence six gunboats, armed each with an 18-pounder.[1]

In many other ways the indefatigable chief displayed his amazing energy ; and to the vigorous measures adopted by him on that occasion, is Ancona indebted for material improvements of the most valuable nature.

As has been already stated, the great object General de La Moricière had in reaching Ancona was to gain time for assistance from some of the Catholic Powers—France or Austria, or both. There were reasons why, at that special moment, Austria was not in a position to act with freedom ; but France was of all countries the most free to act, and the one that had purchased, by no small sacrifices, the right of speaking with authority to Piedmont. But France kept her Roman garrison within the walls of the Eternal City, and, the Emperor's threats and promises notwithstanding, suffered Sardinia to crush the Pope's raw levies under the weight of a disciplined army, take possession of his dominions, and invest Ancona by land and sea.

We may now see how little disturbed the invading generals were by the threats and promises of the Emperor :—

On September 11 the Count de Courcy, French Consul

[1] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.*

at Ancona, rushed, with all the eagerness of honest sympathy, to the Palace of the Delegation, occupied at the moment by M. de Quaterbarbes, and handing him a despatch just received, exclaimed, 'I have good reason, Monsieur le Comte, to tell you to have entire confidence in the Emperor. The Pope is saved!' The despatch which so excited the confidence of the venerable Consul was in these terms :—

'The Emperor has written from Marseilles to the King of Sardinia, that if the Piedmontese troops penetrate into the Pontifical territories, he will be forced to oppose himself to them. Orders are already given to embark troops at Toulon, and these reinforcements will arrive immediately. The Emperor's Government will not tolerate the culpable aggression of the Sardinian Government. As Vice-Consul of France you must regulate your conduct accordingly.

(Signed) 'GRAMMONT.'

M. de Quaterbarbes thought it of great importance that this despatch should at once be communicated to the Sardinian Generals then employed in investing the fortress of Pesaro; and the French Consul being of the same opinion, an employé of the Consulate was sent off post haste to that city, before which he arrived as the last shot was being fired against it. Introduced to the Generals Fanti and Cialdini, he presented the despatch. 'It is very well,' said one of the generals; 'we shall give you a receipt, which will be good to add to other diplomatic documents.' And, as the representative of the Consul urgently requested, in the name of France that the firing should cease, he was thus answered—'Pray, Sir, do not insist; we know well what we are doing; *we have seen the Emperor at Chamberry fifteen days ago.*'[1]

[1] It has been frequently stated that it was on this occasion the Emperor uttered the emphatic words attributed to him—*Finissez-vous,*

Language of a similar import was employed a few days after by Cialdini, at Loretto, before the prisoners of Castelfidardo. 'How, gentlemen,' said the Piedmontese general to Count Bourbon-Chalus, and other officers of the Guides, 'could you think for a moment that we would have invaded the Pontifical States without the complete assent of the French Government?' A superior officer added, 'They tell us of a new French division which is about debarking at Civita Vecchia. To what purpose? France has no need of new regiments. *Look at these telegraph wires! they would suffice, if they spoke, to stop our march.*'[1]

The wires either did not speak, or if they did speak, it was with a double tongue. At any rate, the march of Piedmont was not stopped.

There was no double-dealing, no treachery or subterfuge, in the conduct of the Emperor of Austria. Indignant at what he regarded as a shameful violation of the law of nations, he determined to oppose the invaders with his armies, and send his fleet to cruise before Ancona, and thus prevent its being blockaded; and he actually signed the order to that effect. He would have thus opposed Piedmont at every hazard to his crown and kingdom, although at that moment he could scarcely count on a single ally to aid him in the struggle that was certain to ensue. But the young sovereign was overborne by the weighty counsels of his wisest ministers and most experienced generals, who re-

mais frappez vite! 'Strike hard, but strike quickly.' We hesitate to believe in a treason so base. But if, notwithstanding one's reluctance to believe in duplicity worthy of Cavour himself, this shameful act of perfidy was really perpetrated, as it is confidently asserted it was, then it is not surprising that those who adhere to the old-fashioned faith in a superintending Providence, should attach a special significance to the blind madness with which, in ten years after, the Emperor rushed into, or suffered himself to be dragged into, the war against Prussia, and to the tremendous disaster that so speedily overtook and crushed him at Sedan.

[1] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.*

presented to him that the wounds received at Solferino and Magenta were still bleeding; that France would again cross the Alps; and that the revolution, so far from being extinguished, would become more menacing than ever.

'Well,' said Francis Joseph, 'if my crown is to be shattered, I would prefer that it should be so on the steps of the Vatican, in defending the Sovereign Pontiff, than at the gates of Vienna or Presbourg, by insurrection or anarchy.'

These were noble words, worthy of a Catholic monarch, of a chivalrous soldier and loyal gentleman. But though they excited the admiration and stirred the hearts of his counsellors, they could not alter their views as to the actual position of Austria, and the tremendous peril of the step proposed; nor could they influence the advice which they were compelled to give to their young and generous sovereign. Thus, unsustained by those on whom he necessarily relied, Francis Joseph was compelled to recall the order he had signed. The fleet remained anchored at Trieste, where, in a few days after, could be heard the sound of the bombardment of Ancona; and the divisions of the army of the Mincio rested in sullen indignation in their cantonments, which they could not quit.[1]

At eight o'clock on the morning of September 18, the Piedmontese fleet, under the command of Admiral Persano, opened fire on Ancona; and for twelve days—from the 18th to the 29th—that bombardment was sustained with little interruption, and with unabated energy. The attacking fleet consisted of six heavily-armed frigates, each of sixty guns, and seven smaller vessels, carrying in all 400 guns, the greater number of large calibre and immense range.

To offer effective resistance to a force of this description was impossible. The guns of the besieged were of far inferior weight and of short range; and within the circle of

[1] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.*

7,000 yards of wall and fort there was not a single rifled cannon.[1] The arsenals of France, that were open to Piedmont, were closed to the Pope; and every effort to procure artillery capable of resisting an organised attack was fruitless. Rifled muskets and carabines were also wanting; and even of the imperfect guns in the beleaguered city there was not a sufficient number. Thus, so long as the enemy's ships remained at a certain distance, they could carry on the work of destruction with complete impunity. It was only when they came within range that any effect could be produced upon them; and on such occasions as they did approach within fire from the defences of the city, they were taught a severe lesson through the skill and courage of the Papal artillerymen.

The arrival of General de La Moricière was hailed with enthusiasm by the garrison, who felt conscious that in his presence they had gained a new source of strength. He was received by his friend M. de Quaterbarbes, to whom his first words were, 'I have no longer an army!'

He told the sad story of the day briefly and simply, doing the fullest justice to those who had performed their duty gallantly in the fight, while disdaining to mention those who had done dishonour to the name of soldiers by their cowardice or their weakness. He added that it was the first time he had not been successful in war; but that God had never promised him miracles to maintain that good fortune, and beat an army of more than 40,000 soldiers,

[1] In a letter acknowledging the receipt of Count Cavour's instructions of August 30, Admiral Persano says:—'For the Ancona expedition your Excellency must see to furnish the division with the greatest possible number of rifled cannon, to fill up the number necessary to put the ships on a complete war footing, and to provide coal.' He then concludes—'I will make the attack on Ancona in concert with General Cialdini. We will study the weak points, and they will be our mark. *Be assured of secrecy on my side.*'

fresh after repose, hardened in warfare, and well armed, with a few thousand volunteers, harassed by want of sleep, and a forced march of several days; that the best troops, in like circumstances, would perhaps have felt their courage give way; that he had seen in Africa, at the first siege of Constantine and at Macta, routs nearly similar—but that it was useless to speak of the past in face of the great duties which there remained to fulfil.

Snatching a few moments' sleep in an easy chair, he thus restored those wonderful energies of mind and body that had been so severely tried during one of the most eventful days of his military life. After making himself acquainted with the state of things in the city, the effects of the bombardment, and the spirit of the garrison, he gave orders that the officers in superior command should meet him at seven o'clock the following morning, that he might confer with them as to the best means of resisting the enemy.

When he met them at the time appointed, he in no way concealed from them the disaster of the previous day, and explained the motives that had determined him to risk everything in order to reach Ancona. So long, he said, as the Pontifical banner floated over its ramparts, nothing was desperate or lost; the place was capable of sustaining a long siege, and they could thus await the succour that had been officially promised.

It has rarely fallen to the lot of any soldier to sustain a siege under greater difficulties than those which marked the defence of Ancona. The means were wholly inadequate in men, and more particularly in matériel; the population was either scared or corrupted; the well-paid agents of revolution were constantly engaged in the work of treason; and a considerable portion of the troops, including not a few of the officers, were not insensible to the failure of those expectations on which so much reliance had been placed.

On the 18th, the attack was commenced by sea, and on

the 22nd, the Piedmontese army invested the city on the land side. Four hundred cannon hurling their projectiles from the fleet, two hundred pouring volleys from earthen batteries; and the defenders in this position—that, in consequence of their deficient armament, they could make no serious impression on the enemy until they ventured within range of their guns. They had frequently to move their heaviest pieces from one point to another, when it was necessary to silence a battery that was likely to do injury to the works. Nevertheless, for twelve days the struggle was sustained against unequal odds with a gallantry that has rendered the defence of Ancona one of the most brilliant achievements of modern warfare.

Nothing short of the energy and courage infused by La Moricière into officers and men could have prolonged the resistance to the extent that it was. He was, however, bravely supported by several officers under his command; and not a few of those who did good service at Ancona have since then distinguished themselves in defence of the Holy See. To the Count de Quaterbarbes, who was fifty-seven years of age when he abandoned home and family at the summons of his friend, was La Moricière indebted for important services rendered by that chivalrous gentleman and soldier in the government of the city. And in General Kanzler, the future victor of Mentana and Pro-Minister-at-War, he found the staunchest support against weakness and discouragement.

The difficulties to be overcome were not merely military, nor even political; they arose likewise from the necessary condition of the population of a city subjected to such an attack. Most kinds of employment were suspended in consequence of the bombardment, and the forced idleness of the working-classes produced the natural results—poverty and suffering. These poor people had to be fed, and their children saved from hunger. Food had to be provided for civilians as well as soldiers, and fresh provisions obtained at

any cost or hazard. Fortunately owing to the admirable arrangements made, and the confidence inspired by the honourable dealings of the General-in-chief and the Civil Governor, provisions were supplied, and even fowls, eggs, and vegetables were brought in by the country people, who were specially looked after by devoted nuns, whose self-possession, in the midst of this storm of shot and shell, inspired these poor people with some share of their own calm courage and trust in Divine Providence. The Sisters nursed the sick and wounded, fed the poor, cheered the faint-hearted, and assisted in maintaining, so long as it was possible, a free market for the sale of country produce.

The Priests did their duty bravely too, whether in the hospital or at the altar. On more than one occasion, bombs burst through the roofs of churches during the celebration of the holy sacrifice; but though the congregation fled in dismay, the priest remained at his place until he had finished.

Contrasted with the courage exhibited by such non-combatants as nuns and priests, the Falstaffian 'discretion' of the English Consul is pleasantly told by M. de Quaterbarbes. This consul is described as a *grand beau jeune homme*, who had made himself conspicuous by his splendid collection of all kinds of warlike weapons, and whose propensities were naturally considered to be in harmony with his ostensible tastes. But, unhappily for appearances, no sooner was the first gun fired from the fleet, than the heroic consul sought refuge in his wine-cellar, where he snugly ensconced himself behind a rampart of well-filled casks; and where he ate and drank and slept, until, free from all apprehension of explosive materials, he could issue forth to congratulate the representatives of Piedmont upon their glorious achievement.

To detail the progress of the siege is unnecessary. Though the resistance was in the highest degree spirited and desperate, the result was inevitable. Day by day the number of the defenders was diminished, while gun-carriages were shattered by shot and shell, and guns were rendered useless by

injury or explosion. Every man put *hors de combat*, every gun destroyed, was an irreparable loss to the besieged, while fresh supplies of men and matériel were constantly strengthening the force of the besiegers. A few brilliant feats of arms raised the courage of the garrison, and tended to show how deadly would have been the struggle had the means on both sides been less unequal than they were.

Having captured the outlying redoubt of Monte Pelago, to which undue importance was attached as much by the enemy as by the garrison, the Piedmontese determined to make a grand attack upon one of the most important of the defences of the city, and hoped to carry it by a *coup de main*. The General thus records the attack and its result :—

Emboldened by success, the enemy, who doubtless had not observed the stone scarps of San Stefano Lunette, nor the way in which that work was flanked, thought they could carry it as easily as they had carried the earthen redoubts. Seeing they were arranging this attack, I ordered the Lunette, and the forts which supported it, to allow the enemy to advance almost to the height of the glacis, and not to commence firing until the first assailants should be in the fosse.

The enemy's tirailleurs attacked boldly, and the bravest of them came down to the foot of the scarps ; a terrible fire then assailed them on all sides, in front, on their flank, and on their opposite side, and they were forced to retire in disorder. They bravely endeavoured to re-form behind the hedges and the houses, but our shells dislodged them, and they were unable to rally until they reached the redoubts which they had taken some hours before.

Some officers on horseback whom I had seen conducting this attack with as much want of foresight as daring, courageously sustained the retreat which had cost them so many men.

Seven hundred dead on the part of the enemy terribly attested the fierceness of the attack and the sternness of the resistance. Still the circle of fire was steadily closing round the city, and the hour of its fall was not remote. In vain was the horizon swept by powerful glasses in expectation of

promised aid. From fort and lighthouse-tower nothing was visible save the hated banner of Piedmont. Turn in what direction the anxious eye might, no glimpse could be had of French or Austrian fleet. Even the most hopeful could scarcely doubt that Ancona was now left to her fate.

It was thought by many that sufficient had been done for the vindication of honour, and that further resistance would be not merely useless, but wanton. Nor were the agents of the enemy idle at such a moment: they were scattering the seeds of discouragement on every side, and aggravating a position of things already deplorable enough.

It was under these circumstances that La Moricière summoned his principal officers to meet him. They did not hide from the General that the opinions we have described were largely entertained, and not unshared in by some amongst themselves.

Having combated the arguments urged in support of these opinions, he thus addressed them:

If the Sovereigns of Europe appear to abandon Ancona, the Catholic universe has its eyes upon its defenders, and they cannot without dishonour refuse to continue the struggle so long as the works and the ramparts are intact. You speak to me of the long range of the enemy's cannon; but in order to make a breach in our walls they must approach us, and then the match will be equal. Up to this the Piedmontese have seized but earthworks situate from 1,500 to 2,000 metres from the citadel. The rude lesson which they received this morning will teach them that they cannot escalade redoubts such as the Lunette of San Stefano as they would the entrenchments of rural fortifications. The siege will follow its course, and three weeks or a month will go by before the establishment of breaching batteries. Time is for us the great auxiliary; who knows if, God willing, it may not bring about a happy change in their minds and in their hearts. I well know that we are reached by their bombs. What matter? You know that they frighten children and women, and occasionally kill peaceful inhabitants; but they have never forced brave men to surrender. As for me, gentlemen, in such

circumstances, and so long as there remain a thousand men disposed to fight, I will continue to struggle.

These words, spoken with an air of wonderful enthusiasm and resolution, produced a profound impression on the gallant men who heard them; and General Kanzler, answering in their names, declared that they would obey his orders through good or evil fortune, and sustain him with their lives.[1]

The Irish, who formed the four companies of the Battalion of St. Patrick, acquired considerable praise by their fidelity, cheerfulness, and gallantry. Shortly before the siege began a certain Pasquale Tomasi, son of a refugee of 1831, but born in England, made the acquaintance of some soldiers of the Battalion, with the design of inducing them to desert the banner they had come from so far to defend; but he soon found how great had been his mistake, as he was handed over to the authorities by the insulted Irishmen.

M. de Quaterbarbes thus refers to the Irish: 'Assured of the courageous devotedness of these brave children of Ireland, the General had placed them near himself in the post of honour—at the citadel, at the intrenched camp, and at the Lunette of San Stefano—in face of the enemy. Nothing was finer than their attitude, while volleys of rifled bullets whistled over their heads. They saluted each volley with shouts of 'Viva Pio Nono!' singing in chorus the old songs of their country, or defying the Piedmontese with great cries. It required all the efforts of their brave officers, the Captains Guttenberg, Russell, and O'Mahony, to prevent them from, every moment, exposing themselves to danger, and mounting on the parapet of the entrenched camp, to defy the Piedmontese, and applaud the successful aim of our artillery. Their courage never faltered for a single day during the siege. Major Prosig, who had received the command of the camp, was well worthy of giving them orders.'[2]

[1] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.* [2] *Souvenirs d'Ancone.*

The hour at length arrived when further resistance was, humanly speaking, impossible, or, if possible, would have been a crime. Every attempt from the land side had been successfully baffled to the last moment; but the attack by the fleet on the 28th was too much for the crippled resources of the place to withstand. The Admiral was determined to bring matters to a final issue, and he had the means of doing so. The frigates approached the pier-head and lighthouse batteries, and opened a sustained fire upon these defences; the enemy's ships occupying the same position in succession, in a similar manner as Admiral Lyons attacked the sea-batteries of Sebastopol. Gallantly were the frigates met by the decimated defenders with their remaining artillery. So long as a gun could be brought to bear, it was rapidly fired on the assailants; but the tremendous broadsides of the great ships, which steadily approached nearer as the fight proceeded, shattered wall and widened embrasure, killing men, upsetting guns, and knocking carriages to pieces.

The close of this most shameful act of international brigandage is thus told in the General's official report :—

Soon one of our guns was broken by an 80-lb. shell. The gunners who served it were all put *hors de combat.* Of 120 gunners defending this part of our ramparts, there remained scarcely enough to serve the two guns which were firing. The wounded were carrying the ammunition. The frigate had been struck, and was seriously damaged by several of our balls. Lieutenant Westminsthal, who with his handful of men desired to find a grave in the ruins of his battery, was pointing one of his two remaining guns, when he was struck dead by a volley of grape shot. This unequal struggle had lasted an hour and a half, but its termination was drawing near.

One of the enemy's shells entering the battery by one of the enlarged embrasures, penetrated one of the powder magazines, and blew up the batteries. The quay was greatly injured, and the walls to which the chain was fastened being overturned, all the defences of the fort were at once destroyed.

A breach of 500 yards was made in the body of the place, for

in the rear the enclosure of the town could offer no serious obstacle. The enemy might disembark upon the quay, and take us by assault, without our being able to oppose them. I was, therefore, obliged to hoist the white flag upon the citadel, and all the forts repeated the signal.

The history of this crime against the law of nations would not be complete without the following from the narrative of M. de Quaterbarbes. After stating that it was half-past four o'clock in the afternoon when the white flag was hoisted on the forts and citadel, he continues :—

During the discussion of the conditions of the capitulation, the army, furious at their repulse from the positions they had wished to occupy, and at having contributed in no respect to the taking of the city, *recommenced their fire along all the line.*

The bombardment and the cannonade *lasted from nine o'clock in the evening of the 28th to nine o'clock in the morning of the 29th,* notwithstanding the despatch of parliamentaries ; notwithstanding the bells announcing the cessation of the fire ; notwithstanding the landing of officers of the Piedmontese navy ; notwithstanding the orders given by the Admiral to the sailors, disembarked for the service of a land battery, to return on board ; notwithstanding an earnest letter from the Admiral, who was unwilling to meddle in such an infamous deed.

During all this time not a single shot was fired from the town.

Thus, the Piedmontese army bombarded unremittingly, for twelve hours, a defenceless city, contrary to the law of nations, and to all sentiments of honour and humanity.

Admiral Persano himself has given an account at Turin of *the persistent refusal of the land army to cease firing.*

I deliver this deed to the indignation of all honest men.

COUNT DE QUATERBARBES.

Angers, October 8, 1860.

The schemes of Piedmont were so far successful. By brute force the territories of the Church were torn from the Pope, their sovereign and guardian ; and had not the

French flag floated over St. Angelo, it is possible that the *Grand Coupable*, as Cavour was described by Montalembert, might, during the closing days of the year 1860, have addressed his despatches from the Vatican.

The Papal army was, for the moment, almost annihilated, a considerable portion of it having been compelled to surrender, on the condition of not serving for a year against the King.

The Battalion of St. Patrick endured much hardship and indignity while in the prisons of Piedmont; but the active sympathy displayed towards them at Marseilles, Paris, and Havre, more than compensated for their sufferings and privations. A ship was chartered by the Pontifical Committee of Paris to convey them from Havre to Ireland. The charge of conducting them to their own country was entrusted to M. Emile Mouttet and M. le Vicomte de Poli; the latter a gallant member of the Franco-Belges, who had fought with such desperate intrepidity at Castelfidardo. M. de Poli had received a dangerous bayonet wound in the breast on that memorable day, and was scarcely convalescent when he volunteered to accompany the Irish to their own country. In his interesting work, *Les Soldats du Pape*,[1] he thus refers to his last connection with these gallant Irishmen:—

> The brigade was compelled to remain eight days at Havre, during which my brother, a former officer of the navy, went to Southampton to charter a steamer of sufficient size to contain the entire body.
>
> The inhabitants of Havre received and treated these brave volunteers with the most affectionate sympathy; and on their side the Irish Volunteers, divided in considerable bodies in twenty hotels, did not commit the slightest waste or excess, and not a single infraction of the law, during all the time of their stay. What an admirable example on the part of soldiers who

[1] To which I gratefully admit my indebtedness.

had been deprived for more than a month of things the most necessary to life.

I love to recall this fact, so honourable to the Volunteers of St. Patrick, of whom I was able, during the ten days that I had the honour of commanding them, to appreciate their spirit of order and discipline, as I had appreciated in the combat their energetic courage.

On their arrival in Cork Harbour they were welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm by a number of leading citizens, representing and expressing the feeling of city and county —indeed of the Catholics of Ireland. These eleven hundred men—for that was about the strength of the battalion on its return—presented an imposing appearance, notwithstanding their worn uniforms and the hardships they had endured. In the very flower of manhood, they looked fit, as they really were, for any work that soldiers might be called on to do. After a day and evening of tumultuous enthusiasm, in which the ardour of the people of Cork was abundantly displayed, and having been supplied with a substantial repast, comfortable clothing, and some money—provided by a liberal subscription raised in city and county —the Irish soldiers of the Pope made their way to their separate homes, there to be hailed with pride and rejoicing by a pious and high-spirited people.

The following concludes this reference to the Battalion of St. Patrick :—

GENERAL ORDER OF THE MINISTER OF ARMS.

October 6, 1860.—At the moment in which, in consequence of the present sad state of affairs, the brave soldiers of the Battalion of St. Patrick, who had hastened hither for the defence of the States of the Holy Church, are about to leave the Pontifical army, the undersigned Minister of Arms experiences the liveliest satisfaction in being able to express to those soldiers his entire satisfaction, and in bestowing on them the highest praise for their conduct.

Nothing more could be expected from them. The Battalion of St. Patrick at Spoleto, at Perugia, at Castel-Fidardo, and in Ancona, has shown the power of faith united to the sentiment of honour, in the treacherous and unequal contest, in which a small number of brave soldiers resisted to the last an entire army of sacrilegious invaders. May this recollection never perish from their hearts! God, who defends His Church, will bless what they have done. It is not Irishmen who require to be reminded that we must suffer and persevere in the good fight.

XAVIER DE MERODE, Minister of Arms.

Though his enemies triumphed over his weakness, the Holy Father was by no means cast down. He celebrated Mass on Christmas Eve in the Sistine Chapel, and administered communion to 200 Zouaves, the nucleus of the magnificent corps that did such glorious service seven years afterwards.

Replying to the words of condolence addressed to him on the events of the year then so near its close, the Pope said :—

I have seen in the Holy Gospel, that scarcely was the Infant Jesus born in the stable of Bethlehem, all feeble as he then was, than He scattered confusion around him, and already made Herod tremble upon his throne. It was written of Him that no one could resist Him. And behold, I also, a poor and weak old man, despoiled of all, without help, alone and without support, cause fear to my enemies. I am a great obstacle to them. I am joyful, and my joy troubles theirs; because, in the midst of all my misfortunes, I feel within me a confidence which is never shaken. I feel that I shall be assisted. When and how? I know nothing; it matters little. I ought to say to you, and I wish it to be known, that I shall remain constant to the last. Humanly speaking, I can do nothing; but *omnia possum in eo qui me confortat.* And you—aid me with your prayers.[1]

[1] For some of the 'words of the Pope' I am indebted to a valuable compilation of them by Abbé Macone.

NOTE.

In the *Private Diary, Political and Military, of Admiral Count di Persano, in the Naval Campaign of the years* 1860 *and* 1861, published in Turin in the early part of 1870, we have the most complete exposure of the manner in which the Italian business was managed by Count Cavour and his confederates. The instructions given by the Piedmontese Prime Minister to his subordinates are based upon the convenient doctrine, that success is the only true standard of public morality —that no matter how vile the means, how dark the deceit, or how base the treachery, by which an object is achieved, the splendour of success is of itself sufficient to purge its mode and manner of accomplishment of every trace of infamy. As a Minister, Count Cavour perpetrated and sanctioned acts which, had they been perpetrated or counselled by any private individual in the ordinary affairs of life or business, would have banished the individual so offending from every decent society. And yet this remarkable man may possibly not have been sensible—morally conscious—of the true nature of his dealings with the rights and interests, the subjects and territories, of the Italian Princes; for, while directing some dark intrigue, suggesting some shabby trick, or commanding the doing of some act of what ordinary people would describe as downright rascality, we find him invoking the name of his country with passionate ardour, and urging zeal and energy in the service of his 'holy' cause!

Let it be borne in mind that Turin had its official representative at the Neapolitan Court, and that friendly relations existed at the time between Piedmont and Naples. Yet on July 30, 1860, Count Cavour writes a letter of instructions respecting 'cases of arms' shipped on board a Piedmontese man-of-war, to be landed at Naples for the service of the insurrection which Piedmontese agents, and even Piedmontese officers of the highest rank, are instructed and required to promote. 'On your arrival in the port,' writes Count Cavour, 'go at once to the Marquis of Villamarina, *Royal Ambassador at the Neapolitan Court*, communicate the present instructions to him, and place yourself at his disposal.' The letter concludes with this necessary caution: 'Your Lordship will be held responsible to the Government for any intelligence circulated in Naples by anyone under your command *of the arms embarked on your vessel.* You will, therefore, *take every precaution lest anything be divulged, intentionally or otherwise.*'

The following letter is highly instructive in reference to three

points—the active sympathy of the British Government with the machinations of the hour; the mode in which insurrection in a friendly State was 'got up;' and how Garibaldi, who was openly and solemnly repudiated, was privately assisted and used.

Turin, August 3, 1860.

Admiral—This letter will be handed to you by Signor Devincenzi, who at my request returns to Naples. A man of proved principles *and ready for anything*, you can avail yourself of him without reserve. As he happens to be a friend of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, he will be able to influence Mr. Elliott, the British Ambassador, and the Admiral commanding the British squadron. *Prudence and daring, Admiral; we have reached the crisis! Do all you can to get up the insurrection in Naples before the arrival of General Garibaldi, as well to clear the way for him as to save us from diplomacy.* In case, however, he is first, take at once the command of all the naval forces—as well those of the Continent as those stationed in Sicily, *and act in concert with the General, but also without his consent if you deem it necessary.* Signed, yours affectionately,

C. CAVOUR.

P.S. (not autograph).—Keep the fleet united so as to have it in Naples soon.

It may be curious to speculate upon the effect which the publication of the annexed precious letter might have produced, had it been revealed to the eyes of Europe at the time it was written. But, most probably, it would have been disowned by its author. It is the ruling text of the entire Italian policy from that time, and before that time, to the present hour. It is Admiral Persano who is thus addressed:—

Turin, August 9, 1860.

Admiral—*Precisely, because Naples is a tough bit, it will be your duty, as you have good teeth, to masticate it.* I will, however, make every allowance for the immense difficulties you have to surmount; and if you don't succeed, I will be ready to say success was impossible. *The problem we have to solve is this—help the revolution, but help it in such a way as that it may appear in the eyes of Europe to have been a spontaneous act.* If you manage it in *that* way, France and England are with us; if not, I don't know what they will do.

On August 31 a letter of the greatest importance was addressed by Count Cavour to his able coadjutor, the Admiral. The first portion refers to the right mode of managing matters in Naples; the second portion orders the invasion of the Pope's dominions, and the bombardment of Ancona. The promotion, or 'getting up,' of insurrections was one of Cavour's most favourite plans of coming at his neighbour's

property. And in Naples especially an insurrection or pronouncement would be sure to look so natural! The clever wire-puller of Victor Emanuel thus addresses the Commander of the Royal fleet:—

August 31, 1860.

Admiral—Your telegram of the 30th, evening, convinced me that you correctly interpreted my instructions of the morning. *You must persevere in endeavouring to promote an insurrection or pronouncement in Naples; but you must lay aside the idea of acting without the concurrence of Garibaldi*, as the army is no longer in a condition to prevent his march on Naples. We cannot nor ought not to do so. *Whatever would have been most opportune some fifteen days ago would now be a fatal blunder. The Government considers as unavoidable the arrival of Garibaldi at Naples.* It only hopes that the honest people, aided by you and Villamarina, will succeed in persuading him not to repeat the mistakes he committed in Sicily, and that he will call to power trusty persons devoted to the cause of order, liberty, and unity. That need not prevent, if opportunity offers, your taking possession of the forts, and getting under your command the entire fleet. It is now the more desirable, inasmuch as we are resolved upon another maritime expedition as important as it is difficult.

That other expedition was the attack on Ancona, for which, as the reader has already seen, everything was planned with the utmost deliberation and forethought.

Garibaldi, though essential to the success of the drama, was a source of much perplexity to its author, as proved by his despatches. Cavour thus instructs and urges Persano :—

If the revolution is not effected before the arrival of Garibaldi we will be in a bad way. But don't be disturbed on that account. If possible get possession of the forts; re-unite the Sicilian and Neapolitan fleets; give all the officers commissions, and make them take oath of allegiance to the King and Constitution, and then we shall see. Meanwhile it would be well to bring the entire squadron into Naples or its immediate neighbourhood, in order to have the largest possible force at your disposal. Admiral, the King, the country, and the Ministry have entire confidence in you. Follow the instructions that I trace out as far as possible. But where unforeseen emergencies should arise, do the best you can to attain the end we all have in view —*to constitute Italy, without allowing ourselves to be outdone by the Revolution.*

CAVOUR.

Count Cavour was fortunate in the assistance of so zealous and intelligent an officer, or instrument, as Admiral Persano. An extract from the letter in which he replied to the foregoing from the master spirit of Italian intrigue, exhibits at once his quickness of comprehen-

sion and his zeal in execution. Let it not be forgotten that these plans and arrangements concern the acquisition, by fraud and force, of the capital and fleet of a friendly sovereign, to whose Court an ambassador has been sent, to plot and conspire with greater effect. With this fully in mind, the letter of Cavour's pupil may be best appreciated. The Admiral, after having indulged in a complimentary flourish, thus continues :—

Now to business. *We will smooth the way for Garibaldi, working in perfect harmony with him.* I think that Francis the Second will go when compelled by the triumphant approach of the General—not sooner. The pronouncement for the unity of Italy cannot be made till he comes ; and, as I anticipate, it will be imposing, judging from the lively disposition of the populations. *I, interpreting the orders of your Excellency, will hold myself in readiness to sustain the illustrious General in every way. If he succeeds without the intervention of our forces, so much the better ; but, if otherwise, we'll go in and win. In this last supposition your Excellency can always evade diplomatic complaints, by laying the whole blame on me. The reputation of a hot-headed and undisciplined officer*, which I have most unjustly acquired, *would here be most apropos.* The Neapolitan fleet will come over to us. The staff officers are firm on this. Nor shall we have any difficulty on the part of Garibaldi, *because he wishes me well, and he knows how heartily I supported him in Sicily.* It is all right that such were my instructions, but there is a difference between doing and doing ; *and the General knows right well that I never hesitated or raised doubts. So on this score, too, we are safe.* The taking possession of the forts is a much more difficult undertaking, as your Excellency can well understand. First of all the troops in garrison must consent to go, and up to the present there is no sign of them going. Your Excellency, however, may rest easy that I will not be slow to avail myself of the opportunity the moment it presents itself. What is of more importance to have just now is the fleet, and that will be ours at any cost.

This, from Cavour to Persano, cannot be uninteresting to the English reader. It is dated the 3rd of September, 1860 :—

Admiral,—Mr. Edwin James, the celebrated English lawyer, is going to Naples *on an officious mission entrusted to him by Lord Palmerston and by the English subscribers to the fund collected for General Garibaldi.* He is charged with the personal duty of bearing to the brave General the disinterested advice of all in England that sympathise with the Italian cause and desire its triumph. Belonging to the Liberal party, Mr. James can counsel moderation and concord with greater authority ; *nor can the defender of the French Bernard be disagreeable to General Garibaldi if he warns him to be on his guard with the Mazzinian party*, which seeks to destroy that unity of purpose which rendered possible the triumphs hitherto obtained by the great national party. Be pleased, then, Admiral, to receive with every

demonstration of benevolence Mr. James and the friends who accompany him. Amongst those I may specially mention Mr. Evelyn Ashley, son of Lord Shaftesbury, and Secretary of Lord Palmerston. I will feel particularly grateful for every kindness shown towards those illustrious compatriots of Nelson, and their influence will prove particularly useful to our cause. Accept the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

C. CAVOUR.

With the following I conclude these extracts from the Diary of Admiral Persano, whose revelations fling a blaze of light over events which assumed quite another aspect at the time of their occurrence. What to many honest-minded persons was then unaccountable or surprising, now appears simple and easy of explanation :—

September 3, 1860.

Admiral.—(Autograph.)—*I entirely approve of your communication with Garibaldi,* it marks distinctly the new path we must follow. It is no longer at Naples that we can acquire the moral force necessary to keep down the revolution. *It is at Ancona.* . . . What troubles me most is to accommodate the expedition to what is still to be done in Naples. You can't be in two places at the same moment. But the expedition must prevail over everything. I will send the "San Michele" to Naples; she and the "Costituzione" will suffice to strengthen Villamarina. . . . Going to Ancona will prevent the cession of the Neapolitan squadron to Austria, and you can easily induce it to place itself under your orders for *the glorious undertaking.* At any rate do what's best. I have every confidence in you.

Yours affectionately,

C. CAVOUR.

P.S.—I am writing to Villamarina to establish a Provisional Government, composed of sensible men and devoted to our principles, and to proclaim General Garibaldi President by acclamation.

CHAPTER XII.

Duplicity of Victor Emanuel.—Coquetting with Garibaldi.—Aspromonte.—The Pope's Fidelity to his Friends.—The Pope addresses the Lent Preachers.—Victor Emanuel's Solicitude for the Independence of the Papacy.—Convention of September 1864.—The Pope speaks his Mind.—Departure of the French.—New Troubles.—The Pope's 'Mercenaries.'

PIEDMONT had now succeeded in accomplishing the grand object of her ambition. She had possessed herself of the whole of the dominions of her ally the King of the Two Sicilies, of all the territories of the Grand Dukes, and of fully three-fourths of the provinces hitherto owing allegiance to their rightful sovereign, the Pope.

We have seen the manner in which the latter act of unscrupulous rapacity was undertaken and carried out; but whatever the means adopted to plunder the Pope of his dominions, the shocking duplicity of those employed for the acquisition of the Kingdom of Naples was, if possible, more revolting to honourable feeling. The expeditions deliberately planned by the King's ministers, and paid for by Piedmontese money—that were organised in the open day, under the eyes of the King's Government, and with their active connivance—were solemnly declared by the King to have been unknown to him! Garibaldi, who had been, over and over again, formally repudiated, and even denounced, was secretly encouraged and assisted; and the fleets ostensibly commissioned for his capture had secret orders not to see him at the right time, or to manœuvre so as to protect him, when necessary, from the Neapolitan vessels. The

advisers of the King had carried their audacity in intrigue so far as to demand permission for the army of Piedmont to march through the Pontifical States—which were to be scrupulously respected—with the object of meeting and suppressing revolution in the Neapolitan Kingdom! And yet the King, who had openly repudiated the Chief of the Revolution, who had dispatched his fleet to capture him, who had sought permission for his army to crush him and his followers on Neapolitan territory, in a short time afterwards made his public entry into Naples in the same carriage with the very man he had affected to repudiate, to capture, and overthrow! The unholy triumph of Gaeta, achieved rather by treason than force, fitly crowned the long intrigue, whose success was mainly obtained by fraud and treachery, and the corruption and purchase of the civil and military servants of a friendly Sovereign, between whom and the plotting State diplomatic relations then existed.

Unhappily for the perfect serenity of Victor Emanuel and his Cabinet, one small fragment of Italian soil was still unabsorbed into his new Kingdom. How to obtain that last fragment of independent territory became from that moment the great Italian problem.

With an extraordinary oblivion alike of race and history, the Bœotians of the North, as they were styled by Lord Normanby, insisted that they had an indisputable right to Rome as *their* capital. Indeed, Count Cavour, while boasting in March, 1861, that the events just accomplished were 'the necessary consequence of the Piedmontese policy of the previous dozen years,' declared that they must have Rome for their capital, and that it should be theirs in six months from that time. And on March 29, the Parliament of Turin formally proclaimed Rome the Capital of Italy.

One obstacle, and that a serious one, stood in the path of regenerated Italy; and without its removal, by some

means or other, it was difficult to see how the 'national aspiration' was to be gratified. The obstacle opposed to complete and final aggrandisement was the French army of occupation. To remove this formidable barrier was therefore the grand object of the moment. It could not be accomplished by force; so negotiation had to be employed.

The Italian Government was of necessity compelled to assume a prudent and decorous attitude in its dealings with the Emperor and his ministers. It gave France the most solemn assurances that the sovereign rights of the Pope would be scrupulously respected by the New Kingdom.

The Party of Action were under no such restraint; and they openly proclaimed their determination of driving the French from the Italian soil at the bayonet's point, in case the Emperor did not voluntarily withdraw his legions; not an overgrateful menace, considering that, without the active assistance of France, there would have been no Italian Kingdom then in existence. But nations, like individuals, are apt to forget great services whenever an obstacle is opposed by their benefactors to their unreasonable demands. The Party of Action were not without justification so far as regarded the Italian Government. 'You sanctioned the solemn proclamation of March, 1861, that Rome was the capital of Italy, and that it should be ours in six months from that date. The six months have passed, and we are still without our national capital: pray let us have it without further delay!' The Government was willing enough; but the tricolour floated over St. Angelo.

Garibaldi's temper was too impatient for the delays of diplomacy, and he had but little confidence in the pen as a means of accomplishing a material object. About the middle of 1862 he broke with the King, and impeached the patriotism of the Government. In June he visited Palermo, where he received an enthusiastic welcome from his friends. He there openly declared that he would dash through the tangled web of diplomacy; that he would land

on the Pontifical shore with 6,000 men, and march against the National Capital with the cry of 'Rome, or death!'

This threat of the Revolutionary Chief was by no means an idle one. Almost immediately throughout the Peninsula clandestine enlistments were in active organisation, and preparations made for the new expedition. Had the question been merely one of an attack on the dominions and authority of the Pope, the Government would probably, in pursuance of its policy in such cases, have affected not to know what was going on, and have overlooked the movement; but Garibaldi threatened to embroil the new-born and struggling State with the colossal power of France—hence the necessity for some appearance of vigilance, if not of vigour. They arrested a Colonel Acerbi, but permitted Garibaldi to continue his preparations in Sicily, though it was stated that General Cuzia had 20,000 troops at his disposal, and could at any moment have put an effectual stop to the movement.

On August 3, at Fienza, Garibaldi announced his resolution of rescuing Rome from foreign rulers, and summoned the Volunteers to his standard. In obedience to his summons, large numbers of the Red-shirts flocked into Sicily. The French, seeing that matters began to wear an aspect of some seriousness, took up positions on the Papal frontier.

On the 9th, the Volunteers began their march to Messina. The Italian Government remained still inactive. A kind of skirmish, unattended with any result, took place between the Reds and the royal troops at St. Etienne, on the road to Girgenta; at any rate, no real resistance was opposed to the advance of the Garibaldians, who continued their march to the coast, numbers joining them as they proceeded.

On the 21st, the Italian ministry at length took notice of what was notorious to Europe; they recommended the King to issue a proclamation placing Sicily in a state of siege. The proclamation was issued, but no real step was

adopted to stay the advance of the Volunteers. The Government desired to do as little as they could, without glaring indecency, leaving things as much as possible to the chapter of accidents.

A few lines in the *Moniteur* of the 25th, dispelled the Micawber hopes of the Italian Government of 'something turning up,' and made them understand that the game of 1860 was not to be played again. It was announced in the official journal that the duty of France and her military honour engaged her to defend the Holy Father to the last extremity. This was too significant in its tone to be disregarded, and the Government now resolved to act in reality.

In the meantime Garibaldi arrived with 3,000 men at Catania, and on the 27th crossed to Meleta, in Calabria. Garibaldi now found himself confronted with the royal troops; and, being beaten in an attack on Reggio, he plunged into the mountains, at the head of 2,000 followers, so as to reach the interior by routes difficult for regular troops. But the officer in command, acting on the instructions now given from Turin, which instructions owed their inspiration to the menace of the *Moniteur*, displayed a vigour that singularly contrasted with the course previously adopted. With a column of 1,800 Bersaglieri under his command, he followed Garibaldi into the mountains, and overtook him at Aspramonte, where a brief engagement took place, which ended in the capture of the General, and the surrender of his followers. It was here that the chief received the wound in his foot, which excited such intense sympathy in the hearts of all who loved revolution or hated the Pope. The grim old warrior was placed on board a ship-of-war, and conveyed to Spezzia, where he was confined as a prisoner in the fortress. Wanting its head and animating spirit, the movement collapsed, and tranquillity was restored.

A prosecution was threatened against Garibaldi and his followers; but it would have cost more to carry out the

threat than to win a second Aspramonte, considering the manner in which, by their defence, the accused could have damaged their accusers, the King and his ministers included. Fortunately for all parties, a Royal marriage was availed of as a fitting occasion for a general amnesty; and General Garibaldi once more returned to Caprera.

The Pope's loyalty to his friends is a marked feature of his generous character. The recollection of his reception at Gaeta never lost its impression on his mind, and he delighted in paying back to the exiled son of his royal host of 1858 and 1859 the affectionate solicitude displayed towards himself in those evil times. The ex-King of Naples dined with the Pope on December 26, 1861, when Francis pressed the Holy Father to permit him to retire from the Quirinal, and reside in the Farnese Palace, his own property.

'No,' replied the Pope, 'I cannot consent to it. When I found myself at Naples, from causes similar to those which have led you hither, fearing to occasion inconvenience to your august father, I prayed him to permit me to quit the royal residence, and retire to the palace of the Nuncio. To my demand your royal father replied by these words—"The place of your Holiness is here in my palace, as in Rome it is in yours." To me it now belongs to reply in the same words—"Here in my palace, as in Naples in yours."'

Addressing the Lent preachers of 1862, the Pope told them the war against religion had been waged with the most envenomed weapons, and that the war was not near being at an end. He nevertheless manifested his perfect confidence in the triumph of the Church, and said that God permitted this persecution in order to separate the good from the wicked, taking the example of the winnower of the Gospel, who separated the grain from the chaff. He exhorted the preachers to announce the word of God with zeal and charity, and combat incredulity and irreligion with all

their might; 'for,' said the Holy Father, '*in Italy it is not the heresy of Luther or Calvin that gains ground; it is incredulity and contempt of all belief that they desire to spread among the crowd.*'

And to the preachers of the following year he said: 'It is to you, heralds of the Evangelical Word, it belongs to combat as Apostles, by your zeal, your learning, your virtues, and your prayers. In these times, so difficult and calamitous, do not suffer yourselves to be broken down or dispirited; for if we do not behold the dawn of the Aurora of peace and tranquillity, we have to fortify us the words of our Divine Master, who assures to His Church the most splendid triumph. The life of the Church, it is combat, struggle, persecution, victory!'

Notwithstanding the failure of the attempt of 1862, the efforts to effect the withdrawal of the army of occupation were again renewed—this time wholly through the process of negotiation.

It was a pity—indeed it was painful to those who, like Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, were solicitous for the 'moral independence' of the Holy See—that the Pope should be surrounded by foreign soldiery; that his venerated throne should rely for its safety on the bayonets of France. This spectacle wounded the sensitive heart of Regenerated Italy. It was with the real dignity of the Head of his ancient and venerable Church that the Bombarder of Ancona was concerned; and the presence of French troops in Rome and Civita Vecchia was fatal to that dignity.

The Pope evidently entertained different notions on this subject from those expressed by his anxious friends, and, strange as it may seem, appeared to mistrust the disinterestedness of their intentions. For, in answer to the usual congratulatory address from the French General and his officers, he spoke thus in 1863:—

The French army is a great and glorious army; glorious on the field of battle, glorious also by its discipline in peace. But permit me to say to you that its finest title of glory is that of defending the Vicar of Christ against his enemies, protecting him in his independence and in the possession of the territories which remain to him. You are here to sustain the rights of the Church, and to guarantee the Eternal City, destined to be the residence of the Vicars of Christ; this city sanctified by the death of so many martyrs—this holy city where always the Vicar of Christ has been assisted from God (even as I am myself, I, unworthy as I am, at this moment), in the midst of the attacks of their enemies. That which these enemies desire is to destroy the authority of the Pope, is to overthrow his throne, is to make Rome the capital of I know not what kingdom; and, after having destroyed the temporal power, to attack even the spiritual authority. But you are here, my children, to arrest these impious attempts, and drive away the enemies of the Holy See and religion. When God created the oceans, He said to the waves, 'Though you are raised by the tempests, you shall not go farther; you will reach these rocks, but you shall not pass them.' And you, my children, you are like to these rocks; you are here to say to these wicked enemies who fling trouble all over Italy, 'you shall not go farther; God has placed our arm as a rampart of His Holy Church—we defend the Sovereign Pontiff!'

These words, nobly uttered, thrilled the hearts of the gallant men to whom they were spoken.

Those who doubted the faith of Victor Emanuel, or his anxiety for the dignity and authority of the Holy Father, must have been strangely incredulous. Indeed, if the Emperor would but consent to withdraw his forces, he might rely on the loyalty and good feeling of the King, who was willing to bind himself by any treaty necessary to satisfy the honour and the conscience of France.

Whether the Emperor and his cabinet really believed in the promises of the King of Italy and his advisers, is a matter not necessary to discuss; but it may be remarked that there were very many who had no faith whatever in them. How-

ever, after much negotiation, the Convention of September 1864 was solemnly agreed upon between France and Italy. The following, which are its principal articles, may be quoted :—

'First Article.—*Italy engages not to attack the actual territory of the Holy Father, and to prevent, even by force, all attack coming from outside against such territory.*

'Second Article.—France will withdraw her troops from the Pontifical States gradually, and according as the army of the Holy Father shall be organised. The evacuation should however be accomplished within the period of two years.

'Third Article.—The Italian Government withdraws all reclamations against the organisation of a Papal army, *composed even of foreign Catholic volunteers*, sufficient to maintain the authority of the Holy Father and the tranquillity, as well interior as on the frontier, of his States ; provided that this force does not degenerate into the means of attack against the Italian Government.

'Article Fourth.—Italy declares herself ready to enter into arrangements to take to her charge a proportional part of the debt of the ancient States of the Church.'

This treaty was signed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the part of France, and by Signors Nigra and Pepoli on that of Italy.

The French Government thought, or affected to think, that it had done everything for the Pope in confiding him to the well-known loyalty of his good neighbour. The Italian Government thought how, as decently soon after the last French soldier had quitted the Roman soil, it could accomplish its fixed object of possessing itself of the remaining Pontifical territory, the first article of the Convention notwithstanding. Eminent ecclesiastics throughout Europe deplored the credulity of the French Government, while Italian statesmen and journalists exultingly boasted of the splendid bargain that Italy had made, inasmuch as the with-

drawal of the army of occupation was everything—the Convention so much waste paper.

In the early part of the year 1864 the health of Pius the Ninth was a source of much anxiety to the Catholic world. To the enemies of the Church and the friends of revolution his alleged danger was the cause of indecent exultation. Pio Nono was to be the last of the Popes, according to the one; the last Priest who was to reign in Rome, according to the others. The public newspapers were, as usual, filled with 'authentic' information of the most minute and special nature; the more to be relied upon, as it came invariably from the Vatican.

The Pope frequently referred to the amusement he experienced in reading these surprising accounts of his condition, which accounts varied according to the fancy or the literary audacity of their writers. 'They wish me dead at any cost,' said the Holy Father to some gentlemen from Lombardy, 'the one with one malady, the others with another; but I do not yet feel disposed to gratify them.' He added, that the idle gossip of these journals had not a little contributed to preserve to him that gaiety which so much assists a patient to recover his strength—a result scarcely anticipated by the authors of the nonsense.

This was a year of no little disquietude to the Pope and his Government; but whatever his consciousness of the difficulties that still lay in his path, his courage and confidence never for a moment failed him.

'If the cabinets of Europe have their politics, I have mine,' said the Pope to a distinguished personage who spoke to him of the difficulties of his position.

'Could you, Holy Father, inform me of yours?' enquired the statesman.

'Willingly, my son,' replied the Pope, who, raising his eyes to Heaven, repeated, in a voice of the most solemn

emotion, these well-known words: 'Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Then he added—'You now know my policy, my son; be sure it will triumph.'

Being asked how, in the midst of all the tempests that tossed the bark of Peter, he could preserve so great a serenity, he replied, 'My son, and who ought to give an example of courage and constancy in the midst of tribulation, if it be not the Vicar of Jesus Christ? I suffer for justice; I am in tribulation for the Church; my conscience reproaches me with nothing. Behold the secret of my strength; behold the cause of my tranquillity!'

Another day he said: 'The world disputes with me the little grain of soil on which I am placed; but its efforts will be useless. This land is mine; Jesus Christ has given it to me; to Him alone will I render it, and never shall the world tear it from me.'

In reply to one of the numerous addresses presented to him about this time, he used these impressive words: 'I shall conclude, my dear sons, by giving you my apostolical benediction; but, before doing so, I would wish to assure you that I do not care for royalty for royalty's sake, nor for power for the pleasure of exercising it. I abhor all pomp of ruling; but, in the actual order of Providence, the liberty of the Church is indissolubly connected with the monarchy of the Pontificate. My ambition is to be a worthy successor of the Apostles, to maintain among nations the spirit of faith and love, to teach the people obedience and respect, and to recall to princes justice and right. Behold why the Pope has need of his kingdom! And what are, then, the kingdoms of the earth? A misery, and a great misery. But for mine, no one has the right to touch it; and this cry of justice and truth I shall make heard to the end.'

His own belief in the Papacy was now, as in the darkest hour of his trials, unshakable, and frequently expressed in language that produced a profound impression on his

hearers. 'I am ready for whatever may happen,' said the Pope to the Bishop of Geneva. 'If the enemies of the Church wish to make a martyr of me, I am ready. But they will only have a victim the more, and not a Pope the less.'

Another time he remarked: 'I may die, *but the Papacy will never die.* I may suffer martyrdom, but the day will come when my successors will reconquer all their rights. St. Peter was crucified, but the Pope lives always. The proof is—I am here!'

The Bishop, whom he thus addressed, remarking that his Holiness would have smaller resources for the future, the Pope replied: 'Behold that which troubles me the least of all! *I can always find three francs a day, and that will suffice me.*'

The opening of the year 1866, that was to see the French leave Rome, and the Pope face to face with revolution, filled the foes of the Papacy with a sombre joy. The moment, so long desired, was now approaching when the temporal power was to fall, and in its ruin the spiritual authority of the Vicar of Christ. Ere the close of the year following—so the world was assured—there would be an end to this 'absurd anachronism,' which was hourly crumbling into dust and ashes. There is something marvellous in the sublime oblivion of your prophet of evil; he vaticinates to-day with as much freshness and vigour as if his prophecies of the day before, and month before, and year before, and ten or twenty years before, had not been proved to be so much idle wind. Aye, but this time—*this time*—the world was to see the end of the Papacy!

Pius the Ninth was by no means insensible to the imminence of the crisis, and did not conceal his apprehensions of the trouble which was certain to follow, sooner or later, on the withdrawal of the French troops. To General Montobello and his officers, who were to quit Rome some months after, he addressed a touching discourse: 'I would recall to

you,' he said, 'the words of the great Apostle, St. Paul : *Scio quoniam intrabunt post discessionem lupi rapaces ;* and applying them to present circumstances, I translate them thus—*I know that after your departure the ferocious beasts will enter.* Then I shall be as Jesus Christ before ascending Golgotha, when He prayed in the Garden of Gethsemanai, and when angels came to console him. I am too miserable to be compared to my dear Lord. However, I also will pray to obtain consolation. I will pray for this poor Italy, of which they have made a sorrowful land, and which they have plunged into an abyss of misery, impiety, and irreligion.'

The French troops embarked at Civita Vecchia, and the Pope was left to the *honour* of the King of Italy and his Government.

The enemies of the Papacy believed that they had only to march to the Capital, to be there received with open gates and open arms, and hailed as the saviours of Italy and mankind. But the project was not so simple, or so easy of accomplishment, as it was supposed or asserted to be. It is true there was not a French soldier within the States of the Church ; and the Italian Government, so far from being opposed to any attempt against Rome, notwithstanding the First Article of the Convention—by which Italy bound herself not only not to attack the Pontifical States herself, but to prevent, if necessary by force, any attack from outside on the said States—was encouraging, promoting, and actually directing the movement which eventuated in the campaign of 1867, and terminated in the fight of Mentana.

The difficulty was one of much gravity for the Protecting Power, as Italy had constituted herself by the Convention ; as, were the insurrection, which had been carefully pre-arranged, to fail, there would be no pretence for her intervention ; and any attempt on her own part to invade the Pope's territory would at once bring her face to face with France, whose honour was engaged to maintain the compact of 1864.

To possess herself of the remaining possessions of the Pope without at the same time risking actual collision with France, this was the 'tough bit' which the Italian Cabinet had to 'masticate.' But there was no Cavour now,[1] and circumstances were not so propitious as they were in 1860. What the Italian Government could therefore do in this delicate conjuncture, should be as much openly done as to inspire confidence in the Garibaldians, and so far secretly as was necessary to avoid wounding the susceptibilities or provoking the intervention of France. Agents of revolution were actively engaged at Rome, and in direct communication with ministers at Florence; recruiting was carried on almost without an affectation of concealment; and the soldiers of the regular army were permitted to assume the distinctive red shirt, in place of the royal uniform they put off in the recruiting bureau—there to remain till called for, which in hundreds of instances it never was, as many a soldier in masquerade found death on the field or in the hospital.

That Garibaldi and his sons attracted many enthusiasts to their standard cannot be denied; but it would be an abuse of terms to describe the great body of the invaders of the Papal territory as other than the worthless idlers and scamps of the Italian towns—men destitute of even the pretence of character, and ready for any desperate undertaking which offered the remotest chance of gain.[2] The

[1] Count Cavour died in the summer of 1861.

[2] Signor Fambri, in his speech in the Chamber of Deputies, on December 15, 1867, said—'During the expedition of Garibaldi, the cessation of brigandage in every one of our provinces was remarked; proving that in it the Brigands also found their interest. . . . In 1866 the Government made an appeal for volunteers. I may add that it was made through a Committee who examined them carefully. Yet it was judged necessary, at that time, to make selections from them, and more than 45 per cent. were then refused. If then, in 1866, there were about 50 per cent. of *mauvais sujets* amongst volunteers so collected, why should there not be even more in the present year? I

promise of the sack of Rome was—not for the first time—effectual in enlisting the *mauvais sujets* of the Peninsula. Loans for the enterprise were raised in more than one country by bonds payable when Garibaldi had possession of the Vatican. This time, the speculators were assured there was no doubt of the result. France was believed to have her eyes shut, and Italy was ready for the spring.

Garibaldi had been raving his wildest against the Pope and the Church, and issuing sheafs of frantic letters and proclamations, each rivalling the other in violence and gasconade. One of these is memorable for its signal disproof—'To the soldiers I have said that their bayonets ought to be reserved for a more glorious mission, and that *the butts of their muskets are sufficient for the mercenaries of the Pope.*'

We shall see how lamentably misplaced was this stupid braggadocio.

The 'mercenaries of the Pope,' who thus excited the contempt of Garibaldi, and the scorn of the revolutionary press of Italy and their sympathisers throughout Europe, were pouring into Rome from various countries. To defend the independence of the Church, these 'mercenaries' faced hardships and trials sufficient to test the bravest spirit and the stoutest fortitude. Very many of these 'mercenaries' were of the best blood and loftiest lineage, scions of houses illustrious for their defence of throne and altar. Not a few of these 'hired cut-throats,' as they were foully designated, presented to the Papal treasury considerable portions of their patrimony, as heart-offerings to the Head of their Church. The spirit of the Crusader was as high in this voluntary enlistment as in the days of Louis or Godfrey; nor was that spirit confined to those of historic race—it animated the humblest as well as the proudest, the peasant and the mechanic as well as the noble and the prince.

believe that 70 per cent. will be admitted without question. We may easily conclude, that the last expedition could not be other than unfortunate.'

Under the able administration of General Kanzler a small but efficient army had gradually grown into existence; and each day witnessed important additions to its ranks. General Kanzler was assisted by officers who had displayed marked ability and courage in the campaign of 1860. Happily, as it ultimately turned out, ample opportunity was given to the 'mercenaries of the Pope' to prove in the most conspicuous manner their soldierlike qualities — their devotion, their daring, and their endurance. For more than five weeks this gallant little army had to bear the brunt of a formidable invasion, promoted and assisted by a great Military Power, and constantly recruited from the ranks of its soldiery. And during that time, though Papal troops had to fight against odds out of all proportion to their own numbers, they won several signal victories, and performed some splendid feats of arms.

It may be mentioned that France had given permission to the Pontifical Government to raise a *corps* from such soldiers of the French army as would volunteer to serve the Pope; and that gallant *corps*, known as the Antibes Legion, rendered distinguished service alike in peace and war, maintaining the honour of its country by its discipline and valour.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hostilities commence.— Progress of the Campaign.—Hostility of the Roman Populations to their Deliverers.—Desperate Attempts in Rome.—Valour of the Papal Troops.—Fierce Fighting.—Arrival of the French.—Explanation of the French Ministry.—The Allies march from Rome.—Mentana.—The Pope's Mercenaries as Victors. —The Pope's Clemency.—The Pope's Courage.—Revelations in the Italian Chamber.—Feeling of the Pope's subjects.

On the morning of the 29th of September, 1867, the first hostile movement was made by the capture of five gendarmes at the Grotto San Stefano by a body of Garibaldians. The announcement of the invasion, or actual commencement of hostilities, was received by the Roman army with a feeling of intense joy. Here, at length, was the wished-for opportunity of proving its devotion, and wiping out the bitter memory of Castelfidardo. At the approach of a company of the Pope's 'mercenaries,' the captors of the five gendarmes fled without striking a blow.

The affair of Acquapendente—a Roman city on the Tuscan frontier—is only worthy of note from its having been the occasion of a grand flourish in one of Garibaldi's proclamations; the simple fact being, that some 200 of the enemy proved too many for twenty-seven gendarmes and their officer, who, after a stout resistance from their barrack, had to surrender to many times their number. The conquerors, however, rapidly retreated at the distant appearance of a detachment sent to the assistance of the little garrison; but they did not leave the city before they had horrified and

disgusted the inhabitants by their atrocious impiety, their rapacity, and their brutality.

Passing over one or two minor achievements, in which small bodies of Papal troops routed large bands of the enemy, the fight of Bagnorea, which took place on the 6th of October, was that which thoroughly tested the prowess of the Papal army, and infused into it a consciousness of its own strength. Five hundred of the enemy took possession of this place, which afforded great opportunities for defence; but, after a fierce resistance, it was carried by assault by three hundred of the despised 'mercenaries of the Pope,' consisting of Zouaves and native infantry. The enemy had taken advantage of every available means of defence afforded by favouring hills and an extensive convent, which formed a strong position. But the headlong valour of the attacking party, by whom the bayonet was freely used, carried everything before it. The loss to the enemy was forty-two killed, about the same number wounded, and one hundred and thirty taken prisoners. Most of these prisoners, who had been taught to dread the ferocity of the Papalini—the mercenaries and cut-throats of the Vampire of the Vatican—fell upon their knees, and implored for mercy in the name of the Madona, whose name they had dishonoured, and whose sanctuaries they had defiled, but a few hours before. If they thought the name of the Madona not potent enough to protect their lives, they cried 'Vivas' for the Pope, 'the Pontiff King,' and their 'good Father!' Of the prisoners taken at Bagnorea, sixteen only were Romans, which would represent the proportion of about one Roman to every ten of the routed garrison. And yet the world was assured that this was a native revolution, and that these were insurgents. Among the dead, the wounded, and the prisoners of Bagnorea, were several Italian soldiers disguised as Garibaldians.

Here, as in every place which they occupied, whether for a day or a week, the conduct of the invaders was infamous

Of pillage and extortion we do not speak; it is of the fiendish spirit manifested in wanton desecration and sacrilege. What one might naturally look for in the story of a Christian town carried by storm by infuriated Mussulmen, was enacted in every little city or village visited or held by the regenerators of Italy, the deliverers of the Roman people. Crucifixes shattered, pictures pierced with bullets or torn with sword-cuts and bayonet-thrusts; ornaments and statues mutilated and destroyed; tabernacles rifled of their sacred contents— whatever was not of value, or easy of being carried away, torn up and trampled under foot; and to crown the infamy, the altar and the sanctuary defiled in a manner too revolting to be described. No wonder that the 'dolts and brutes,' as the Roman populations were afterwards described in the Italian press and Parliament, should have exhibited the utmost fear of their liberators, and in some instances showered all sorts of missiles, including every description of domestic utensil, on the heads of their benefactors.[1]

At Monte Libretti the Pope's troops suffered a defeat, which was fully equal to a victory. A small detachment,

[1] The *Riforma* thus describes the Roman populations, and their profound indifference to their liberators :—

It must be spoken out, in order that there may be no illusion on the subject in the future. *All these populations are so brutish, that they care nothing about Italy, or unification, or liberty; nothing about the cause which the volunteers are supporting, and the Florence Government is abandoning.* For what, for whom, is it that we are getting ourselves shot down? When we entered Mentana, not one cry of rejoicing or encouragement greeted us. During the struggle no hand was held out to help us; and after it was over, no one of the inhabitants administered a word of consolation over our discomfiture.

This extract so thoroughly admits the truth—the actual state of feeling among the Roman populations with respect to their regenerators —that it renders the accumulation of proof unnecessary. Hundreds of passages from speeches and newspaper articles, spoken and written in the same spirit of indignant disgust and disappointment, might be quoted.

after beating a considerable force of the enemy, were attacked by another and more powerful body; but they retired in admirable order, after having inflicted signal punishment on the victors, who did not venture to pursue them.

At Subiaco, the Reds, who were compelled to surrender, cried 'Long live the Pope!' and, stranger still, 'Long live the Church!' Here they were guilty of the grossest excesses.

A band had occupied the defenceless village of Fulvatera. A portion of this band took possession of the convent of the Passionist Fathers; and in the hope of extorting money or valuables from the Superior and his five helpless Brothers, subjected them to the most violent threats and the most shameful indignities. The scoundrel who called himself officer, hacked the table of the refectory with his sword, to display his strength and skill as a decapitator, and passed his weapon frequently across the neck of one of the fathers, as a mode of showing what he intended to do, and how his intentions were to be carried into execution. 'I,' said the gallant officer, 'have not so much desire for your horses as I have thirst for your blood. Yes, I desire to drink and glut myself with your blood!' Happily the brute had not the opportunity of realising his disgusting threat; for assistance was at hand in the shape of ten gendarmes and sixty chasseurs of the line, at the first gleam of whose bayonets the heroic regenerators fled in all haste, crying 'Long live liberty!'

Nerola, fought on the 18th, was another triumph to the intrepidity of the soldiers of the Pope. Placed on a lofty hill, and surrounded by strong walls, it was garrisoned by a powerful force under the sons of Garibaldi. After two hours' hard fighting it was carried by assault, by a column consisting of Legionaries and Zouaves. This was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

By invading the Roman territory from various points,

and harassing the small army of the Pope by surprises and forced marches, and the fatigue inseparable from endeavouring to protect an extensive territory with an inadequate force, the enemy hoped to break in detail the power of defence; and then make a dash on Rome, no longer capable of resisting a vigorous assault. But the experience of a campaign of three weeks disappointed the expectations of the Garibaldians, and rendered some desperate effort necessary to regain, if possible, the ground already lost. They therefore resolved to make an attempt to take the capital by surprise—with the kindred weapons of assassination and treason.

Numbers of sinister-looking men, evidently strangers, were noticed in the streets of Rome previous to the evening of the 22nd, the time fixed upon for the murderous attempt. The explosion of an Orsini bomb on the Piazza Colonna, in the Corso, was the signal of the revolutionists; and almost immediately, in obedience to this signal, attacks were simultaneously made on various quarters—among others, the Capitol, the prison of San Michele, the New Prison, the Gate of St. Paul, and the barrack of San Callisto. There was some wicked work, especially at the Gate of St. Paul and the barrack of San Callisto; but before eight o'clock the attempt was suppressed in every direction, numbers of the revolutionists being dispatched during the struggle. As usual with these desperadoes whenever they failed in their enterprise, they flung themselves on their knees and implored mercy in the name of the Madona, or their 'good Father,' and 'Pontiff King.' In any other city of the world prayers for mercy would have little availed ruffians of their class, who had entered Rome with the intention of slaughter and pillage; but that clemency which is the most sublime characteristic of Pius the Ninth seemed to influence his soldiers the moment the strife was at an end.

Of the incidents of that eventful night, so critical for the safety of Rome, the blowing up of the Serrestori Barracks

was the most startling and tragical. This barrack was then in the occupation of a strong body of Zouaves; but, fortunately, at the moment of the explosion the principal portion of them were on duty elsewhere, and but a comparatively small number fell victims to this act of deliberate devilry.

To this hour the stranger in Rome may witness the traces of this wholesale assassination in the huge gap left by the explosion, and in the fissures made by the powder in the adjoining buildings. I have many times passed this scene of destruction as I went to St. Peter's, from which it is but a few hundred yards distant.

More than thirty bodies were dug out of the ghastly ruin. Some of the victims were mere boys, 'mercenaries' who had left their homes in the spirit of Crusaders; and as their pale young faces, rigid as marble in death, or gashed from fragments of stone or timber, were exposed to the gaze of spectators palpitating with horror and commiseration, a profound sentiment of indignation filled the breast of the Roman population. A large number of the people of the Trastevere went in a body to the Vatican, and demanded that arms should be given to them that they might defend their city and their sovereign.

The Committee of Insurrection, that acted in Rome in conjunction with the Pope's enemies in Florence, thus coolly refer to this cowardly assassination :—

> The Serrestori Barracks of the Papal Zouaves had been mined, a daring and most dangerous enterprise; but by a technical incident, unnecessary here to explain, only one of the three barrels of powder took fire, and the building was but partially blown up. *Not a few Zouaves, however, were buried in the ruins.* This act produced a deep impression in the city, and struck terror into the troops.

It may here be mentioned that two of the villains engaged in this 'daring and most dangerous enterprise' lost their

heads on the scaffold during the course of the following year; and that this rare act of severity on the part of the Pope's Government elicited a howl of execration from the press of Italy—a howl not unparticipated in by the enemies of the Church in other countries. Such is the effect of prejudice, in rendering what is lawful and righteous in one case, cruel and revolting in another and exactly similar case. It was not unlawful to decapitate Orsini for his attempt against the Emperor, or to hang Barrett for his attempt to blow down the wall of Clerkenwell Prison; but it was an inexcusable act in the Pope to execute the wilful slayers of some thirty of his soldiers.

On the evening of the 23rd a band of Reds made a furious effort to enter and take possession of the city; but they were defeated with considerable loss, and fled into the Campagna, where they sought safety from the exasperated soldiery.

On the following evening a factory of infernal machines was carried by assault, but not without a severe conflict, and much loss of life on both sides. The attacking party, consisting of gendarmes and Zouaves, were assailed with a shower of musket-balls and bombs, by which several of their number were killed or disabled. The resistance, though fierce and resolute, was ineffectual. The place was carried at the point of the bayonet, the struggle continuing from floor to floor. In the fight a considerable number of the defenders were dispatched, and the remainder made prisoners. Some of the band fell on their knees, and pretended to be engaged in their devotions! One of them swore a tremendous oath that he had been so occupied as the 'good gentlemen' came in; but when the officer seized the fellow's outstretched hands, and turned out their palms, they were found to be black with powder. 'Then finish your prayers in another world!' said a soldier, who was enraged at the loss of his comrade and the hypocrisy of the wretch; and a ball from his rifle put an end to a worthless life. Of the hundred

persons found on the premises—those of a dealer in woollens —*two only were Romans*—namely, the owner of the house and his mother-in-law, who fought with singular courage, and was killed in the confusion of the desperate struggle. The rest were the dupes or hired agents of the revolutionists. 'Spare me! Spare me! in the name of Pio Nono!' cried these miserables. The name, though shamefully misused, was in most instances a potent spell. 'Rise, wretches, and live!' were the scornful words with which their safety was assured. 'They have deceived us shamefully,' said the prisoners; 'they made us drunk; they told us, in sending us to Rome, that the population would be with us. They promised us that this evening the arms of five thousand Trasteverini would aid ours, and that we should pillage the city of Rome.'

The same evening a thousand Garibaldians attacked the city of Viterbo, but were driven back several times with much slaughter, and put to hopeless flight.

On the 26th—the dates will show what hot work the little army of the Pope had to undergo without the smallest external aid, and against an enemy constantly recruited from across the frontier—Monte-Rotondo was attacked by an army of 6,000 Garibaldians, commanded by the General in person. The garrison consisted of 350 Legionaries, commanded by a gallant officer, whose wife and infant son happened to be with him at the time. For twenty-seven hours the little garrison held out valiantly, beating back four separate assaults, and only yielding to the fifth, when further resistance became impossible.

The heroic defence of Monte-Rotondo, though ending in nominal defeat, was of enormous consequence in checking the advance of Garibaldi on Rome. The serious loss inflicted on the Red-shirts required some time to restore their *morale*, though their General boasted of the victory as a most glorious affair for his followers. The time so occupied enabled General Kanzler to draw his scattered troops into

Rome, and thus concentrate his force for attack or defence. In the interim, the French, whose advent was expected with natural anxiety, arrived at Civita Vecchia, and soon reached the Eternal City. And in a few days after was struck the crowning blow of a campaign which tested to the uttermost the courage and endurance of the Papal troops.

We may here learn from the highest authority—that of responsible ministers addressing the legislature of their country—why France felt herself compelled to send another expedition to Rome.

In the debate on Italian affairs, which took place in the Legislative Body in the December following, the Marquis de Moustier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, explained the action of the two governments, both parties to the Convention of 1864. This Convention was 'suggested and freely signed by Italy,' said the French Minister; and under the Ricasoli and Rattazzi ministries France received the most unequivocal and satisfactory assurances. Rome was not then spoken of as the capital of Italy, and the Italian Government ridiculed the notion of not being able to fulfil its engagements. The attitude of Signor Rattazzi towards the revolutionary party in the Chambers excited the suspicions of the French Cabinet; but excuses and explanations were at all times ready on the part of the Italian Government. The Left, it was said, was composed of 'reasonable men,' though friends of Garibaldi; and Garibaldi's enthusiasm was certain to evaporate in the effervescence of his speeches; and then the Italian Government had exhibited its loyalty by placing a cordon of troops round the Pontifical frontier. 'True,' said the Emperor's Government, 'but in the interior bands are being formed, and you do not stop them; there are enlistment offices, and you leave them unmolested; Garibaldi is preaching civil war, and you do not arrest him; there exist depots of arms which you do not seize.' These

charges look somewhat grave and specific; but the Italian Ministry denied the reality of the alleged facts, and excused itself from interfering with its useful instrument, the General, by pleading his privilege as a deputy. The French Government seemed much influenced by the assurances of its Italian ally; but no sooner had new-born confidence been inspired, than some disquieting fact occurred, which reawakened suspicion. Confidence in the good faith of Italy was soon destroyed by the attitude of the Government, and the events which were hourly occurring. Volunteers—disguised soldiers included—were pouring over the frontier, notwithstanding the so-called cordon of royal troops. 'We asked ourselves,' said M. de Moustier, 'whether the object of the Italian Government was not to head the movement, so as to prevent the proclamation of the Republic at Rome, instead of Victor Emanuel as King? We were not left long uncertain; the cordon of troops was speedily broken up, and formed into columns, *through which the bands passed in perfect liberty.* From that moment we considered the Convention as having been violated.'

One would suppose, from the following statement made by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, that the Italian Cabinet had been studying the *Beggar's Opera*, and sought to play the pretty little game of *Peachum* and *Lockit*. M. de Moustier thus spiritedly narrates the disgraceful proposal:—

The Italian Minister in Paris came to me, and verbally made two proposals—first, that a European Conference should be called to solve the Roman question; and secondly, that Rome should be occupied jointly by France and Italy. We took note of the first and rejected the second. To characterise this latter proposition, I should like to be able to speak plainly—I should feel more at ease. We were invited not only to become dupes, but also to play the part of traitors. The Italian Government proposed to us, not simply, 'We are violating the Convention' but said also, 'Come and violate it with us.' Our honour, our

rectitude, every sentiment which lives in the hearts of Frenchmen as in its native home, were revolted. We, therefore, rejected with indignation that complicity, offered with a sort of easy good-nature which doubled the affront. From that moment the expedition was decided on, and the time for explanations had passed.

The French Government have been accused of unnecessary delay in pushing on their expedition to Rome, in the face of so flagrant a violation of the Convention as that perpetrated by Italy; for all this precious time, during every hour of which the fate of Rome was hanging in the scales, the Pope's little army was making desperate head against the Garibaldian bands, which M. de Moustier asserted, 'were twice as numerous, and perfectly inured to war.' The Foreign Minister explains the cause of the delay :—

On October 19 an *ultimatum* was sent to Florence demanding the suppression of the recruiting offices and of the aid committees, and a proclamation declaring that all the volunteers would be arrested and disarmed. *M. Rattazzi replied by resigning.* General Cialdini, he said, would form a Ministry and satisfy our demands. Sure of arriving in time, we consented to wait. In a few days we found that Cialdini could not form an Administration, and that Garibaldi was at the gates of Rome. The expedition left. Had we waited twenty-four hours longer it would have been too late, as the Pontifical Government was unable to defend itself; and what figure, I ask, should we have presented to the world if Garibaldi had entered Rome and driven out the Pope—we standing with folded arms and a fleet and army at Toulon?

Emboldened by his success at Monte Rotondo, Garibaldi determined to advance on Rome; and finding no obstacle in his path, he pushed his advanced posts to within a short distance of its walls. The chief strength of the bands lay at Mentana and Monte Rotondo, between which there is but a short distance. Their numbers had increased to between 12,000 and 15,000; the recent victory—if it

really could be called such, when taking the opposing forces into account—having inspired them with confidence and daring.

As every moment rendered the position of the Capital more critical, General Kanzler resolved on striking a decisive blow, and thus bringing matters to a crisis. The enemy having announced that they were about to march to the conquest of Rome, the General prepared to meet them in their chief position, and there give them battle. The French General agreed in the policy of the aggressive movement, and expressed his willingness to join in the expedition, and support the Roman troops with a column under his command.

At three o'clock on November 3—about six weeks after the first actual invasion of the Pontifical territory by the enemy—the combined force, consisting of 5,000 men in all, 3,000 Romans and 2,000 French, mustered near the Porta Pia. The fitful light of torches revealed the serried ranks of the soldiery, and flung into darker shadow the huge masses of ruin that backed the impressive picture, filled in by groups of friends and sympathisers who were there to grasp a hand or whisper a parting prayer. Of the Pontifical troops one half, or 1,500, were Zouaves, the most Catholic military organisation in the world. Baron de Polhès commanded the French brigade, which formed the reserve.

The morning was raw, cold, and rainy, as the little army marched from the Eternal City, which had witnessed so many warlike expeditions defile through its gates. It were needless to say what blessings followed its banners, around which centred the hopes of a people who for several weeks past had been a prey to incessant alarm. The French soldiers had only reached Civita Vecchia on October 29, and were fresh for the task before them; while the Papal troops were well-nigh worn out by fatigue, through forced marches, watching, fighting, and want of sleep. But none marched with a prouder carriage or a lighter step than those

who were now about to crown an arduous campaign by a victory which was to drive Revolution, broken and discomfited, across the Roman frontier, and make ridiculous the idle vauntings of Garibaldi and his chief supporters.

General Kanzler claimed the honour of leading the expedition, and directing the attack on the enemy's chief position, which was not more than five or six hours' march from Rome. Monte Rotondo, the head-quarters and strong position of the enemy, was the principal object aimed at by the movement. It had been taken after a fight of twenty-seven hours' duration, from a small garrison of 350 Legionaries, by an overwhelming force commanded by Garibaldi in person. That was on the 26th; but since then it had been considerably strengthened by barricades, earthworks, and other means of defence. Mentana, which has the honour of giving its name to the battle and victory of the day, stands as it were in the way to Monte Rotondo, and presents itself as the first object of attack. This little town or village was strengthened by walls and an old castle, which could not withstand heavy siege ordnance, but were quite capable of resisting the fire of the light guns that accompanied the expedition, and which, during the day, had to be removed to new positions from one rough eminence to the other. Mentana, now the advanced position, presented the appearance of a formidable outpost; and much had been done to add to its natural strength. Not only was it supported by Monte Rotondo, whence it derived constant reinforcements, but the position was rendered more formidable by the nature of the country, which is hilly, wooded, and rough, with occasional farm-buildings, hedges, walls, and ruins. For more than two miles in front of Mentana the hills commanding the roads from Rome were filled with Garibaldians, led and commanded by officers of the Italian army. With a really able leader, and a good cause to fight for, a small army of resolute men might have easily held it against a much larger force than that which marched on the morning of Novem-

ber 3, through the Porta Pia. But the leader, though brave, was not really able; and the cause was not one to make heroes of those that followed the standard of a chief whose motive of action seemed to be, not an enlightened love of Italy, but a furious hatred of the Church.

About one o'clock in the day the advanced guard of the Papal army, consisting of some companies of Zouaves, came into conflict with the enemy, who occupied the wooded eminences at both sides of the road leading to Mentana. The presence of the foe was first indicated by a brisk fire, and in a moment after every hill was alive with Red-shirts. The Zouaves, who had the honour of receiving the first fire on this memorable day, advanced gallantly on the enemy, and carried the heights at the point of the bayonet. The French General bears the warmest testimony to their conduct on this occasion. 'These thickets,' he says in his official report, 'were rapidly and brilliantly carried by the Zouaves, who established themselves on the heights which dominate Mentana.'

Tremendous resistance was offered at one point in the onward movement. Next to Mentana itself, it was the strongest of the enemy's positions. Driven before the bayonets of the Zouaves, the Garibaldians massed in great strength behind the walls and in the buildings of a farm known as the Vigna di Santucci, before and round which for a time a fierce and desperate struggle took place. From wall and window a storm of bullets rained on the advancing Zouaves, in whose ranks death was now making gaps. But led on by Charette, who displayed at this critical moment all the splendid courage of his race, the soldiers of the Pope surmounted every obstacle, and carrying the place by assault, drove the enemy headlong from the position.

The infantry pushed on eagerly for Mentana; against which, when they had attained a favourable position, small batteries of Roman and French artillery opened fire, which was briskly responded to by the artillery and sharpshooters

of the enemy. From hill to hill, from vineyard to vineyard, the Papal troops drove the foe, pushing steadily on to Mentana, round which the battle raged with fury. This was a critical period in the fortunes of the day, and is best told in the words of General Kanzler :—

Meanwhile our infantry, advancing upon Mentana with ever-increasing vigour, strove to gain ground both to the right and to the left of this formidable position ; but the enemy perceiving the movement, deployed two strong columns to take us in flank on both sides at once, and his manœuvre succeeded, especially on our right. The battalion of Carbineers, which had got far forward into a plantation of olive-trees, at a very short distance from the houses, soon found itself between two fires, and in spite of sensible losses, held its ground. . . . .

It was already 3.30 P.M., our reserves were almost exhausted, for the intrepid Colonel d'Argy, of the Roman Legion, who was charged to support our centre, had scarcely any more men at his disposal. I then asked General de Polhès to support us. The French soldiers, who, until that moment, had impatiently watched our progress, dashed forward with their habitual valour on the enemy's lines which were trying to envelop us.

Colonel Frémont, of the 1st of the line, with his battalion, supported by three companies of Chasseurs à pied, not only checked the enemy's column, but on reaching the extreme left of the Garibaldians opened on them a fire so heavy and so murderous that he forced them to fly precipitately. The brave Colonel was so venturous as to move round Mentana itself, to a short distance from Monte Rotondo, which he would perhaps have entered with his column before the Garibaldians, if he had not judged that he was too isolated from the rest of our troops.

Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier, of the 29th of the line, executed an analogous movement on our left. Having fallen in with a column of the enemy 1,500 strong, occupying the heights of Monte Rotondo, he took up a position so advantageous, that in spite of his inferiority in numbers, he succeeded in first checking, and finally in repulsing them.

The short November day was rapidly drawing to its close ; but the Roman General determined, if possible, to

bring the fight to an end before the night fell. He gave orders accordingly, and informed General de Polhès of his intention. That gallant soldier and Colonel Berger insisted on marching at the head of the 59th of the line, and of the second battalion of the Chasseurs à pied. The attacking column drove the enemy from the vineyards still in their possession, but in spite of the most heroic efforts, could not penetrate into the village, which was defended with determined bravery by the foe, now literally at bay. From castle, and wall, and detached houses that flanked and defended the position, a furious fire was kept up. It was the last desperate effort, but for the moment it was successful.

Night now began to throw its mantle over the combatants; therefore the final attack was deferred to the following day. The allied troops encamped on the battle-field, within half rifle-range of the object of strife; precautions being taken that the enemy should not take advantage of the darkness to effect a retreat.

General Kanzler calculated on the surrender of the Garibaldians, to whom it would be more favourable than a second and certainly successful attack. This anticipation was fully justified; for the next morning Mentana surrendered, and Monte Rotondo was found to have been evacuated during the night.

Thus ended the march on Rome, which was to have accomplished so many wonderful things; among others, given to Italy its Capital—but not before it had been thoroughly sacked by the scamps and cut-throats who formed no small element in the army of Italian regeneration. For this final exploit these gentlemen had been preparing themselves at every stage of their progress. We have referred to the conduct of the Garibaldians in other places. General Kanzler thus describes their concluding achievement: 'The town of Monte Rotondo afforded our troops a mournful spectacle. *The churches had been plunderea and defiled.* The inhabitants had been terrified by the outrages and exactions of

which they had been the victims.' The same scoundrels would have defiled St. Peter's—nay, the Tomb of the Apostles—and destroyed what they could not plunder from the Vatican. Happily for religion and civilisation, the progress of these modern Goths and Vandals was arrested, and their boastful march turned into shameful flight.

The noble men and women who were inspired by charity to follow the army to the battle-field, that they might afford succour to the wounded and consolation to the dying, made no distinction in their holy ministrations. The disguised soldier of Victor Emanuel and the fierce Garibaldian were as tenderly treated by them as the heroic youths who had quitted home and family in the spirit of Crusaders. And the same Catholic soldiers, whom the anti-papal press of Europe stigmatised as 'mercenaries' and 'janissaries of the Pope,' displayed the utmost compassion to the fallen foe, and even insisted that they should be the first care of the surgeons and the Sisters of Charity. Mrs. Stone, who earned honourable distinction for her courage and humanity in attendance on the wounded of Mentana, tells of a poor Breton Zouave, to whom she was giving the last orange in the ambulance, and whose sufferings from thirst were dreadful to witness, insisting on dividing it between two of his fellow-wounded, both of them Garibaldians! It was, says Mrs. Stone, his last act of heroic charity, for he went to receive his reward before daybreak.

Among the prisoners taken at Mentana were some hundreds of Italian soldiers. More than seventy of these admitted being officers and under-officers of the army, and proved by documents the correctness of their statement. But this shameful masquerading was a matter of such common occurrence as to occasion no feeling of surprise. It was quite in accordance with the policy of those who proposed the Convention in order that they might violate its provisions.

But sickness and suffering broke down all distinctions;

and the furious enemy who marched, as he had hoped, to the sack of Rome, found himself treated with as much care and tenderness as he could receive in his own home, or from his nearest and dearest relatives. The Pope's orders, that special attention should be paid to the prisoners, were zealously obeyed, greatly to the amazement of those misguided men. And when recovered from their wounds, they were furnished with clothing and money, and sent back to their friends, many of them improved in spirit and in feeling.

A few days after the battle of Mentana, the door of a great hall in the Castle of St. Angelo, in which some two hundred prisoners were assembled, was thrown open, and the Pope suddenly stood in the presence of his enemies. His silver hair, venerable aspect, and sweet benignity of expression added to his august dignity as Chief Pastor of the Christian Church.

'Behold me, my friends,' said the Holy Father, in a voice of deep emotion. 'You see before you the "Vampire of Italy," of whom your General has spoken. What! all of you have taken up arms to rush against me, and you find only a poor old man!'

There was no resisting the influence of these words, combined with a presence so sweet and so paternal. The two hundred men, who a few days before had probably loaded his name with every foul term of reproach, yielded to an involuntary influence, and fell on their knees in an impulse of humility and reverence.

The Holy Father went amongst them and blessed them. 'You, my friend,' said he, 'want garments—you shoes—you linen. Well, it will be your Pope, against whom you marched so often, who will think of clothing you, and sending you back to your families, to whom you will bear his benediction. One thing, before setting out, you will do, as Catholics—you

will make a spiritual retreat for my sake. It is the Pope who asks this of you.'

The response was what might have been expected. Overcome with emotion, they grasped at his robe, kissed his hands and feet, and promised, with tears and sobs, to comply with a request so touchingly urged. His was a victory more glorious than that of Mentana—he conquered their hearts, even though only for a time.

Two alone of the Pope's subjects—Giuseppe Monti and Gaetano Zognetti—paid on the scaffold the just penalty of their crimes. These miserable instruments of the Committee of Insurrection had, in cold blood, massacred twenty-four men, and mutilated many others, by the wilful blowing up of the Serrestori Barracks. This most righteous exercise of authority elicited a howl of rage from the revolutionary press, the echo of which was heard in the columns of newspapers that applaud severity when it is employed against the enemies of order nearer home, but denounce the infliction of even the justest sentence by the Papal Government.

The Pope might have been more properly blamed for misplaced leniency—a remarkable case of which may be mentioned in connection with the eventful night of the 22nd of October, when the desperate effort was made to surprise the City of Rome. A mine had been laid in the Castle of St. Angelo, and everything prepared for its explosion. Had this taken place, the result might have inflicted an irreparable loss on the world, as, from the enormous quantity of powder then stored in the fortress, the influence of the shock, besides destroying the greater part of Rome, would probably have shattered St. Peter's, and buried the Vatican in ruin. The culprits were artillerymen, who had been seduced from their allegiance by the emissaries of revolution. Fortunately one of the traitors was stricken with remorse, and disclosed the secret; and at the last moment—when everything was ready for the application of the match—the others were seized, almost in the very act. One might naturally suppose that

these double-dyed traitors were tried by court-martial and shot; but they yet live—they having, to the indignation of the army and the disgust of all loyal men, been handed over to the civil tribunal, by which they were sentenced to a term of imprisonment! And now—in three years after their infamous treason—these scoundrels, who have merited the gratitude of their employers, laugh at the clemency of the 'Vampire of Italy.'

The Pope took advantage of the announcement in the public press, as to the manner in which Governor Eyre was represented to have suppressed the insurrection in Jamaica, to refer to the mode in which the most ordinary exercise of authority on his part was put before the world by those who employed every weapon of hostility against himself and his Government. Addressing an English gentleman of rank, he said:

'When, to my very great regret and my profound grief, I am constrained to permit a criminal to be executed in my States, from all sides are raised the most frightful clamours. I am 'a tyrant!' 'an executioner!' 'a King eager to shed blood!' But when your Government summarily destroys some hundreds of negroes, as has just happened—if we may credit the accounts in the telegrams—no one is found to censure, and all is for the best: it is a simple act of justice.'

It has been asserted that, during these days of peril to the safety of Rome, the Pope was overcome with consternation and dismay. No statement could be more opposed to the truth. So far from being frightened, or even disquieted, at the danger which menaced him on every side, Pius IX. displayed throughout a calmness and confidence that surprised those around him, and exercised the most beneficial influence, not merely on the members of his Court and officials in various departments, but on the public mind of Rome.

In his last and most remarkable work of fiction, the brilliant Leader of the Conservative Party describes the Holy Father as seeking refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo during the fury of this Garibaldian storm. The testimony of a living eye-witness, though not so attractive, may be somewhat more reliable than a statement which owes its authority to imagination. The following is taken from a private letter, written in the month of December, immediately after the crisis had passed, by a well-known and respected ecclesiastic, whose position in Rome brought him into daily and intimate relations with the Holy Father. The letter was written to the author merely for his own information; but the description given in it of the conduct and bearing of the Pope at so momentous a period in his own history and that of the Church, was so valuable, as a means of refuting erroneous statements, that the passage now quoted was then extracted with the view to its present use:—

He is wonderful! No one ever could expect such courage in one who naturally seems to have for his characteristic a child-like gentleness. *In our dangerous days, in October and November, he was to be seen always at his post of duty, without any signs of trepidation, whilst many stout hearts were quaking.* Of course he was greatly assisted by the Most High; and he succeeded perfectly in transfusing his own courage into the hearts of all who had any concern in the public service. So that every-one was at his post, at the right time and place. Even the military were inspired with the superhuman courage of their Sovereign and Pontiff. It was the old proverb over again: *Regis ad exemplar, totus componitur orbis.* I can add that even I felt, at the moment of need, *the influence of his calmness and confidence.*

The story of the shameless invasion of 1867, in which Garibaldi was merely the instrument, would not be complete without our taking a peep into the Chamber of Deputies at Florence, and hearing from Men of Action and Moderates,

from Ministers and ex-Ministers, how the scandalous affair was planned by the Italian Government; attempted by their enthusiastic dupe; baffled by the valour of the Papal troops and the loyalty of the populations of the Papal provinces, who execrated the brutal excesses of their deliverers; and finally crushed by the aid of the French. When reading the statement made by the ex-President of the Council, one should bear in recollection the account given by the Marquis de Moustier in the Corps Législatif, of the manner in which the Italian Government sought to deceive and hoodwink the Government of France. To prevent the possibility of doubt or misconception, the extracts are quoted literally as they were spoken.

Signor Massari, in the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies of December 11, 1867, said: . . . 'After Sinalimga there was a change of scene. The promoter, the General, was arrested, but Garibaldism pursued its course. Committees were formed; the departure of the volunteers was favoured at all the stations, without excepting even that of the 'provisional' capital. Enrolments were made even in the 'Questura.' I would be glad to be contradicted; but I assert that enrolments were made in the Questura of Naples. I have even heard it said that a certain honourable Signore Crispi telegraphed from Terni to Signore Rattazzi "*not* to send on any more volunteers."'

Signore Crispi (interrupting). No, to prevent them.

Signore Massari (continuing). There was one accord, patent, manifest, incontestable. This policy can never have my approbation.

Signore Crispi, referring to this, read his despatch as follows —My telegraph is dated October 18, 1867, 16.30 o'clock. To the President of the Council (Rattazzi), 'Prevent the departure of the volunteers; they embarrass instead of helping us.'

Extracts from the speech of Nicotera, a Garibaldian, in the Chamber of Deputies, on December 18, 1867:—

Permit me to state why it was that we followed Garibaldi, although disapproving of his enterprise. Three members of the

National Committee, not of the Party of Action, presented themselves to Garibaldi and said, 'Everything is now ready, the spark is only wanted.' This Committee—*which receives its funds from the Minister of the Interior*—the *Moderate men* said, 'we wish to unite with the Party of Action.' Garibaldi did not wait for them to speak twice. A Committee was immediately formed at Rome, composed of the Party of Action, and the Moderate party. Garibaldi came to Florence, where a discussion took place, as to the manner in which the movement should commence. We on one side contended, against the men from Rome, that the movement should break out at Rome, and continue in action for forty-eight hours; but those gentlemen wished that it should commence at the frontier, and that then the insurrection would burst at Rome. The opinion of the party fromRome prevailed; what would you have had us do? We should go on, for we were charged with being more moderate than the Moderates themselves. There was plenty of war material at the frontier. Who prepared it? The Pope? No. The Mazzinians? No. We ourselves? *No—it was prepared by a Committee under the favour of the Cabinet Ricasoli. The movement was prepared by the Moderate Party, with funds furnished by the Government.* Do you know what decided many amongst us to take part in this movement? (addressing the Ministerial side) Your journals. . . . It has been said that enrolments of volunteers were made in the Questura (police office). I know of one expedition which set out from Naples with the consent of an official, *and he has since been promoted a step by the present Ministry* (laughter). It has pleased an officer to announce that we set out with connivance of the police, and in accord with General Durando, the Commander on the frontier; perhaps this officer has understood as a consent the order '*don't see*' (laughter). . . . I hoped that when General Menabrea spoke of the conduct of the insurgents, he would at least have said that it was not alone the Gonfaloniere and the Roman populations who complained of them; I myself complained of their conduct. I hoped that he would have rendered me this much justice.

The following is an extract from the same gentleman's proclamation to the inhabitants of Frossinone, on October 29, 1867 :—

In a few days the Government of the Priests will be in fragments, and of the Papacy there shall exist in Italy only the history of its infamy, and of the crimes consummated by its deeds of tyranny. Citizens of Frossinone ! the Italian Revolution will, upon the Capitol, soon crown Italian Unity. Garibaldi is at the Gates of Rome, and your duty is to be with him. The entire world regards you, and awaits with anxiety the last words from the Eternal City. Forward, then, in the name of Italy. Viva Garibaldi ! Viva Rome, Capital of Italy !

NICOTERA.

General Menabrea, President of the Council, in the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies of December 18, 1867, said :—

Garibaldi invited around him a number of generous youths ; but men who loved action, and who through habit entertained no respect for law, also flocked around him. Do you think that all the men who followed him were generous and ardent ? Very different indeed were those who crowded upon the Pontifical territory. *By proclamation, Garibaldi complained of the outrages that had been committed; he avowed himself powerless to repress them.* Gentlemen, *there were acts committed which the honour of our country counsels us to pass over in silence. In place of liberty, you bore terror into the Pontifical State, the populations of which welcomed the Zouaves, with acclamation, as their Liberators.* What has been the result of your movement ? You have produced internal perturbation ; distrust abroad ; derangement in our finances ; you have disgusted the populations ; you have thrown back the solution of the Roman Question, and, thanks to you, the second French intervention has taken place.

Rattazzi, in the course of his speech in the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on December 20, 1867, said :—' Gentlemen, I have already said that from the moment the contest

commenced beyond our frontier, it became necessary to take a decided course ; and this was, our intervention. But you will say, " How had you this idea, when you were not strong enough to invade the Papal territory, despite the menaces of France ? " You will say, moreover, " Such being your intention, why did you hesitate ? You had not sufficient force to overcome even the soldiers of the Pope." I answer : The day upon which our troops would have crossed the frontier, I had the strongest conviction that the populations would have risen. If the Pontifical troops had resisted, they must have been beaten, since without the French they would have been beaten at Mentana by the Garibaldians. Moreover, we have at our disposal other troops than those on the frontier, amounting in all to 40,000 men. The menace of war with France ? I did not underrate its gravity. I faced this danger. I will not say that our troops which would have passed the frontier would have been in a condition to resist the French. I will not say it, because I love not these bravadoes ; but France could not have had an army ready. If war had even broken out, we would have been able to dispose of our entire army, for the citizens would have been charged with the maintenance of order in the Kingdom. Who does not see that at the first encounter the Powers would have intervened ? There are moments, when the *honour* (?) of a nation is in question, it should be prepared to accept all the consequences of its acts. I believe that the menace of war by France would have been vain. Could France have had any interest in destroying our unity ? Could the Emperor himself have wished to destroy that unity, to the construction of which he had so largely contributed ? Moreover, such a war would have gravely compromised the financial interests of thousands of Frenchmen, stockholders in our Public Debt. Before arriving at so disastrous a decision, they would have thought of it twice, believe me.'

Judged of even by the words we have quoted—words spoken, be it remembered, by the Pope's admitted enemies —this invasion of the Pontifical territory was an offence against public morality at once shabby and iniquitous. It lacked the elements of daring villainy that characterised the

invasion and bombardment of 1860. It was perpetrated in violation of a solemn engagement, voluntarily proposed and eagerly entered into; it was promoted by the meanest fraud, and executed by the foulest agencies, and it collapsed amidst shame, confusion, and contempt.

But if there be one thing more clear than another, as the result of the invasion of 1867, it is this—that the subjects of the Holy Father were content with his rule, and did not aspire to be absorbed into the Italian Kingdom. There is such a thing as paying too dearly for honour and glory, as the former subjects of the Papal States have learned to their cost; for, instead of being amongst the lightest taxed people in the world, as they were before their violent incorporation with so many plundered principalities, they groan under the pressure of a taxation inexorable in its oppression.

The wolf was for this time baffled in his attempt. We shall see in the next chapter how the attempt was repeated, and with what success.

CHAPTER XIV.

The War of 1870.—The Convention Again.—Scandalous Hypocrisy.—The Kiss of Judas.—The Insult Rebuked.—Falsehood preluding Violence.—The Deed of Infamy.—The Holy Father's Letter to Kanzler.—The Pope's Farewell to his Soldiers.—'Fanatics' and 'Mercenaries.'—'The Pope's Foreign Hirelings.'—The Papal Army.—The Farce before the Curtain Falls—'Done by Mistake.'

THE Roman Question entered into a new phase in the month of September 1870; and that amidst perhaps the most tremendous conflict of modern times. Again, as in 1848 and 1859, the influence of France has been strongly felt in the affairs of the Papal States. In 1848 the Revolution in Paris precipitated those movements in Rome which eventuated in the attack on the Quirinal, the flight of the Pope, and the temporary triumph of the Reds. In 1859, the declaration of war by France against Austria brought on those events which terminated, the year following, in the fight of Castelfidardo and the bombardment of Ancona. And so the stupendous conflict of August and September 1870, of which the soil of France has been the theatre, left the Pope entirely at the mercy of those who, since the failure of their attempt in 1867, were constantly on the watch, ready at the first opportunity to make another spring at the throat of their intended victim. The opportunity was unhappily afforded through the deadly embarrassment of France; and the spring was accordingly made, and successfully—for the time.

Europe had been long prepared for a collision between

France and Prussia, and it seemed to be a matter of the merest chance or accident which of the two Powers should make the first hostile movement. The clandestine, or secret, candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain afforded the pretext for the anticipated explosion; and the precipitancy of the French Government, who were no match in astuteness for the Prussian Prime Minister, placed France ostensibly in the wrong. It was well known, however, that these great Military Powers were resolved to try their strength in battle on the earliest possible occasion; and thus, when the determination to fight was equally strong on both sides, it mattered little what was the immediate pretext for quarrel, or by whom hostilities were commenced.

War was formally declared by France on the 15th of July, amidst a delirium of rejoicing in the French capital. But in little more than a fortnight after this display of enthusiasm, the people of Paris were startled by the intelligence of the defeat at Weissenbourg. This unexpected disaster was followed by the still more calamitous defeats of Woerth and Forbach. Reverse followed upon reverse with stunning rapidity. Prussia struck blow after blow with the force of a giant, against whose colossal strength and terrible celerity the grandest efforts of human valour were useless, and even the splendid heroism of France was in vain.[1] It was the ponderous might of the Nasmyth hammer, to which the dreaded mitrailleuse was but a toy. His fortresses invested, his legions crushed or demoralised, his foremost general desperately wounded, the inheritor of the name and glory of the Great Napoleon surrendered himself and an army of 90,000 men to the Prussian King. Paris refused at first to believe the tidings that were broken to her by

[1] The Prussians did indeed adopt the advice alleged to have been given by the Emperor to the Italian Generals, when, in 1860, Piedmont invaded the States of the Church—'*Frappez fort, mais frappez vite*;' they did strike strongly and quickly.

degrees; indeed Europe was for a time incredulous. But once convinced of the reality of the misfortune, rage and fury quickly took the place of disbelief in the French capital; and before the uproused passions of an exasperated populace the throne of the Third Napoleon vanished like the vision of a dream.

The Surrender of Sedan took place on the 2nd of September. Thus, in about six weeks after the haughty defiance of the 15th of July, the amazed world beheld a great Military Power humiliated, a proud Empire collapsed, the Emperor a prisoner in the hands of his victorious foe, and the Empress a fugitive in a foreign land. When the Emperor left Paris, to join the army, Emile Ollivier was at the summit of his greatness. In little more than a fortnight after, this 'light-hearted' minister had hidden himself from the anger of those whose applause had intoxicated his brain. The passionate indignation of the Parisians summoned Count Palikao to the head of affairs, and invested Trochu with a military command worthy of his genius and his honesty. A turn in the rapidly-revolving wheel raised Jules Favre, the eloquent leader of the Left, to a position the most prominent that Minister could assume, and the most responsible that statesman or patriot could hold. Lastly, France, that had hoped to dictate terms to Prussia in her humbled capital, and whose soldiers had set out with cries of *À Berlin! à Berlin!* beheld, with rage of heart and bitterness of soul, the monster armies of the invader—after having taken possession of two fine provinces, and planted their victorious banners on captured strongholds—coiling in folds of fire and steel, death and ruin, round the fairest city of the universe. Happily for France, the far-seeing wisdom of the illustrious Thiers had, years before, encircled the Queen of Cities with a zone of wall, and rampart, and fortress; otherwise, the Prussian ensign would have floated over the Tuileries ere there had been time or determination to resist.

But how did these events in France influence affairs in

Italy? how did they affect the Roman Question? We shall presently see.

So long as France retained her position as the foremost Military Power of Europe, and that it was her policy, because the wish of her people, to protect the Papal States from further aggression, Italy would not have ventured to violate the Convention of 1864—would not have done so openly; but the moment France became entangled in a deadly strife with Prussia, and Fortune appeared to have deserted her eagles, that moment the Convention became so much waste paper, and its obligations, political and moral, a nullity.

It would, at present, be difficult to say what secret understanding had been come to between the Governments of France and Italy with respect to the Roman Question. This time will disclose. But we know it was of essential importance to France that Italy, if she could not be induced to assist her against Prussia, should at least maintain towards her a friendly neutrality, and, above all things, not support her powerful antagonist. One can readily imagine how the Papal interest would be dealt with by both Governments in such an emergency. However this may be, the small garrison in Civita Vecchia, and one or two other places, was withdrawn by the French Government, and the Pope was left to the honour of the Italian King and his Ministers, and to their respect for the Convention of 1864—of which, according to the public and deliberate declaration of French statesmen, Italy herself was the author and proposer.

Whatever the secret understanding between the two Governments, it was necessary that common decency should be outwardly observed; and so, on August 2, a despatch was addressed by the Duke de Gramont, the Foreign Minister of the Emperor, to the French Minister at Rome. It is to be hoped that the Government of the Emperor was honestly trustful, even blindly credulous, when it authorised the publication of this despatch. And yet it may

be supposed that the experience of the year 1867 would not have been without its instruction to the statesmen of France, as to the risk of trusting too implicitly in Italian professions. Here is the despatch :—

When the events of the year 1867 brought back into the Roman States the French troops which had only been withdrawn during the previous year, the Emperor's Government made it known that its object was not to withdraw from the Convention of the 15th of September, 1864. France intervened to supply the protection stipulated in the Act above named, but she declared at the same time that she should not consider herself as at all freed from the engagements she had entered into with Italy. *The Cabinet of Florence, on the other hand, has never disputed the force of those engagements which bind her with regard to us. The declarations which it has made to us, and the high tone taken recently in the Italian Parliament, have given a guarantee of this.* We have, therefore, recalled the troops which we have hitherto maintained at Civita Vecchia.[1] *Thus then the two Powers find themselves replaced on the basis of the Convention of September, in virtue of which Italy engages not to attack, and, in case of need, to defend against all aggression the Pontifical territory.* Restoring to their original vigour the several clauses of this Act, *the two Cabinets have given to it a new ratification, which reinstates its authority,* and, henceforward, as we recognise anew the obligations which it imposes on France, *so we rest fully assured of the vigilance and firmness with which Italy will carry out all arrangements falling within the scope of her own duty.*

Signor Visconti Venosta, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his official reply to the Italian Minister at Paris,

[1] Let it be only a coincidence, but it is strange that on the very day the French garrison quitted the Papal States, France received her first great blow from Prussia at Woerth ; and that the statue of Voltaire was inaugurated in one of the squares of Paris, under the auspices of the Government, the same day that the defeat of Courcelles was added to the already unexpected reverses of the French arms. Call it coincidence if you will ; but is not the coincidence remarkable ? Some people are inclined to designate it otherwise.

expressed the entire acquiescence of his Government in the policy of France. Were not this pre-eminently the age of lies, the following words might be considered binding on the honour of those in whose name they were deliberately penned: 'The King's Government, *in all that concerns itself, will comply exactly with the obligations resulting to it from the stipulations of* 1864. I need scarcely add that we reckon on a just reciprocity on the part of the Government of the Emperor.'

At the time this correspondence took place no serious reverse had as yet befallen Paris. Besides, in the chances of war, a brilliant victory would be sufficient to obliterate the memory of the worst disaster. As a matter of fact, the high tone taken in the Italian Parliament, to which the French Foreign Minister attached such importance, as a test of Italian sincerity, was not at once abandoned. On the contrary, it was deliberately persevered in—possibly with the intention of preventing an increase to the Papal army through foreign volunteering, and also to lull the authorities of Rome into a false security. On August 19 the Foreign Minister of Italy declared that '*even if there were no Convention, the Roman States ought to be respected in virtue of the common law of nations*'—a proposition which must command the unqualified assent of every honest man. This emphatic proclamation of political morality was not sufficient for the purposes of the Cabinet; for on August 24 the same Minister not only maintained the same 'high tone' so much admired by the Duke de Gramont and his colleagues, but spurned with lofty indignation the notion that the Italian Government could sanction, or even conceive, so violent, so brutal, and so base a policy as that of invading the Roman States. From what may be described as the *Hansard* of Florence, these words are taken :—

The honourable gentleman (Giotto-Pinta) asks me if I am prepared to transfer to Rome the Department of Foreign Affairs. I ask him in reply, Is he prepared to advise such a

course? Is he prepared to go there *with a violent and immediate invasion;* is he prepared to solve the Roman Question by taking action of a decisive character forthwith; *action perhaps involving violent and bloody conquest?* I may tell the hon. Deputy that such a course must have at least two very serious inconveniences; *it is in contradiction to our declared policy, and it places us in antagonism with the public opinion of the whole of Europe. There is no one, I am sure, in this House who is prepared to urge such a course upon the Government.*

This was on the 24th of August, in the Italian Chamber, addressed to the Italian people, and through them to every country of Europe. Yet, in a few days after this proclamation of virtuous indignation at the mere suggestion of a violent invasion of the Papal States, the same Cabinet openly announce their intention of themselves taking the initiative in this deed of infamy—which the Foreign Minister, speaking in the name of his colleagues, assured the representatives of the Italian Kingdom would place them 'in antagonism with the public opinion of the whole of Europe.' On August 30 a note was published, in which the Government laboured to make out a justification of the course on which they had determined, and again proposed conditions which they knew the Holy Father never could accept.

The decencies should still be respected—or so long as was consistent with the natural impatience of the robber to seize upon his victim, and strip him of his property. Accordingly it was thought advisable to address to the Holy Father a letter such as the creators of *Tartuffe* and *Joseph Surface* might have conceived, were it their intention to impart a still more revolting hypocrisy to the creatures of their brain. In the records of the Dark Ages, or in the annals of savage warfare, we may trace the *spirit* of the same duplicity that marks every line of this amazing production; but in the dealings of one Christian Sovereign with another Christian Sovereign—certainly in modern times—there is nothing in

any way comparable with the letter which, by whomsoever written, bears the signature of one who gloried in the proud title of *Il Re Galantuomo*—a title in which courage and loyalty are supposed to be combined. Were the document not in harmony with the policy of which CAVOUR was the apostle, we should be inclined to question its authenticity, even while transferring it to these pages. It has been fittingly designated as '*the Kiss of Judas.*' It is given without curtailment:—

Most Holy Father—*With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the loyalty of a King, with the sentiment of an Italian, I address myself again, as I have done formerly, to the heart of your Holiness.* A storm full of perils threatens Europe. Favoured by the war which desolates the centre of the Continent, the party of the Cosmopolitan Revolution increases in courage and audacity, and is preparing to strike, especially in Italy and in the provinces governed by your Holiness, the last blows at the *Monarchy* and the *Papacy*. I know, most Holy Father, that the greatness of your soul would not fall below the greatness of events; but for me, a Catholic King, and Italian King, and as such guardian and surety by the dispensation of Divine Providence, and by the will of the nation, of the destinies of all Italians, I feel the duty of taking, in the face of Europe and of Catholicity, the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula *and the security of the Holy See.* Now, most Holy Father, the state of mind of the populations governed by your Holiness and the presence among them of foreign troops, coming from different places with different intentions, are a source of agitation and of perils, evident to all. Chance, or the effervescence of passions, may lead to violence and to an effusion of blood, which it is my duty, and yours, most Holy Father, to avoid and prevent. I see the indefeasible necessity, for the security of Italy and the Holy See, that my troops, already guarding the frontiers, should advance and occupy the positions which shall be indispensable to the security of your Holiness and to the maintenance of order. Your Holiness will not see a hostile act in this measure of precaution. My Government and my forces will restrict themselves absolutely to an action conservative and tutelary of the rights,

easily reconcilable, of the Roman population, with the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of his spiritual authority, and with the independence of the Holy See. If your Holiness, as I do not doubt, and as your sacred character and the goodness of your soul give me the right to hope, is inspired with a wish equal to mine of avoiding all contact, and escaping the danger of violence, you will be able to take, with the Count Ponza di San Martino, who presents you with this letter, and who is furnished with the necessary instructions by my Government, those measures which shall best conduce to the desired end. Will your Holiness permit me to hope still that the present moment, as solemn for Italy as for the Church and for the Papacy, will give occasion to the exercise of that spirit of benevolence which has never been extinguished in your heart towards this land, which is also your own country, and of those sentiments of conciliation which I have always studied with an indefatigable perseverance to translate into acts, in order that, while satisfying the national aspirations, the Chief of Catholicity, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian populations, might preserve on the banks of the Tiber a glorious seat, independent of all human sovereignty? Your Holiness, in delivering Rome from the foreign troops, in freeing it from the continual peril of being the battlefield of subversive parties, will have accomplished a marvellous work, given peace to the Church, and shown to Europe, shocked by the horrors of war, how great battles can be won and immortal victories achieved by an act of justice and by a single word of affection. *I beg your Holiness to bestow upon me your apostolic benediction, and I renew to your Holiness the expression of my profound respect. Your Holiness's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted son,*

Florence, Sept. 8, 1870. VICTOR EMANUEL.

Accredited by this extraordinary document, Count di San Martino proceeded to Rome, and sought an audience of the Holy Father. What the Count's estimate of his powers of persuasion may have been, we know not; but he must be a very sanguine man indeed if he supposed that his mission could be regarded by the Pope in any other light than that of a grievous insult. The outrageous character of the demand

was only aggravated by the shameless hypocrisy of the terms in which it was conveyed; while the mockery of love and reverence with which the letter abounded was rendered more odious and intolerable by the lawless violence it announced.

If Count di San Martino and his employers imagined that the Pope was the dupe of smooth phrases and badly-disguised pretences, they were much mistaken; for, as the Holy Father read the letter in the Count's presence, he accompanied its reading with a galling fire of scornful or indignant commentary, in which, while he exhibited the utterly unjustifiable conduct of the King and his Government, he also displayed his intimate knowledge of the baseness of the motives by which they were instigated. Had Victor Emanuel—whom some of his defenders allege to be a mere puppet in the hands of his Ministers, played upon by his terror of the Revolutionists,—had he heard the Holy Father's stinging references to his affection as a Son, his fidelity as a Catholic, and his loyalty as a King, he must have been insensible to the ordinary feelings of a man and a soldier if his ears did not tingle with shame. There was no assertion, no pretence, that the Pope did not either disprove, or place before the Envoy in its naked deformity. His army, which he was asked to disband, as the shepherd might be urged to drive away the dogs that guarded his sheep, were partly his own subjects, volunteers, who freely joined his service; not, as in other countries—Italy among the number—forced into the ranks through a stringent law of conscription; and the so-called foreign troops, whose presence was now declared to be so full of danger, but whose enlistment was distinctly sanctioned by the terms of the Convention, to which the Italian Government were parties, were good Catholic youths who, from a noble spirit of devotion, had come from various parts of the earth to defend the cause of their common Father. The Pope insisted that the Papal troops were required to maintain internal order and external tranquillity; for the Italian Government had possessed itself of the greater part of his States, and surrounded him with a

circle of enemies. If the King were afraid, as he said he was, of the designs of the Party of Cosmopolitan Revolution, that was prepared to strike at the Monarchy, was not a wanton attack upon an independent sovereignty—and that sovereignty the most venerable in Europe—by a Catholic Sovereign, rather an example than a warning to revolutionists? Was not the King himself doing the very thing he affected to dread? The Pope said he did not require the protection offered to him; if left alone by the Italian Government, he was quite able to take care of himself. He did not, and could not, believe in all the new-born zeal professed for the interests of religion, for his security, or for the independence of the Holy See; on the contrary, he had every reason to doubt both the affection of his loving son and the loyalty of his kingly neighbour, together with his zeal for the Church and its interests. To every proposition he gave an emphatic 'Never! Never! Never'! He would make no terms with revolution and robbery; he would resist their demands to the last.[1]

It has been asserted, and in all probability with truth, that the Holy Father employed these awful words of condemnation, as expressive of the full measure of his scorn and indignation—'*In the name of Jesus Christ, I tell you that you are all whited sepulchres.*' If spoken on this occasion, never were words more justly merited, or more strictly appropriate.

Cardinal Antonelli, in the official protest issued on the 20th of September, the day on which Rome was carried by assault, thus refers to the result of Count di San Martino's mission:—

Your Excellency may readily imagine the profound grief and lively indignation which the Holy Father felt in consequence of

[1] I had the substance of the reply, as given above, from one of those to whom, some days after, in the garden of the Vatican, the Pope described the interview.

this strange declaration. Nevertheless, immoveable in the accomplishment of his sacred duties, and fully confiding himself to Divine Providence, *he resolutely repelled every proposal*, considering that he ought to preserve intact his sovereignty as it had been transmitted to him by his predecessors.

On the 11th, the Holy Father replied personally to the letter of his 'affectionate son,' in terms worthy of his dignity and his office, and which, so long as they are read in the pages of history, will render more odious the shameless document they so mildly yet so effectively rebuke.

'*To the King Victor Emanuel.*

'Your Majesty,—The Count Ponza di San Martino has put into my hands a letter which your Majesty has been pleased to address to me; but it is not a letter worthy of an affectionate Son who glories in the profession of the Catholic Religion, and who prides himself on the due observance of kingly faith. I do not enter into the details of the letter itself, because I would not renew the grief which its first perusal caused me. I adore my God, who has suffered your Majesty to add to the bitterness of the latter days of my life.

'In conclusion, I cannot admit the demands advanced in your letter, nor can I give any adhesion to the principles contained in it. I once more pray to the Lord, and I place my cause in His hands, because it is wholly His. I pray Him that He would grant abundant graces to your Majesty; that He would deliver you from all dangers, and bestow upon you those favours of which you have need.—From the Vatican; September 11, 1870.

PIUS, PAPA IX.'

On the same day this announcement appeared in the *Official Gazette* of Florence: 'The King, upon the proposition of the Council of Ministers, has this day issued his commands to the army to enter the Roman Provinces.'

Let it be remembered that the Emperor Napoleon had surrendered at Sedan on the 2nd of September, and that from that moment there was no barrier between the Italian King and Government and the object of their base ambition. 'The fortune of arms having been unfavourable to France,' says Cardinal Antonelli, in his Protest, 'the Government of Florence, profiting by the reverses, in contempt of the agreement concluded (meaning the renewed acceptance of the Convention in the first week of August), framed a disloyal resolution to send a strong army to consummate the spoliation of the dominions of the Holy See.'

The strength of the investing army reached, at least, to 60,000 men of all arms, thoroughly equipped, and provided with every necessary engine of warfare. But the Cabinet of Florence did not rely exclusively upon its military preparations: in accordance with the policy of the Cavour school, they deluged Italy and Europe with false rumours and arrant lies. Notwithstanding the distinct and unequivocal answer given by the Holy Father, of his determination to resist every attempt against his sovereignty, it was asserted that the amiable and benignant Pope was personally willing to accede to the liberal proposals of the Italian King; but that, unhappily for the interests of peace, and even of religion, he was overawed by his 'foreign mercenaries!' The Italian troops —many of them good Catholics—were assured that the Pope was at the mercy of these 'foreign cut-throats,' and that in marching on Rome, and putting down the 'villains,' they were doing a blessed work for the Holy Father and the Church!

To trace the course of the invasion, where resistance was hopeless, is unnecessary.

A gallant attempt at defence was made at Civita Castellana, by the small garrison of 200 Papal troops, of whom half were Zouaves; but there was no artillery in the place, and the attacking corps consisted of 12,000 men, provided, as stated by an enthusiastic correspondent of an English journal,

'with a large number of guns and first-rate artillery.' It would have been the height of folly to prolong an utterly unavailing contest; and after the place had been pounded for two hours by three powerful and well-served batteries, the garrison consented to an honourable capitulation. We are told by another correspondent that the authorities of Civita Castellana were completely taken by surprise, and could hardly believe the Italian army was under their walls, '*as there had been no declaration of war.*' General Cadorna was, however, good enough to issue a proclamation, in which he made this assuring announcement:—

> You will know how to prove to Europe that respect for all your rights is compatible *with respect for the dignity and authority of the Spiritual Chief of the Church. The independence of the Holy See will remain more inviolable in the midst of civic liberty than it ever could be under the protection of a foreign intervention. We do not bring you war, but peace and true order.*

Colonel de Charette, the hero of Mentana, whose first duty was to secure the safety of Rome, retired steadily before the march of the invader, by whom place after place was occupied in rapid succession. The Italian authorities and the journals in their interest stated that the Italian troops were received with frantic demonstrations of enthusiasm. This may have been true in one or two instances, where the population were wise enough to appear contented with a state of things that no action of theirs could possibly prevent; but it is admitted in journals far from friendly to the Papal interest, that, on the whole, the Italians did not find the welcome they expected—that, on the contrary, they were 'much discouraged' by 'the silence and coldness' of those on whom they had come to confer the blessings of a stern rule and a crushing taxation.

Were the Italian Cabinet and their organs to be credited, Pius the Ninth was most anxious to see Rome taken from himself, and in the possession of Victor Emanuel; but that,

unhappily, the aged Pontiff was in the hands of a horde of desperate foreign cut-throats, who tyrannised alike over him and the population of the Eternal City. Indeed this outrageous falsehood was made solemn use of by General Cadorna, in an interview with Baron Arnim, the Prussian Minister, at Monte Rotondo, on the 17th. Baron Arnim asked for some delay in the execution of the purpose of the General's march on Rome, so as to afford time to see if such an arrangement could possibly be arrived at as would render so extreme a measure unnecessary. But the General, after professing benevolent intentions strictly in harmony with those of the King, declared that 'in presence of the unsatisfactory reply to the Italian *parliamentaire*, he was unable to delay longer *putting an end to the overbearing behaviour of the foreign troops, who domineered over the city of Rome and the will of the Pope himself.*' However, through the influence of the Prussian Minister, the General repressed for a brief time his eager desire to rush to the rescue of the Holy Father. So anxious was he to free the Pope from this unnatural restraint, that it was with difficulty he consented to the delay of twenty-four hours before expressing, through bullet and shell, sabre and bayonet, his own and his Royal Master's reverence for the Head of the Catholic Church.

In the meantime, as for months before, no effort was spared towards the accomplishment of two objects—happily without success; the one, the getting up of disturbances, or revolutionary manifestations of any kind, in Rome; the other, the corruption of the Papal troops, especially those of Italian birth. 'It is certain,' writes the anti-Papal Correspondent of the *Times*, 'that the native troops had been very much worked upon during the last three or four weeks by Italian emissaries. Fine promises were made to them, and tempting baits offered; it is even rumoured that the officers are certain of retaining their military rank. It would be easy for me to name some of those who succeeded in entering the town and carrying on these intrigues in spite of the vigilance

of the police.' Through similar channels every detail concerning the distribution and position of the troops within the walls was made known in the Italian camp.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 20th—the twenty-four hours' benevolent grace having expired—the first shot was fired from one of the five strong divisions that surrounded the Eternal City. This was the signal of attack; and in a few moments after 'a terrific fire blazed from the whole Italian line.' For five hours the work of destruction was furiously prosecuted in the name of filial affection, spiritual reverence, and kingly loyalty. At seven o'clock that morning the Pope said his usual Mass in his private chapel of the Vatican; and, after the Sacrifice of the Altar, the litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung—the voice of the Holy Father being as clear and sweet and full as ever. The roar of cannon and the crash of bursting shells formed a strange accompaniment to these words of praise and supplication. By ten, or half-past ten o'clock, after several buildings had been set on fire, batteries had been dismounted, barricades shattered, and wide breaches effected in walls of ancient date and little strength, the signal of surrender was made, and resistance was at an end. In the furious disappointment of the moment, some wild notion of this signal being the result of treachery, was entertained by the garrison, who fought nobly, and would willingly have fought to the last. But there was no treachery. The signal was in obedience to the positive and predetermined order of the Pope, who would not suffer resistance to be prolonged one minute beyond what was essential to the purpose—that of making the most unmistakable protest against the violence offered to his sovereignty.

The firing ceased along the Italian line soon after the signal of surrender was made; but while the negotiations for the capitulation were being arranged, the enemy marched, or rather rushed in, and took possession of the city. Strangely enough, the Italian troops entered with shouts of '*Savoy!*

Savoy!'—forgetting that the King, whose uniform they wore, and under whose banner they fought, had, ten years before, bartered away, for a consideration, the cradle of his race and the home of his ancestors.

There was no fight—no hand-to-hand encounter—at gate or breach. The white flag prevented any conflict of that nature. 'Not one Italian soldier was killed within fifty yards of the wall,' said a well-known officer of Zouaves, whose breast bears abundant evidence of his bravery. Therefore it was the artillery of the assailants, by whom shot and shell had been rained upon the defenders, and recklessly hurled into the city, that accomplished the entire mischief.

From the first there could be no doubt as to the impossibility of successful resistance; and even if prolonged resistance were possible, it would not have been permitted by the Holy Father. If, indeed, the lawless invader could have been effectually beaten back, and his sacrilegious attempt defeated, it would have been the duty of the Pope, as a Sovereign, to whom a sacred trust had been confided, to employ every legitimate means to secure that righteous object. But he was fully aware of the enormous disparity of the two forces —his own and that of his assailant; and that while he himself was cut off at that moment from all external aid, his unscrupulous foe had unlimited resources at his command, and could, if necessary, multiply fourfold his already overwhelming strength. In fact, troops were being incessantly pushed on to Rome to the very last moment; and it was only when the surrender was made known that their further movement was arrested. The brave men who had made a willing offering of their lives to the Pope's service, would have fought to the last even against the most desperate odds; but the Holy Father would not permit an unavailing sacrifice. Hence the imperative order for surrender. That the Pope was determined to make such resistance as was sufficient to stamp with infamy the conduct of the Italian King and his Ministers, and yet not risk a useless expenditure of blood, is evidenced

by the letter which he addressed on the 19th, the day before the assault, to General Kanzler :—

General,—At this moment, when a great sacrilege and the most enormous injustice are about to be consummated, and the troops of a Catholic King, without provocation, nay, without even the least appearance of any motive, surround and besiege the capital of the Catholic world, I feel in the first place the necessity of thanking you, General, and our entire army for your generous conduct up to the present time, for the affection which you have shown to the Holy See, and for your willingness to consecrate yourselves entirely to the defence of this metropolis. May these words be a solemn document to certify to the discipline, the loyalty, and the valour of the army in the service of the Holy See.

As far as regards the duration of the defence, I feel it my duty to command that this shall only consist in such a protest as shall testify to the violence done to us, and nothing more. In other words, that negotiation for surrender shall be opened so soon as a breach shall have been made.

At a moment in which the whole of Europe is mourning over the numerous victims of the war now in progress between two great nations, never let it be said that the Vicar of Jesus Christ, however unjustly assailed, had to give his consent to a great shedding of blood. Our cause is the cause of God, and we put our whole defence in His hands. From my heart, General, I bless you and your whole army.

PIUS, PAPA IX.

From the Vatican, September 19.

What a refutation is contained in this characteristic document, so worthy of its august author, of the countless lies and misrepresentations with which his assailants preluded their deed of shame! Gallant men wept tears of rage as they bowed to the order given in accordance with the specific command contained in this letter; but the letter will remain on record as the most conclusive evidence of the confidence reposed by Pius the Ninth in the valour and fidelity of his soldiers, and of the motives which compelled him to make and to limit resistance to an aggression which,

in its utter absence of provocation, is without a parallel in the history of civilised nations.

With the troops of the victors entered some thousands of the worst spirits of Italy, who, fraternising with the lowest rascaldom of Rome, added to their numbers by flinging open the cells of prisons, and giving liberty to hundreds of malefactors—who, in some days after, had to be relegated to their unwelcome solitude. Violence and brutality, outrage and murder, were in the ascendant in the emancipated city. The streets, hitherto so quiet and orderly, were filled with raging, yelling mobs, whose excesses were either encouraged or could not be controlled. In the prostituted name of Liberty, wounded men were set upon, hunted down, and slain. Even revolutionary journals admit this to have been the case. 'These praises of the *Italie*'—says the *Soluzione* of Naples, writing of the Zouaves—'enable people to judge of the barbarity, the infamy, and the vileness of those who tracked them after the entry of our troops, and hunted them with as much savagery as if they had been wolves.' And yet the world was assured that 'perfect tranquillity reigned in Rome!' The world was also assured that 'the enthusiasm of the population for the new régime was unbounded.' The windows, it was stated, were draped by day and illuminated by night. There, however, the intelligence stopped: there was no mention of the threats by which this unbounded enthusiasm was evoked—'*Banners or broken windows!*'—*Illumination or death!*' Yet we have, from sources of unquestionable veracity, the most positive proof of their utterance and enforcement. That city which thousands of strangers from every part of the globe can attest to having been a model of order and tranquillity, became at once dangerous by day and hideous by night.

And the aspect of the shop windows, in which profane caricatures and revolting libels were quickly displayed, was another evidence of an unwholesome change. The city soon swarmed with journals, many of them so atrocious in

the character of their writing, that a few of the more flagrant had to be suppressed by the invaders; for the same wicked license that outrages the Papacy the one day is prepared to assail the Monarchy the next. So that, on purely selfish grounds, as also to avoid disgusting Europe too far, some of the literary infamy of the hour had to be put down with a strong hand.

On the day after the occupation, the Pope took his farewell of his faithful soldiers, who were massed in the Square of St. Peter's. From a window in the Vatican the aged Pontiff presented himself to that devoted army; and as that beloved countenance was beheld, a great cry—expressive at once of love and reverence, rage and sorrow—rose like thunder from their ranks. Neither obligation nor duty any longer bound those gallant men—Italians and Foreigners—to him under whose banner they were arrayed for the last time; yet never were their hearts more wholly his than in that moment of anguish and bitterness of soul. Cries of '*Viva il Papa!*' '*Viva il Re!*' '*Viva Pio Nono!*' rang again and again through the vast piazza. The Pope was deeply affected; and as he raised his arms to heaven, and called down God's choicest blessings on those who would willingly have died for his cause, his attitude, his look, his voice, struck the senses with awe. The blessing thus given will find a response wherever loyalty and courage are still held in esteem.

With sorrowful hearts the Papal soldiers then left the city by the Porta Angelica, and followed the walls of the Vatican to the gate of San Pancrazio; and there, in the garden of an adjoining villa, they laid down their arms. As they marched to the gate of San Pancrazio they passed through the Italian army, by whom they were received with all the honours of war. And here let it be said there was, as a rule, no complaint by the Pontifical troops of the conduct of the invading force. Indeed the manner in which they comported themselves on an occasion so trying to the

pride of a soilder, was in every way creditable to their good feeling; and an officer of the Zouaves assured the writer that several of the enemy manifested strong emotion at thus witnessing the pain of so many brave men.[1]

Soldierly and gallantly the little army bore itself in this supreme moment. Neither plaint nor bravado escaped their lips; but silently and steadily they marched—sternly and sadly they submitted to an inevitable necessity.

The number of the troops who thus laid down their arms was 9,500. Of the entire army of the Pope, *but one-third was foreign;* the other two-thirds were Italian.

[1] The praise accorded to the Italian soldiers cannot be given to the Italian authorities, whose conduct, towards the Zouaves is indignantly described by a number of that body, in a letter addressed to the public journals. They say:—

By the terms of the convention entered into at the capitulation, the 'honours of war' were accorded to the Pontifical army; and the Florentine Government, moreover, pledged itself to afford every facility to the foreign troops for returning to their respective homes. So far from these being observed, we were, as soon as we had laid down our arms, thrust into prison, fed on bread and water for twenty hours, kept under lock and key for six days, and exposed to all the hardships which fall to the lot of ordinary prisoners. We think it incumbent on us to make this declaration because we are given to understand that it is believed in England that the Florentine authorities have behaved as models of courtesy, and have observed all the laws of honour and war. (Signed)

CHARLES WOODWARD, ARTHUR VANSITTART, WALTER MAXWELL, CHARLES LYNCH, WILL. WATTS RUSSELL, JOHN G. KENYON, OSWALD VAVASOUR.

The Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, Monday, October 17.

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The authorised reply to this damaging accusation was, in substance, this,—that the Zouaves were put in prison to save them from the enraged Romans (of Leghorn and Genoa); and that bread and water was the food given to all military prisoners, according to the laws of civilised warfare!

Before passing to the last scene in this drama of violence and fraud, some special reference must be made to those modern Crusaders, the Pontifical Zouaves, on whom not only has the malice of the enemies of the Holy See exhausted every term of vituperation, but towards whom writers who claim credit for fairness and decency have not been ashamed to employ epithets which, while disgracefully unjust, are also ridiculously inappropriate. The Pontifical Zouaves have been marked out for calumny and insult. The very mildest terms in which they are referred to are —'fanatics' and 'mercenaries.'

In these days, when all public moral law, which should control the relations of nation with nation, seems to be either ignored or reversed, he who, without excuse or provocation, possesses himself violently of the property of another, is a statesman, a hero, or a patriot; while he who, from no motive but one of generous sympathy and filial devotion, risks his life in defence of a time-honoured institution and an august sovereign, is derided as a fool or stigmatised as a fanatic. Those who deliver judgment in this spirit are either so blinded by prejudice, or so confident of their own superiority of wisdom, that they may be allowed the undisturbed enjoyment of their opinion. But the term 'mercenary,' as applied to the profession of the soldier, carries with it a meaning so clear and so unequivocal, that it would appear impossible for anyone of ordinary intelligence, or who really apprehends the idea which the word conveys, to apply it to those who served the Holy Father under the name and title of Pontifical Zouaves.

In remote as in modern times there were those whose trade was that of arms, and who sold their thews and sinews, their lance and sword, to the best paymaster, without the slightest consideration as to the morality or justice of the cause in which they enlisted. They were frequently known to fight one day under one banner, and the next under another; and it has happened that ere a campaign had

concluded, they were found fighting against the chief whose summons they had obeyed, and whose pay they had received.[1] Their sword was their means of livelihood—a marketable article, which they sold as best suited their immediate interest. This was one description of 'mercenary;' and we venture to think there is no resemblance between them and any of the Soldiers of Pius the Ninth.

There are other mercenaries, and these nearer to our times, and to our own door. These are the subjects of petty sovereigns, by whom they are hired for a certain task, and who have no feeling or interest in its performance, beyond the inducement arising from the pay they receive, or the promises held out to their hopes. The so-called 'Hessians' employed in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion, were genuine mercenaries of this stamp. So were the German troops raised by the British Government for the Crimea, and who afterwards received grants of land in one of our colonies. Who can recognise in the Pontifical soldier the counterpart of these undoubted mercenaries?

Referring now exclusively to the Zouaves, it has been seen that this splendid military organisation had its origin in the heroic corps known as the *Franco-Belges*, whose daring valour extorted the admiration of every generous enemy. Coming from so many parts of the world to defend the Holy See, the Zouaves were the typical Catholic corps of the army. In 1867 a small detachment of twenty-two Zouaves occupied the monastery of Santa Maria; and among these twenty-two there were representatives of *eleven*

[1] An appropriate instance is given in Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, in which the fortune of a battle was mainly influenced by the conduct of mercenaries. The campaign was consequent on the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. 'On commencing the attack of Atella, Ferdinand was also joined by a body of Swiss troops, who had just arrived in Italy to co-operate with the French, but who now turned their arms against their employers, when they were no longer able to advance them the stipulated pay.'—Chap. IV.; Date of period, 1495.

different nationalities! Up to a certain period France contributed the larger number to the Pontifical Zouaves; but Holland had recently supplied by far the greater number of any country. France came next, then Belgium, Canada, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, the British Isles—even soldiers from Asia and Africa were to be found in their ranks.

Very many of these Pontifical Zouaves were gentlemen of historic race, some even of Royal blood;[1] many belonged to the wealthier classes; others were of the next order in social rank; not a few had been skilled mechanics in good employment; while a fair proportion were simple peasants, rich only in their piety and their devotion to the Holy See. But, rich or poor, high-born or lowly in their origin, all were animated by a spirit not to be found in any other military system of modern times. That spirit was one of the loftiest chivalry; it was the spirit of the Crusader. The conduct of the Pontifical Zouave was the best evidence of the spirit in which he served. In the streets, when off duty, the Zouave was orderly and decorous in his demeanour, without the slightest tendency to swagger, whether in gait or manner. And in the churches,—and no one could enter a Roman church, any day, or at any hour, without seeing a Zouave in the act of offering his devotions at one or other of its altars,—nothing could be more edifying than his bearing. It is enough to say it was worthy of gallant men who had undertaken military duties as a mission, not as a profession.

Then as to the pay of these 'mercenaries.' It was *eleven sous a day—fivepence-halfpenny of our money.* Of this magnificent pay, *eight sous were stopped for his mess;* and three sous—or *three half-pence*—remained, to supply him

[1] 'Why this reads like the list of the invited to a court ball in the reign of Louis Quatorze,' said an Italian General, when, at Loretto, after the battle of Castelfidardo, a considerable portion of the army of La Moricière was compelled to capitulate.

with luxuries! Who would be bold enough to recommend this tempting scale of payment for the British soldier?—what Minister would venture to adopt it? And yet this was the pay of the Pope's 'mercenary.' Those of them who were not possessed of private fortune, which the majority were not, had to depend for the modest luxury of tobacco, or a moderate allowance of wine, upon the zeal and liberality of Committees established in their respective countries—through whose aid the munificent pay of the Papal 'mercenary' was to a small extent supplemented. Through the same organisations, each of the principal nationalities had its own club, mostly consisting of a spacious suite of apartments in an old palace; and these were generally well supplied with means of amusement and recreation.

How the Zouave fought, those who saw him in the six weeks' hard fighting of 1867 can tell. As I have shown elsewhere, for six weeks previous to the arrival of the French, the small army of the Pope sustained a victorious struggle against daily and hourly increasing bands, consisting partly of Garibaldians, and partly of the disguised soldiers of Victor Emanuel. There has not been the least falling off in gallantry in the briefer campaign of 1870.

In this manner they are referred to in two revolutionary organs—*La Soluzione* of Naples, and *L'Italie* of Florence. The first-named journal writes:—'Modest and brave, they did their duty as heroes know how to do it; and the defence of Rome, as far as they were concerned, was short, it is true, but most courageous and brilliant. They would have allowed themselves to be cut to pieces if the Holy Father had not ordered them to surrender.' A writer in the other journal says:—'One thing must be admitted, and never can be denied—the Zouaves fought like brave and noble soldiers. They gave full proof of that at Porta Pia and the Villa Buonaparte, where I saw them with my own eyes.'

They bore themselves as heroes in the fight, as Christians in the moment of victory. Dying on the field or lying wounded in the hospital, they offered their lives and their sufferings to God and their Church. Authentic descriptions of the last moments of many of those who fell in 1860, 1867, and 1870, read like pages from the records of saints and martyrs, so profound was their faith, so sublime their resignation. And these were mercenaries !

The time may come, perhaps soon, when those who indulge in this stupid and most unmeaning taunt will be ashamed of their injustice, and the prejudice from which it sprang; but many, many years must elapse ere Catholic Christendom will forget the courage and devotion of the Zouaves of Pius the Ninth.[1]

The small army of the Pope—an effective force of 12,000 or 13,000 men, but larger on paper—was in every way equal to the public requirements, or to its original intention. It maintained tranquillity in the city of Rome and in the provinces, and was fully capable of resisting any attempt similar to that of 1867, though of necessity not capable of resisting an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men, with a powerful nation at their back. Admirably equipped, well

[1] Even prejudice itself has been compelled to bear testimony to the heroism of the Pontifical Zouave. The very journals that teemed with sneers and ridicule one day, were constrained to write in terms of eulogy the next. Sent back to their own country, the French Zouaves at once flung themselves against its invaders; and in the fight at Orleans the Prussians met no fiercer resistance than from those soldiers of the Pope. The Correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Tours, says: 'Of volunteers, the Pontifical Zouaves, a mere handful of men, equivalent to two or three companies, are said to have displayed the utmost valour, and to have been almost exterminated, thus nobly repelling the scoffs and sneers for which they have been so often taken as a mark.' Happily, while the description of how they fought is universally confirmed, their alleged extermination is proved to be a gross exaggeration.

armed, carefully drilled, and thoroughly amenable to discipline, the Papal army was, relatively to its strength, not inferior to any; and in many of its elements—especially its '*dévouement*'—it had advantages not ordinarily belonging to military organisations. I was present at a review of Papal troops held at the Villa Borghese in some days after the opening of the Council; and on that occasion, when more than 5,000 men, of different branches of the service, were on the ground, their appearance excited the admiration of several British officers of experience, who witnessed the display. I have seen bodies of soldiers in many countries, and on many occasions, and I certainly have never beheld a more splendid corps than the Dragoons, the Mounted Gendarmerie, the Caribineri, and, not least striking and most picturesque, the Squadriglieri. The air of breeding and refinement conspicuous in soldiers of different corps was quite remarkable, in none more so than in the Dragoons, among the rank and file of whom were many young men of the highest social position. The Antibes, the Roman Legion, and about 1,800 of the Zouaves, were likewise on the ground.

The Squadriglieri attracted universal attention from their fine appearance and picturesque, though simple, costume. It was the ordinary dress of the *contadini*—loose jacket of greyish blue cloth, with breeches to match, red waistcoat, brown leggings and sandalled shoes, soft felt hat with small plume of feathers, a belt for the bayonet, and a pouch. Add a rifle and bayonet, and you have before you one of the most valuable of the soldiers of the Pope. But replace the soft felt by a conical hat decorated with many-coloured ribbons, and you have in the Roman Squadriglieri the true banditti of the lyric stage. I refer to this magnificent corps, which for three years did such service in keeping the mountain-passes and highways of the Papal States safe to all travellers, solely with the view of refuting a calumnious fiction of which these men were the object. Originally

peasants, engaged in the ordinary avocations of their class, they were occasionally called out, as a kind of mountain militia, or rural national guard; and on these occasions they acted with the gendarmes, and received pay as ordinary soldiers. As patrols in hilly districts, they were invaluable from their local knowledge; and in this capacity they mainly suppressed every trace of brigandage—so that when this prevailing Southern evil was mischievously active in various other parts of the Italian Peninsula, it was literally stamped out in the Pope's dominions. Yet, because this was so, it was falsely said by the sneerers of the Press that these Squadriglieri—honest peasants and loyal subjects—were nothing but genuine bandits, taken into the pay of the Pope. Of late, they had been regularly drafted into the military service, but, as formerly, continued to act in concert with the gendarmes. As I saw some hundreds of them at the review to which I have referred, nothing could be more simple than their costume, or more manly and gallant than their bearing.

The closing scene—previous to the falling of the curtain *for a time*—may be told in a few words. Rome was taken by assault on September 20; and on October 1, while in possession of an overwhelming armed force, thousands of vengeful revolutionists from all parts of the Italian Peninsula, and a mob composed of the worst elements of disorder, it was called upon to express, by an entirely free and voluntary vote, its deliberate desire—to be or not to be incorporated with the Italian Kingdom. It would be almost as great a farce as the act itself, were we to deal gravely with so flagrant a sham as the Roman *Plébiscite*. It is enough to say, everything was done on the old plan, so frequently and so successfully adopted in 1859 and 1860. According to the precedents of these occasions, a Deputation was afterwards appointed to wait upon the

King, and make to him a formal tender of that which he had already obtained through his cannon.

On former occasions Victor Emanuel and his Ministers had been compelled to dissemble, and either affect to refuse, or to accept with reluctance, the offers carefully planned by themselves, and instigated and arranged by their own agents. This was because of the immature policy or fitful remorse of the French Emperor, then the arbiter of the destiny of Italy. But now that the Emperor was a prisoner, Paris invested, and France overrun, any affectation of delicacy would haye been out of place, or indeed too absurd; and so Victor Emanuel accepted with graceful promptitude, at the hands of traitorous subjects, the dominions and capital of a sovereign to whom, a few days before, he had professed the affection of a Son, the fidelity of a Catholic, and the loyalty of a King.

The only passage in the well-prepared answer, or manifesto, worth transcribing, is the concluding one, and that is about as difficult of rational interpretation as the famous Napoleonic dictum—*L'Empire, c'est la paix.* Here are the words: 'I, as King and as Catholic, whilst proclaiming Italian unity, *remain firm in the idea of assuring the liberty of the Church and the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff;* and with this *solemn declaration* I accept from your hands, gentlemen, the *Plébiscite* of Rome, and present it to the Italians, auguring that they may show themselves worthy of the glories of our forefathers and of our present fortunes.'

To ordinary minds, it would be difficult to reconcile the act, so far accomplished—namely, the violent confiscation of Rome and the Roman provinces—with the liberty of the Church and the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Catholic world will have to be satisfied that the *fact* and the *idea* mutually harmonise and accord; but as it is scarcely possible that they can be so satisfied, it is certain that this Roman Question is far from being settled in accordance with the views of those who regard the capture,

the *Plébiscite*, and the formal acceptance, as a final and conclusive arrangement.

'Independence of the Supreme Pontiff!' The Protest addressed, on the eve of the *Plebiscitum*, to the Cardinals by the Holy Father is a striking commentary on his assured 'independence.' *Espionage and restriction* would more strictly represent the state of things described in these words, than 'liberty' and 'independence':—

We who, although unworthy and undeserving, exercise the power of the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth, and who are the Pastor over the whole House of Israel, find ourselves now practically wanting that freedom which is absolutely indispensable to us in order to govern the Church of God and to maintain its rights; and we feel it is our duty to issue this protest, which we moreover intend to have published, that it may be known, as it is proper that it should, by the whole Catholic world. And when we assert that this freedom has been ravished and taken from us, our adversaries cannot reply that this complaint and this declaration are without foundation. Indeed, anyone who possesses good sense will understand and confess that, having no longer that supreme and free power in virtue of which we enjoy the right of our civil Principate in the use of public means of conveyance and in the public circulation of letters, *and being unable to trust the Government who has arrogated this power, we are really deprived of the necessary and speedy way as well as of the free faculty of treating the affairs which the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the common Father of the Faithful, to whom his sons so numerously come from all parts of the world, must treat and administer.* This observation has again been confirmed by a fact within the last few days: *persons going out of our Palace of the Vatican have been searched by soldiers of the new Government, who wanted to know if they were not carrying something under their clothes.* A complaint was lodged against this proceeding, and the reply was that it had been *done by mistake*, and an apology was offered for it. *But who can ignore how easily errors of this kind may be repeated, and lead to others?*

The statements contained in this Protest have been made the subject of jest and jeer, equivocation and denial; but they must convince every reasonable mind that so long as the Italian Kingdom has its capital in Rome, or so long as the Pope remains in Rome under such circumstances, neither the liberty of the Church nor the independence of the Supreme Pontiff can be assured.[1]

We might occupy some pages in describing the mass of difficulties in which the Pope's plunderers have involved themselves in consequence of their own rash and wicked act. But it is not necessary. We content ourselves with the expression of our profound and unalterable conviction—*the thing cannot last; sooner or later, all will come right again.*

[1] Amongst the principal points of the Ministerial programme submitted to the Italian Chambers before its dissolution were the following:—

To protect the dignity of the Pontificate and the freedom of its spiritual functions, by recognising the Papal See as a sovereign institution, and the person of the Pope as inviolable, and conferring the immunities enjoyed by foreign Embassies on those functionaries whom it may be necessary for the Pope to employ as his Ministers; to preserve to the Roman Church its patrimony by applying to it the principle of Italian law relating to the personal property of religious associations, and by opposing a continuation of the holding of property in mortmain as incapable of alienation; to decentralise and simplify the administration of the country by extending local franchises, in order to facilitate the transfer of the capital.

CHAPTER XV.

Former Councils.—Council of Trent.—The Council of the Vatican.—How the Summons was Obeyed.—The Hall of Council.—The Opening Ceremonial.—A Majestic Spectacle.—The Pope's Allocution.

Former Councils.

THE subject of the Church's Œcumenical Councils, presided over in person or by legates, by the Supreme Pontiffs, from age to age, brings to mind the remarkable passage from Lord Macaulay's essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes," which is so often cited, but nevertheless seems to find an appropriate place here. It is as follows:—

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared to the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world emissaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more

than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The numbers of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

The Council of the Vatican is the nineteenth Œcumenical Council which has been held up to the present day, including that of Nice, in the reign of Constantine the Great, under the presidency of Pope Sylvester. From time to time, during a period of more than fifteen hundred years, the Church has thus been assembled, and invariably for some great and urgent purpose,—the promulgation of true faith, as opposed to the innovations of false doctrine—the suppression of heresy—the healing of schism; to avert external danger to Christendom from the avowed enemies of Christianity—to remove causes of internal weakness and division by strengthening the bonds of discipline—to combat vices destructive of public morals, and threatening the safety of society—to assert or defend the rights of the Church, and determine on the degrees of relationship which should subsist between it and civil governments. These, generally stated, have been the principal purposes for which these

extraordinary assemblies have been convened; and their decisions constitute, so to speak, the general code by which the Church is governed and bound.

The first Œcumenical Council was held at Nice, in 325, a few years after Constantine had issued his edict in favour of the Christians, who up to his time had been, with little interruption, the objects of vulgar hatred and imperial persecution. The Church might be truly said to have just emerged from the gloom and concealment of the Catacombs, and for the first time really to enjoy the light of freedom and the security of peace, after three centuries of incessant suffering, during which terrible period the successors of St. Peter displayed extraordinary courage—the succession to the perilous position of Pontiff often being rather to martyrdom and death than to office.[1] Neither at that nor at any subsequent Council has the Church proclaimed new dogmas of faith; she has but authoritatively declared what the faith was. At this first assembly of the emancipated Church it was necessary she should take her stand against the heresy of Arius, who denied the divinity of the Son of God. The Nicene Creed was the most signal fruit of this memorable Council; while much was likewise done with respect to internal discipline and external order. The controversy as to the day on which the festival of Easter should be kept was also determined on this occasion.

Owing to special causes and circumstances, the eighteenth General Council—the immediate predecessor, with a lapse of three centuries, of that of the Vatican—surpassed all other Councils in apparent rather than in actual duration; for, besides adjournments and prorogations of greater or less extent, there was a total suspension for ten years. It is known to the Church and to history as the Council of Trent, held, not in one of the famous capitals of the world, but in a remote spot in the heart of the Tyrol.

[1] Ranke's *History of the Popes.*

The first sitting was held on January 18, 1562. As many as 250 bishops were present. The last session closed on December 4, 1563. Then was brought to its termination the famous Council of Trent, whose meetings had been interrupted by war and plague, political interests and personal ambition, the conflicts of kings and princes, national jealousies and religious discord. Twelve out of twenty-five sessions were taken up with opening the Council, suspending the Council, and proroguing the Council. What it accomplished during the thirteen sessions of real work may be best estimated by its effect upon the Church during the most trying period of her existence.

There are several histories of this famous Council; but the best is that by Pallavicini, who asserts that it deliberated with impartiality, and decided with judgment and candour. A Spanish doctor of laws, named Vargas, also wrote upon the subject. Vargas had been appointed to attend the Imperial ambassador at Trent, to watch over those interests which his royal master frequently declared his determination to maintain; and this writer rails with much bitterness against the Papal Court. But the independence of the Fathers and the firmness of the Popes have at all times excited the anger of ambitious or despotic sovereigns, and, as a necessary consequence, the abuse of their creatures and apologists.

In a Consistory held on January 26, 1564, Pius the Fourth solemnly confirmed the decrees of the Council of Trent.

The General Council of the Vatican.

The first intimation of the intention of Pius the Ninth to convene a General Council was given in the Allocution of June 26, 1867, a year memorable in the annals of the Church for two events—the assembling in Rome of 500 bishops to celebrate the Centenary of St. Peter, and the defeat of the Garibaldian invasion. The Allocution was

delivered at a moment when the political atmosphere was heavy with coming storms, and no man knew what the next hour would bring about. According to the anti-Catholic press of Europe, the downfall of the Papacy, through the destruction of the Temporal Power, was to have been accomplished in a few months at farthest. Throughout Italy the war-cry '*A Roma!*' was shouted in the public places, while hostile organisations were being matured without a pretence at concealment, and subscriptions were openly solicited and received with the avowed object of driving the Pope from his capital. It was at such a time and under such circumstances the Holy Father spoke these words to the bishops throughout the world :—

Nothing is more desired by us, venerable brethren, than that we should gather from this your union with the Apostolic See the fruit which we hold to be the most salutary and auspicious. We have indeed long pondered in our mind, as was known to many of our venerable brethren, as occasion needed, a purpose which, so soon as the opportunity we desire shall come, we trust to be able to effect, namely, that we may hold a sacred Œcumenical Council of the bishops of the whole world, in which, after united counsels and labours together, the necessary and healing remedies, by God's help, may be applied to the many evils which the Church is suffering. From this, as we greatly hope, it will come to pass that the light of Catholic truth may diffuse its saving illumination in the darkness by which the minds of men are enveloped, so that they may see and press onwards, by the grace of God, in the true path of salvation and of justice. From this, also, it will come to pass that the Church, like a conquering army set in array, may repel the hostile assaults of adversaries, break their power, triumphing over them, propagate and spread more widely the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth.

In this language the Holy Father declared an intention dear to his heart. But no sooner was it made known, through the usual channels of information, than it became the subject of mockery, or the occasion for expressions of

rage and fury. The prophets of the immediate extinction of the Papacy laughed at what was, to them, the eminent absurdity of such an intention; for could the Pope tell where he was to assemble these doctors of the Church, or that he himself would possess even a place of asylum? The confidence with which he calculated on the future, and the calmness with which he looked high above the dangers and perils of the hour, only the more inflamed the revolutionary ardour of his enemies, and urged them to more active efforts to secure his downfall. We have seen how the invasion, which took place in a few months after, was met and defeated; leaving Rome inviolate, the Papacy untouched, the prophets bewildered, and the heroic liberators of an unwilling people either prisoners in the hands of their victors or flying across the frontiers in confusion and dismay.

More than twelve months before the Council was to be held, its precise day, even its hour of meeting, was proclaimed, and the Catholic world was called on to invoke upon its future deliberations the illumination of the Holy Spirit. The Pope then was really in earnest; but would the bishops come at his bidding?—would not the civil powers interfere?—would not this Council of the Vatican be a miserable failure, evidencing feebleness and decay? Assuredly this would be so, said those wise ones of the world who wilfully shut their eyes to what they did not wish to see.

But the summons went forth, and reached the remotest bounds of the earth—conterminous with the domain of the Universal Church; and save where, as in Russia, the strong hand of State authority prevented the episcopacy from obeying the impulse of its devotion to the Holy See, that summons was joyfully responded to. Then was a wonderful sympathy with the wishes and objects of the Pope manifested in various parts of the world, in old historic countries as in colonies of recent formation—the Faithful, not content with liberally providing their bishops with resources for their journey and a protected

residence in the Eternal City, loaded them with rich gifts for the Sovereign Pontiff.

To many of the prelates who obeyed the summons of the Holy Father, the journey was one of severe toil, and even rigorous privation. One bishop from a remote diocese in Asia travelled for fifty days on horseback before he reached the port where he found the vessel that brought him to Europe. Other bishops spent five and six months in journeying to Rome from far-off islands in the Pacific.

Over thousands of miles of land, and across thousands of miles of ocean, the Fathers of the Council passed on their way to the scene of their labours. From almost every portion of the continent of America—from Canada to Brazil, from the golden cities of California to the States planted by the English Puritan—from mysterious Egypt and from classic Greece—from Africa and Asia—from the sacred hills of Palestine—from the plains and mountains of India—from China, red with the blood of martyrs—from all the famous countries of Europe—Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the British Isles—from that fifth portion of the globe which, while still in the infancy of municipal life, is strong in religious organisation,—in fine, there is scarcely a clime, a country, or a race, that did not send its consecrated representative to the Council of the Vatican. Neither age nor infirmity, distance nor difficulty, prevented prompt compliance with the summons from the Successor of the Fisherman; for while of the long train of prelates that poured like a gorgeous flood down the Scala Regia, and over the marble pavement of St. Peter's, a large proportion of the bishops exhibited vigour and energy in their appearance and carriage; many were feeble in health, or bowed beneath the weight of years; and not a few had reached and even passed the utmost age usually allotted to man, at least in these our degenerate days.

As to numbers. It was supposed, or it was asserted, that the number of bishops would be less than was assembled in

that valley of the Tyrol which had given its name to the last General Council : and during the eighteen years the Council of Trent nominally rather than really lasted, not more than 300 bishops were present at any one time. But at the opening of the Council of the Vatican, while yet many sees were unrepresented in the Aula, the number was 767. It is true there were Councils at which there was an apparently larger attendance of bishops ; but, on enquiring more particularly, it will be found that at no previous Council were there so many bishops holding sees. And not only has there been a very great consolidation of sees since those remote assemblies of the Church, but the number of mitred abbots in existence in former ages far exceeded those of modern times. Therefore, notwithstanding what has been asserted to the contrary, the representation of the Church in the Council of the Vatican was one of the grandest in its history, and exhibited a vitality and power for which its enemies were not prepared.

Not the least interesting fact concerning the recent Council is this—that London and Geneva, these strongholds of Luther and Calvin, had each a voice and vote in its deliberations.

Another feature of this august assembly is worthy of note —the remarkable strength of the Irish element : the more remarkable when the extent and circumstances of the mother country are considered. All the bishops holding sees in Ireland are natives of that country ; many of the bishops in the British colonies and dependencies, and in the United States of America, are Irishmen born ; and a considerable number besides are the sons of Irish parents, and are Irish in name, race and sympathy. Numerically, these bishops of Irish blood might have adequately represented the greatest of the national branches of the Church.

The place selected for the assembling of the Council was, taking all things into consideration, appropriate and

well chosen. At first, the acoustic defects of the Hall gave rise to serious doubts of its fitness for the purpose; but, after some time and repeated experiments under the most skilful supervision, these were effectually remedied, so that a speaker, even of very moderate voice, could be heard with perfect facility; which is not always the case in chambers of far smaller dimensions. This primary difficulty being removed, the place of meeting was superior to all other buildings in Rome in another and not less essential requirement—that of affording accommodation not alone for bishops, theologians, and officials, but for the enormous number of strangers, clerical and lay, who were expected to be present at the opening of the Council and at its public sittings.

For three days previous to the 8th of December—the day appointed for the solemn opening of the Council of the Vatican—the weather had been beautifully mild, and it was hoped a bright sunshine would have imparted its splendour to the majestic ceremonial. But from an early hour in the morning to a late hour at night rain fell without a moment's cessation, thus depriving Rome of that holiday aspect which it would have rejoiced to wear on so memorable an occasion. But save in this respect, the weather had little effect—none certainly on those who determined to witness the ceremonial; for so early as six o'clock in the morning there were many hundreds assembled in St. Peter's, in occupation of positions from which they hoped to obtain the most favourable view of the proceedings of the day. From that hour till nine o'clock a perpetual stream of pedestrians and carriages flowed towards the centre of attraction; but owing to the careful arrangements made by the authorities, there was not the slightest obstruction, though the carriages—from the State equipage of the cardinal or the foreign ambassador to the ordinary hackney of the street—might be counted by thousands. The living stream was essentially Catholic, representing all parts of the known world—includ-

ing Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, America, Asia, Africa, Australia. There were priests, soldiers, civilians, monks, peasants—ladies from foreign countries and many parts of the Italian Peninsula, and women of various classes from the nearest mountain villages—all moving on to St. Peter's. I did not reach the great porch until the hour when the stream was flowing at its very strongest; and though three open doorways received its divided waters, the pressure, at least for the few moments while the struggle for admission endured, was something awful. But the amazing size of the building enabled the human deluge to quickly spread and overflow. Nevertheless the hour came when the immense nave, from the entrance to the Tomb of the Apostles—a distance of nearly 400 feet—the entire of the left aisle and transept, and as much of the remainder of the building as was then open to the public, were literally crammed. It was estimated that the number present between nine and ten o'clock could not have been less than twenty-five thousand; but if it be considered how many left and were replaced by others for the six hours during which the ceremonial lasted, the estimate, vast as it is, may be fairly doubled.

As early as seven o'clock, the bishops assembled in one of the chapels of the Vatican, where they assumed their copes and mitres. Those generally worn by the bishops were of a white material and without ornament, while the copes worn by the Eastern prelates were of the most costly material, and their mitres, many of which were of strange and fanciful shape, gleamed with gold and jewels. Here there were friendly greetings and much fraternisation of nationalities, the venerable Latin tongue being, when others failed, the universal medium of intercommunication, linking all branches of the Church in brotherhood and harmony. Here, too, did the famous champions of the Church—men who had wrestled courageously with kings and governments in defence of truth and principle—receive the fitting homage

of their brethren of the episcopacy, to whom their writings and their lives were thoroughly familiar.

The Holy Father, who had risen at an early hour and said his usual Mass, arrived in the chapel about eight o'clock. As he entered, he intoned the *Veni Creator*, which was taken up by the choir; and as he passed through the assembled bishops he blessed them. The procession was then formed in the following order:—First the officials of the Court and Council, then the Generals of the Religious Orders and Mitred Abbots, the Bishops according to the date of their consecration; the Archbishops, the Primates, the Patriarchs; then the Cardinals in their respective orders—deacons, priests, and bishops; lastly the Pope, borne on the *Sedia gestatoria*. In this order it wound its way through the halls of the Vatican, down the Scala Regia, through the Porch of Constantine, and thus to the great entrance of St. Peter's.

It must have seemed an age to the densely-packed mass of human beings that filled every available space within the great church, before the first sweet strains of the choir reached their ears, and satisfied them that the procession was at length approaching the entrance door. Every eye was turned in that direction; but a comparatively small number of the many thousands assembled could enjoy a full view of that stately pageant; an occasional head only being seen above the level of the line of march, as some more than usually tall bishop passed on towards the *prie dieu*, at which each in his turn knelt in adoration before he proceeded to the Hall of Council, there to take his allotted place. As the bishops entered, their attendant chaplains divested them of their mitres—an act of respect to the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the high altar; and from the same cause the Holy Father descended from his chair, and walked up the nave with uncovered head. The bishops walked two and two, between their chaplains, who were placed at either side; and as the procession passed along, the psalmody

became fuller in its swell, for, including bishops and their attendant chaplains, more than sixteen hundred voices took up the alternate verses of the *Veni Creator* with the Papal choir. When the Pope arrived at the Tomb of the Apostles he knelt, and remained some time in silent adoration—his heart lifted in supplication for the success of the solemn undertaking then about to be commenced.

I may remark how singular it was that the procession, which occupied nearly an hour in passing through the nave of the church into the Hall of Council, was not in one instance broken through; though the external pressure was tremendous, and to be long remembered by those who had to endure it. The appropriated space was firmly held by a close line of Pontifical Zouaves, aided indeed by the reverent feeling of the hard-pressed multitude.

The Fathers of the Council proceeded slowly and gravely to their appointed places, which they assumed without the slightest difficulty, their seats having been previously allotted and marked. And when the Bishops were in their places, and the Pope seated on his throne, surrounded by his Cardinals, the spectacle was majestic in the extreme. A single statement will best describe its imposing grandeur,—in that Hall of Council there were *nearly eight hundred mitres!*

The tribune at the right-hand side of the Pope was appropriated to the Empress of Austria, the King of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and other illustrious personages; and that on the opposite side was devoted to the various ambassadors, and the *élite* of the Roman and foreign nobility.

Owing to the removal of the screen, the interior of the Hall was visible to a considerable proportion of the congregation outside; while to the occupants of the Hall was presented a picture not less striking or impressive. Above, a great section of the lower portion of the dome, upborne by its colossal pillars, huge as towers; and the gilded roof

of the opposite transept—below, the high altar of the Basilica, its steps crowded with canons and monsignori in picturesque costumes; and pressing round, a vast multitude representing the principal nations of the earth. The world has rarely witnessed a spectacle such as St. Peter's that day presented.

When all had assumed their respective places, the Mass, '*coram Summo Pontifice*,' was commenced, a cardinal being the celebrant. The music was sung by the Pope's choir, without accompaniment of any kind, thus fully testing while displaying the capacity and beauty of that grandest of all instruments, the human voice.

At the conclusion of the Mass, a sermon of forty minutes' duration was preached in Latin by Bishop, now Cardinal, d'Avanzo. To a solid and eloquent discourse he imparted the charm of a pleasing voice, and the grace of a singularly noble action. Of those outside the precincts of the Hall few caught more than a phrase, perhaps a sentence; but to many the melodious periods were fully audible.

After the sermon, the Pope was vested in cope and mitre; and thus robed, he received the obedience or 'homage' of the Fathers of the Council, who performed this impressive ceremony in order—the cardinals kissing his hand; patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops kneeling and kissing the cross on his stole, which usually rests on the Pope's knee, but which the Holy Father raised with his hand for the greater convenience of his venerable brethren. This ceremony occupied over an hour and a quarter in its performance.

When this act of obedience was gone through, the Cardinal Deacon on the right of the throne rose, and in a loud voice repeated the word '*Orate!*' At this summons all knelt, the Pope at his fald-stool, his Holiness saying aloud the prayer, *Adsumus Domine Sancte Spiritus*. This was the solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost to shed His light upon the Council. Eight hundred voices answered in a majestic

'*Amen!*' The Cardinal Deacon at the left of the throne, addressing the Fathers, cried out—*Erigite vos!* All then arose, the cantors intoning the antiphon, *Exaudi nos, Domine!* The Cardinal Deacon at the right again said '*Orate!*' and all were prostrate in prayer for a time, until the Deacon on the other side again summoned them to rise. Then the Pontiff, with head uncovered, repeated the prayer *Mentes nostras*, at the conclusion of which all knelt, and two cantors commenced the Litany of the Saints, the Fathers responding with an effect, which was heightened to an indescribable degree by thousands in the body of the Church swelling the responses into a volume of sound rarely, if ever before heard, and never exceeded in majestic fulness. Towards the close of the Litany the Pope rose, and, wearing his mitre and holding a magnificent cross,[1] blessed the assembled Fathers, praying that God might deign to bless His Holy Synod and all ecclesiastical orders. This solemn blessing was three times invoked, the second and third time varied by an additional word. Thus it was 'bless' in the first, 'direct' in the second, and 'preserve' in the third. This triple blessing was intoned by the Pope in a voice that was carried beyond the precincts of the Hall of Council, and reached far down the enormous nave of the church. Strong, sonorous, and most musical, it was instantly recognised as the voice of *il Papa* by thousands in that gigantic congregation.

After the Litany, the Pope and all present united in mental prayers, the Cardinal Deacon on his right saying '*Flectimus genua*,' all kneeling for a short time, and rising at the call of the Cardinal Deacon on the left.

The Gospel appropriate to the occasion—that from the 10th chapter of St. Luke, the mission of Our Saviour to the seventy-two disciples—was then sung by the Cardinal Dean. At the conclusion of the Gospel, the bishops resumed their seats and their mitres.

[1] The recent gift of the Marquis of Bute.

The Holy Father then delivered, from the throne, his allocution, which he pronounced in the most impressive manner, occasionally rising to an energy that electrified his audience, while at some passages his deep emotion almost prevented his utterance. There was a hush through the vast church outside the Aula, as the well-known voice rose and fell like waves of sound. Those who could not catch the meaning of the words knew that they were of grave moment to the Universal Church.

His heart, he said, was filled with ineffable consolation when, on that auspicious day, consecrated to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother, he beheld those who had been called on to share his solicitude assembled in the citadel of the Catholic Faith. You behold, Venerable Brothers, continued the Pope, with what assaults the ancient enemy of the human race has attacked, and attacked without cessation, the house of God. Under its inspirations, the conspiracy of the impious reaches from afar; and strong by its union, powerful by its wealth, redoubtable by its institutions, and taking for its veil the mask of liberty, this conspiracy presses on, more and more, the furious war that it has declared against the holy Church of Christ, and that it prosecutes with the aid of every crime. What this war is, what are its means, what its arms, what their progress, what these designs, you are not ignorant. You have constantly before your eyes the perturbation and confusion which reach even the wholesome doctrines on which rest the foundations of all order in human affairs; the lamentable perversion of all right, the multiplied artifices of corruption and falsehood by which are broken the salutary bonds of authority, of justice, and of honour; by which the most detestable passions are inflamed, by which the Christian faith is profoundly shaken in souls, so that assuredly the Church of God, at this time, would be threatened with ruin, if ever it could be destroyed by the machinations and efforts of men. But there is nothing more powerful than the Church, says Saint John Chrysostom; the Church is stronger than the heaven itself. 'The heaven and the earth will pass, but my word will never pass.' And what are these words—'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I

will build my Church, and the gates of hell will never prevail against it.' But though the city of the God of Virtues, the city of our God, be established on an impregnable basis, still, recognising and deploring from the depths of our heart the multitude of these evils and the loss of these souls, We, who would give our life to avert the one and to save the others—We, who holding on earth the office of Vicar of the Everlasting Shepherd, should be more than all others devoured with an ardent zeal for the house of God—We have decided to adopt the means which seem to us the most proper and the most opportune to repair all the injuries that the Church suffers. Thus, turning over often in our mind these words of Isaiah—'Have recourse to counsel, convoke the council,' and considering that this great remedy has been happily employed by our predecessors in the gravest crises of Christianity, We have decreed, after long prayer, after having conferred with our venerable brothers, the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church, after having also asked the advice of several bishops, to summon you round this chair of Peter, you all, venerable brothers, who are the salt of the earth, the guardians and pastors of the flock of the Lord; and to-day, by favour of the Divine Goodness, which has overcome all the obstacles in the way of this great enterprise, we celebrate, according to the usages of our ancestors, the opening of this holy assembly.

The Holy Father then alluded with consolation of spirit to the marvellous union of the episcopal body, and their devotion to the Holy See; and concluded with an earnest invocation to the Holy Trinity, to the Blessed Mother, and to the Angels and Saints of God, for aid and assistance in the great work then inaugurated.

At the conclusion of the allocution, the Pope rose from his throne, and prostrated himself in prayer, intoning the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, during the first verse of which the Fathers knelt uncovered. This sublime hymn was sung alternately by the choir and the Fathers, the congregation outside again joining in this prayer of invocation. After the first verse all stood, but without mitres; and at the end

the Pope offered up the prayer of the Holy Ghost, commencing with the words—'*Deus, qui corda fidelium.*'

The First Decree of the Council of the Vatican—*de aperiunda synodo*—was then read by the Secretary for its adoption, and was adopted by a unanimous and enthusiastic '*Placet.*' The Second Decree—publishing the second Public Session for January 6, 1870—was likewise adopted with the same unanimity and enthusiasm.

The ceremonial and business of the day were closed with the *Te Deum.* The first verse was grandly intoned by the Pope; and the other verses were sung alternately by the choir and the Fathers, to whose full chorus thousands in all parts of the church lent the thunder of their united voices. The effect was prodigious.

A prayer of thanksgiving ended the whole; after which the Council dispersed as rapidly as the crowded state of the basilica permitted.

Thus was opened the General Council of the Vatican, to be long famous in the history of the Church.

Many things were remarkable in its proceedings; but there was nothing more remarkable than the manner in which the Holy Father—who was then, according to his own assertion, in his eightieth year—bore himself during a day of such prolonged physical toil and intense mental excitement. The *Te Deum*, as mentioned, was sung a short time before the close of the proceedings; yet the Pope's voice was as full, as sonorous, and as musical, at that late hour, as it was when he intoned the first note of the *Veni Creator* seven hours previously. A vigour and energy so extraordinary in one so old filled men's minds with wonder and astonishment.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Council.—Preparation and Mode of Procedure.—Systematic Misrepresentations.—The Enemy early at Work.—Fiction.—Strange Assertion.—Liberty and Fraternity.—No External Influence tolerated.—The Latin Language.—Shameful Partisanship.—Infallibility.—What it means.—It does not mean Impeccability.—A Doctrine both Ancient and Rational.—Necessity of a Central Authority.—Opportuneness.—Why the Definition was Necessary.—What it is limited to.—A Concluding Word.—Suspension of the Council.

BEFORE referring to the most remarkable of the acts of the Council, it may be well to allude to the preparation for its work, and the mode of its procedure.

For some twelve months preceding the meeting of the Council, there sat in Rome a Commission charged with the duty of drawing up, and putting in proper form for the consideration of the Fathers, matters referring to four great branches of subjects which, in point of importance, stood in the following order—Faith, Discipline, the Regular Orders, and the Oriental Rites. The Commission entrusted with this responsible though limited duty consisted of the most eminent theologians, not of Rome alone, but of the world. Many were personally invited to join the Commission, many more were sent by their own bishops—for every bishop could of right send his own theologian to take part in the preparation of the *Schema*, or subject-matter of the future deliberations of the Council. The *Schema* possessed of itself no force or authority whatsoever, nor had it in any way the sanction of the Holy Father, nor was it in the slightest degree binding upon the opinion or judgment of a

single member of the Council; it was drawn up simply to save time and labour, and for the greater convenience of the assembled Fathers. Every page and line of it was reserved for the full and free consideration of the Council. Moreover, every member of the Council was left free to initiate the discussion of new matter altogether outside the *Schema;* and the only check placed upon this absolute freedom of initiating new matter was the necessity of giving formal notice of his intention of so doing. So much for the subject-matter for the consideration of the Council. Now as to the mode of procedure.

For the better understanding of the mode by which the ultimate decision was in all cases arrived at, it is necessary to say something of the General Congregation, the Special Congregations, or Deputations, and the Public Sessions of the Council.

The General Congregation of the Council was the whole Council assembled for the consideration of all subjects proposed for the judgment of the Fathers; which subjects, if approved of, were afterwards submitted for the adoption of the Council in Public Session.

The Special Congregations were four in number, consisting each of twenty-four archbishops and bishops under the presidency of a Cardinal. To these were entrusted the consideration of one or other of the four great branches of subjects mentioned—namely, Faith, Discipline, Regular Orders, and the Oriental Rites. These ninety-six Fathers were selected by the suffrage of the whole body, and might with justice be regarded as the wisest and most learned churchmen of the present time.

The Public Sessions are usually presided over by the Pope, and adopt the decrees and canons that, after the assent of the Holy Father, are to bind the Church.

The following was the mode of procedure:—

It may have happened that certain portions of the *Schema* were passed without opposition; and, if so, these

were taken as accepted. But any one of the Fathers who had given notice of his intention to speak as to any portion of the matter then under consideration, was at liberty to offer his opinion, or put forward his objection, whether as to the substance or the form; and any of the Fathers, without previous notice, could reply to the objector, or speak either in sustainment or in refutation of his argument. Probably the mere discussion of the question at issue had the effect of removing objections, and bringing all to the same mind; and, if so, then so much was put to the vote, and the formula of a decree or canon was agreed upon. But if serious difficulty arose, such as was incapable of present adjustment, then the Presiding Cardinal had the question, with the difficulties which had arisen in reference to it, submitted to the Special Congregation having charge of such matter, whether of Faith or Discipline, or either of the two other branches. The Special Congregation, having gravely and patiently considered the question or matter so referred to them, embodied their opinion in a printed report, which was placed in the hands of all the Fathers, in order that, should no further difficulty arise, it might be submitted to the vote of the next General Congregation, and then formed into a decree or canon, to be finally proposed for adoption at the next Public Session of the Council.

The canons and decrees so prepared in the General Congregation were read out at the next following Public Session, after which the Fathers gave their votes by a '*Placet*' or '*non-Placet*.' Even at this advanced stage of the proceedings, the proposition might be rejected; for the Fathers were perfectly free to adopt or refuse to adopt what had been hitherto done. Assuming, however, that there was a general or universal concurrence of opinion, here then was the first authoritative act of the Council; but, though final as regarded the Council, it was not so as concerned the Church until the Holy Father had delivered his supreme opinion, and ordered it to be pronounced and promulgated in solemn

form. This done, the Promoters of the Council called on the Prothonotaries present to draw up one or more instruments or records of everything done in the Session; after which the day of the next Public Session was formally announced.

For some time after the opening of the Council its meetings were entirely occupied with preliminary arrangements, such as the selection of the Congregations and the making provision for the good order and regularity of the proceedings of the different bodies, and for all matters appertaining to them. Then began the work of discussion, according to the mode and manner described.

Every session or meeting, whether of General or of Special Congregation, was opened with the following prayer, which is of great antiquity, and was used in previous Councils :—

Behold us present before Thee, O God the Holy Ghost, burdened indeed by the enormity of sin, yet in a special manner gathered together in Thy Name. Come to us, and abide with us, and vouchsafe to descend into our hearts. Teach us what we should do, whither we should direct our way, and show us what we ought to accomplish, so that, by Thy help, we may be able in all things to please Thee. Be Thou the safeguard and the efficient author of our judgments, who alone, with God the Father and His Son, hast a glorious name. Thou who art the lover of supreme equity suffer us not to become disturbers of justice; let not ignorance lead us astray, nor partiality turn us aside, nor the acceptance of persons or gifts corrupt us; but join us effectually to Thyself by the gift of Thy grace alone, that we may be one with Thee, and in nothing err from the truth, but that as we are gathered together in Thy Name so we may in all things discreetly maintain the rectitude of piety, that our judgments in this assembly may in nothing be opposed to Thine, and for those things which we faithfully accomplish we may hereafter obtain eternal rewards.

For a detailed account of the transactions of the Council, I must refer the Catholic reader to those writers qualified to

treat with authority a subject of the kind, or to works specially devoted to its record and explanation. I propose to devote my attention exclusively to a single question—that of the Pope's Infallibility.

The question of the Pope's Infallibility was not one of those included in the subject-matter originally prepared for the Council; it was subsequently introduced, at the formal request of a large body of the Fathers.

Previously, however, to referring to this, the most prominent, if not the most important of the questions that, to the Public Session of July 18, occupied its attention, some notice is due to what may be accurately described as the

Systematic Misrepresentations of the Council.

It was naturally to be expected that the proceedings of the Council would afford to the enemies of the Pope and the Church a fruitful source of misrepresentation and invention; and for two reasons principally,—the one, that as the proceedings were to be secret, the fullest scope would be thereby afforded to the wildest rumour—the other, that, from the very nature and object of the Council, distorted accounts and hostile descriptions would be those most acceptable to a large mass of readers, especially in Protestant countries. But it may be questioned if invention ever assumed a bolder flight, or misrepresentation a more daring licence, than they did in all matters connected, whether remotely or intimately, with the proceedings of this assembly of the Fathers of the Church. It would appear as if certain writers, representing a large and influential portion of the public press of various countries, had a mission to fulfil—that of rendering the Council as obnoxious to the public sentiment of the world—indeed, as odious, as extravagant, and as absurd as was compatible with their powers of distortion and misrepresentation to render it; and it must be admitted that these writers prosecuted their allotted task

with singular zeal, though not with equal discretion or success. There was no absurdity too gross for their credulity, no falsehood too glaring for their adoption, no circumstance too trivial not to be made the subject of their perverse ingenuity. Compelled by the necessity of the case to obtain their so-called information from external sources, the babble of the café and the gossip of the club were circulated by them through Europe as the deliberations of the Fathers and the decisions of the Church. A kind of key-hole espionage seemed to have been maintained by more than one veracious writer; while, if their readers were to judge from the statements of other writers, they might be pardoned for supposing that not only had the Holy Father taken those gentlemen into his intimate confidence and most secret counsels, but that he was much influenced, indeed benefited, by their advice, if not seriously discouraged by their disapproval of his policy. Some few of the representatives in Rome of the Protestant press of Europe wrote in a fair and enlightened spirit respecting the Council; but unhappily they formed the exception to an almost universal rule of unfairness, prejudice, and utter recklessness of statement.

Did a bishop return for a few days to his diocese, called thither by business or duty of an urgent nature, it was at once said that he had abandoned Rome in disgust, or that he had adopted that mode of escaping from an inconvenient decision, which his good sense could not sanction. Or—as was to be expected in an assembly consisting of many hundreds of men, all of mature, many of venerable years—did the health of a bishop yield to an unaccustomed climate, and did he seek rest in temporary retirement, it was soon believed in every town in Europe in which a paper circulated, that this high-minded prelate had broken loose from the tyrant majority, or had openly quarrelled with those audacious and crafty wire-pullers, the Jesuits. Was a bishop known to have expressed an opinion opposed to any matter

of general adoption, here was an alarming schism in the bosom of the Church; and, in a few days after, the same bishop read, to his intense amazement, the elaborate speech with which, according to his imaginative admirer, he had crushed his antagonists, and scattered dismay through the chambers of the Vatican. Under skilful treatment, a casual exclamation swelled into a grand oration; while a trivial objection to some petty detail became evidence of a relentless opposition. The faculty of exaggeration displayed by writers of this class was literally stupendous: at the touch of their magic pens the meanest molehills towered to the sublime altitude of Alps and Andes.

I was in Rome for several weeks during the sitting of the Council, and in daily communication with many of the Fathers—bishops from England, Ireland, Canada, Australia, and the United States; and in that time I had frequent opportunities of testing the accuracy of statements and descriptions given in European journals, and addressed either to Protestant or to hostile readers. It was to me a matter of the most ordinary occurrence to hear bishops express their indignation at the gross misstatements and misrepresentations in the published correspondence brought in by each day's post. More than once an eminent Prelate remarked to me, after pointing out a number of misstatements contained in a single column, 'I assure you, it strikes me with astonishment how any journal, wishing to be considered respectable, could think of publishing such a tissue of untruths as are contained in that paper. There is not, from the beginning to the end, a single word of truth in the whole of it.'

To judge of the Council by the descriptions given of it, even before a single discussion had taken place, one would suppose it to be composed of the most discordant elements, which the smallest difference of opinion on any point would bring into angry collision, to the destruction of all charity and the scandal of religion.

It was stated that at the very first meeting for the transaction of business, painful divisions broke out, and that more than one unseemly exhibition of episcopal jealousy was witnessed on that occasion. Was this statement true?—or was there the slightest foundation on which it could rest? It was wholly untrue, and there was no justification whatever for its being made. So far from there having been an angry debate at that first meeting, there was no debate at all; so far from there being division and dissension, there was not the least possible opportunity for either: in a word, there was no debate, no speech—not even a word spoken! All that took place was this,—the Secretary made a mere formal announcement of a certain thing having been done; and such was the difficulty of this announcement being rendered audible in the vast hall in which the Fathers were assembled, that the Secretary had to make it in two places, and on the latter occasion he had to repeat it as many as three times, turning in three different directions. One or two audible and not unnatural expressions of dissatisfaction, or impatience at the imperfect nature of the hearing, fell from one or two of the Fathers; and this was the entire amount of the grave dissension which, even in that first meeting, distracted the Council of the Vatican!

A violent speech was attributed on this occasion to a French Bishop of great distinction—a speech, it was said, fraught with anger and menace. The words, the only words, spoken by the Bishop were—'What a mockery!' thereby intimating the absurdity of any discussion being possible in the hall—as it was then arranged. An Irish Bishop, who sat next the speaker of these harmless words, told me of the circumstance, and laughed heartily at the manner in which it had been availed of by a writer eager for the earliest intelligence for his readers. No business whatever was or could have been transacted on that day, and an immediate adjournment took place.

It was not until several days after, and as the result of a

variety of experiments, that the assembled Fathers could listen with satisfaction to the eloquence of the same French Bishop.

Some time after the publication of the foregoing misrepresentation, a famous Irish Archbishop was marked out as a furious opponent of an important proposition. The description of his alleged fury would suggest the idea of this Hibernian Prelate brandishing his pastoral staff somewhat after the fashion in which *Punch* depicts an Irishman at a fair. To credit the writer, the Archbishop's language was quite in keeping with his manner. At that time the world was not as familiar with the inventive powers of these historians of the Council as it has since become. For my part, I was amazed at what I read. But there it was in print, in the pages of one of the most conspicuous of the journals of Europe. Meeting this famous Archbishop, I told him what had been written of him—what was then being read in the clubs and reading-rooms of Rome. He smiled, as if the thing were a good joke, and said: 'I can assure you that no one knows my mind on that subject, as I have never said one word to any human being in reference to it. I think that may satisfy you how very reliable an authority is the writer in question.'

What renders this misrepresentation more glaringly absurd, is the fact that no one did know the Archbishop's mind until he spoke it out from the *ambo* of the Council Hall, in an address of singular vigour and great learning.

Not a day passed during my stay in Rome that I did not hear the most formal and emphatic contradictions given by various members of the Council to the statements and descriptions published in adverse journals—Italian, French, German, and English; for there seemed to be a kind of common agreement in the work of invention and distortion.

From the first, the utmost pains were taken by hostile or interested writers to impress the public mind with the belief of there being no freedom of thought or discussion permitted

or tolerated in the Council—that, in fact, a despotic majority were determined to bear down all opposition to their wishes. From time to time illustrations were ventured upon in proof of these assertions. According to these authorities, members of the Opposition, or Minority, would not be heard, were rudely interrupted, or even violently cried down.

It was, for instance, stated that Cardinal Guidi was so indignant at the violence with which he was assailed on one occasion, while in the act of addressing the Fathers, that he exclaimed, in a loud and resolute voice, '*I won't be bullied!*' This remarkable saying found universal circulation, and almost universal belief. And yet it was a pure fiction; or rather, it was a falsehood, erected on the slightest possible foundation. 'I was on the spot,' said a well-known member of the Council, of whom I sought information as to the accuracy of the story; 'and here is what did really happen. The Cardinal was putting forward a certain proposition, and a Bishop near him said, "*Non ita est*"—nothing more—a mere interjection; and the Cardinal turned towards him and quietly said, "Do not interrupt me; you will have an opportunity of speaking." This was all that occurred, and upon it the faithful chroniclers built up a lie.'

'The interruption was so trifling, that the wonder is how anyone could have seriously noticed it,' said another Bishop, to whom I mentioned the strange use made of the circumstance.

'You were deluged, during the preliminary discussions, with false and utterly fabulous reports of the proceedings of the Council,' said an English Bishop, addressing his clergy on his return from Rome.

'We used to be much amused at the marvellous accounts we saw in the English papers of our doings in the Council,' said an American Bishop to the writer. 'They were so distorted and misrepresented, we could not recognise ourselves in them. This was amusing to us; but we feared the effect they were likely to produce upon the public mind, that could

not discriminate between what was true and what was false.'

We had been told of stormy meetings, heated language, unsparing denunciations, vehement gesticulations, even indecent threatenings; but all rest upon the same foundation—they were either pure fiction, wanton and wilful falsehood, or the grossest exaggeration and distortion of fact. Thus a natural murmur of dissent, or an involuntary expression of disapproval, such as is natural to occur in any assembly in the world, has been magnified into a storm of shouts, and even into unseemly howlings. I have sought information from various Bishops, not alone as to the substantial freedom of debate, but as to the conduct, bearing, and manner of the members of the Council; and on all hands I have received the most solemn assurances as to the utter falsehood of the descriptions given in journals, either Protestant, or opposed to the objects and work of the assembly.

'You ask me,' said a Father of the Council, whose fame is widespread throughout the Church, 'if there were the turmoil and the violence of which you speak. I assert that the descriptions given in the hostile press, and which I myself read with astonishment, are part of a deliberate system of lying and misrepresentation. There have been eighty-eight Sessions, from three or four of which only I was absent. I have thus been an eye-witness and an ear-witness of the whole proceedings. I have known the House of Commons since my boyhood; and I have witnessed more disorder and heard and seen more violence in that assembly—ay by one hundredfold—than I have ever heard or seen in the Council. For gravity and dignity I have never seen anything to approach the proceedings and deliberations of the Council. With patience and in silence were the most irritating and even provoking statements listened to—no cries of "Spoke, spoke!" "Divide, divide!"—an absence of everything that frequently marks the conduct of both Houses of Parliament—in fact, bearing all with what I might describe as a perfectly intolerable patience. There never was a personal altercation, though discussion was eager, and occasionally warm.

This is literally and strictly true. As to violent gesticulations, outcries and denunciations, these were mere theatrical lies, got up to inflame passions against the Council.'

Another assertion, of a very strange nature, was made, and no doubt believed in,—namely, that the Cardinal President, when failing in his efforts to stop a certain speaker in the usual manner, actually descended from his chair, crossed the hall, and, ascending the rostrum, touched him on the shoulder, and told him he should not continue there any longer—that he should at once leave that position. The answer received to an enquiry as to the accuracy of this deliberate statement is given in the words of the Prelate to whom I applied for information :—

In the course of nine months the President may have interrupted the speeches of six or eight—certainly not as many as ten—speakers, and done so in the calmest and most dignified manner, and under provocations of the strongest kind. The President never did leave his seat—no more than the Speaker of the House of Commons ever left his chair. He used his bell, or he rose and addressed the speaker—nothing more. The only persons who moved about the hall were the Secretary and Under-Secretary; and no officer whatever was employed for the purpose of addressing or interfering with a speaker. The story of the President doing what is said is a stupid lie.

'The utmost violence,' said another high authority, 'was a murmur, possibly a strong murmur, of dissent or disapprobation. And what more legitimate in a public assembly on certain occasions! Frequently, the murmur expressed involuntary approval.'

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati—a member of the Minority—addressing a crowded audience in Mozart Hall of that city, on August 21, thus referred to the perfect freedom of discussion enjoyed by the members of the Council :—

The Pope was never present in the Council. He did not preside at its discussions. *He did not control our minds. In*

our discourses he left us perfectly free, under the direction of five Cardinals, who were called Presidents, of whom the oldest, De Angelis, was six years older than the Pope, who is now in his eightieth year.

We had to ask leave to speak, and the leave was easily granted, *never refused. We spoke as long as we thought necessary*, and it was only when we were, in the estimation of the audience, too tedious, that a little bell was rung, and we were requested to descend from the ambo.

An Irish Bishop, to whom I spoke of the Council after his return from Rome, said :—

There was not the slightest attempt to control or interfere with the Council on the part of the Holy Father. Every member was at perfect liberty to speak and vote as he liked. *One of the Papal household was strongly against the definition, on the ground of inopportuneness.* I think this fact speaks volumes. Liberty ! our liberty was perfect. But there was something grander still—our mutual charity. This liberty and this charity were grand and imposing. Our relations of friendship and fraternity were never for one moment disturbed by our divergence of opinion. Oh, sir, the world has never witnessed so grand and majestic a spectacle as the Council of the Vatican.

Speaking of the liberty of discussion allowed, an Irish Bishop remarked :—

'I sat next to the Bishop of . . .' mentioning a brilliant member of the Inopportunists ; 'and a certain Father of the Council, who shared his views, was addressing it at the time ; and he certainly wandered far away into irrelevant topics, to such an extent, that the Bishop of . . . remarked to me, "Well, I am amazed that the President has allowed him to go on so long without interruption—that he has not ere this called him to order."'

Then as to freedom of discussion, which was said not to have existed in the Council.

'At all events,' remarked an American Bishop to an English gentleman in Rome, 'we' of the Opposition have

vindicated this for ourselves,—we have gained for ourselves a liberty of speech in the Council which is not exceeded in Congress.'

'The liberty given in our Congress,' said another American Bishop, whom I met in the month of September on his way home, 'affords no fair idea of the liberty we enjoyed in the Council. In Congress there are all kinds of regulations and rules for limiting the speaker to a certain time; in the Council we were allowed to speak as long as we pleased.'

'Those,' said a Southern Irish Bishop to his clergy, on his return from Rome, 'who, day after day, assisted at the Council, can never forget the patience, the charity, the dignity, and the liberty, with which its discussions were conducted.'

Here are the confirmatory words of the famous Irish Archbishop, who was known, up to a certain point, to have formed one of the Minority. They are conclusive as to the existence of liberty and good feeling :—

In the Council of the Vatican, at which I was present, there existed the greatest charity, and, at the same time, *the greatest liberty of discussion.* Those who held contrary opinions were not the less respected and esteemed by those entitled to differ; and during the long and often protracted debates by those holding opposite views, the heat and warmth of argument never diminished that respect and good feeling which really they entertained for each other as bishops of the same Church.

The Archbishop of New York affords the most emphatic testimony both as to completeness of the liberty of discussion, and the fraternal feeling which was proof against the ardour of debate :—

You have heard of the discussions, you have read much of the agitations, even among the Bishops themselves. *True; never was there a question more fully and more freely discussed; never was greater liberty granted to any body of men, I will say, either*

of the Church or State, to speak out freely the sentiments of their heart and the convictions of their mind, than was given on this and every other question that arose in this Vatican Council. They did speak freely whatever they spoke upon, never forgetting their dignity as Bishops, never wilfully, or, I may say, unwilfully, offending the most delicate sensibility of any brother. Nothing that was calculated to excite animosity was aroused. They spoke warmly, earnestly, fervently, it might be, to one another, but grasping one another's hand in the same friendship, the same fraternal love, at the close of the discussions that they did at the beginning.

The Bishop of Birmingham, who held office in one of the most important of the committees, corroborates, in the most impressive manner, the testimony of his American brother :—

No one entered the Council without being struck with the august dignity of the assembly, and with the ease, freedom, and brotherly affection, and the united spirit of peace and harmony that pervaded it from beginning to end. To that description there was not a single exception. It was perfectly true that now and then one of the speakers might be called to order, because it was impossible in the ardour of debate that some speaker should not exceed the rules laid down ; but in almost every case the sense of the Council was expressed before the President ruled any speaker out of order. If he should put his own impression into words, he should say that the Council combined the freedom of the House of Commons with the dignity of the House of Lords, and the charity, meekness, and patience of the ecclesiastical character.

'As long as the debates lasted,' declare the German Bishops, assembled at Fulda, at the end of August 1870, 'the Bishops, as their consciences demanded, and as became their office, *expressed their views plainly and openly, and with all necessary freedom.*' Seventeen names are attached to the Pastoral Letter from which these words are taken ; and of these the greater number had acted with the Minority.

Further testimony on this head, though one of essential importance, would be a sheer waste of space.

But it has been said that several who had put down their names as intending to speak were deprived of the opportunity of doing so. It is true that many who had announced their intention of speaking did not speak; but it was by their own voluntary act, influenced, no doubt, by two sufficient considerations—the fact that the question had been exhaustively treated from every imaginable point of view, and in every variety of aspect, and that the utmost ingenuity of man could add nothing to what had been urged so ably and so fully on all sides; and that the heat of the Roman summer was such as to exceed the limits of human endurance. One day, some two or three of the Fathers publicly announced their intention of not exercising their right to speak; the next day some six or eight made the same announcement; and the day following, to the joy of all, the remaining Fathers declared a similar intention. This, of course, was represented by the hostile press as the result of Papal pressure; whereas the pressure, other than the very sufficient causes stated, amounted to this,—that the Cardinal President, through whom the announcements were made, remarked, with the concurrence of the entire assembly, that such and such a Father had '*laudably*' waived his right to address the Council.

As to the freedom of the Council from *external* interference, or the controlling influence of the civil power, there never was in the history of the Church a Council so free, not to say from the reality, but even the suspicion of external pressure. The views of particular bishops may have been somewhat affected or modified by local circumstances; but no influence outside the sacred precincts of the hall of assembly could even so much as touch the representatives of the Universal Church and its two hundred millions of the Faithful. Had so mad an attempt been made, as that of endeavouring to overawe the Council, the Fathers would at

once have quitted Rome, returned to their respective sees, and patiently waited until such time as repentance and wisdom had taken the place of rashness and folly.

Count Daru, the then French Minister for Foreign Affairs, did ask, on the part of his Imperial master, that the more important of the questions to be proposed should be previously submitted to the consideration of his Government. But Cardinal Antonelli, in his despatch of March 19, demonstrated the impossibility of this demand being acceded to. Three passages from this despatch may be quoted.

The Cardinal thus disposes of the Count's real or affected alarm as to the consequences which the enunciation of the principles developed in the draft of the Constitution '*Pastor Æternus*,' might bring about :—

I proceed now to say a word on the profound impression which the minister expects will be made throughout the world by the mere enunciation of the principles developed in the draft of constitution which forms the object of his despatch. In truth it is not easy to persuade oneself how the doctrines contained in that draft, and understood in the sense above pointed out, can produce the profound impression of which the minister speaks; unless indeed their spirit and character be wrested, or that he speaks of those who, professing principles different from those professed by the Catholic Church, cannot of course approve of such principles being inculcated and sanctioned afresh. *I say afresh*; because the doctrines contained in that document, as I have already remarked, far from being new and unheard-of, embrace no more *than the reproduction of the Catholic teaching professed in every age and in every Church*, as will be solemnly proved by all the pastors of the Catholic name, called by the head of the Hierarchy to bear authentic witness, in the midst of the Council, to the faith and traditions of the Church Universal. It is to be hoped rather that the Catholic doctrine, *once more solemnly confirmed by the Fathers of the Vatican Council*, will be greeted by the faithful people as the rainbow of peace and the dawn of a brighter future. *The object of confirming those doctrines is no other than to recall to modern society the maxims of*

justice and virtue, and thus to restore to the world that peace and prosperity which can only be found in the perfect keeping of the divine law. This is the firm hope of all honest men, who received with joy the announcement of the Council; this is the conviction of the Fathers of the Church, who have assembled with alacrity in such numbers at the voice of the Chief Pastor; this is the prayer which the Vicar of Jesus Christ is always sending up to God in the midst of the grievous troubles which surround his Pontificate.

The Cardinal clearly shows that the alarm of the French Government, as to the danger to episcopal authority from the definition of Pontifical Infallibility, was utterly groundless :—

For the rest I do not understand why the Bishops should have to renounce their episcopal authority in consequence of the definition of Pontifical Infallibility. *This prerogative is not only as ancient as the Church herself, but has been, moreover, always exercised in the Roman Church, without the divine authority and the rights conferred by God on the pastors of the Church being thereby altered in the least degree. Its definition therefore would in no way go to change the relations between the Bishops and their Head.* The rights of the one and the prerogatives of the other are well defined in the Church's divine constitution; and the confirmation of the Roman Pontiff's supreme authority and *magisterium*, far from being prejudicial to the rights of Bishops, will furnish a new support to their authority and *magisterium*, since the strength und vigour of the members is just so much as comes to them from the Head.

As to the authority of Princes—respecting which the French Minister might be supposed to be more solicitous than for that of the Episcopal body—the Cardinal answers the objections urged on that head :—

By parity of reason—the authority of the pastors of the Church being strengthened anew by the solemn confirmation of Pontifical Infallibility, that of princes, especially Catholic princes, will be no less strengthened. The prosperity of the

Church and the peace of the State depend upon the close and intimate union of the two supreme powers. Who does not see then that the authority of princes, not only will not receive any blow from the Pontifical supremacy, but will instead find therein its strongest support? As sons of the Church, they owe obedience, respect, and protection to the authority placed on earth by God to guide princes and peoples to the last end of eternal salvation; nor can they refuse to recognise that royal power has been granted them for the defence also and guardianship of Christian society. But by the very fact of the principle of authority receiving new vigour in the Church and in its Head, the sovereign power must necessarily receive a new impulse, since it has from God a common origin, and consequently common interests also. And so, if the wickedness of the age, by separating the one from the other, has placed both in troublesome and painful conditions, to the great injury of human society, closer relations will unite both in indissoluble bonds for the defence of the grand interests of religion and society, and will prepare for them the way to a brighter and more prosperous future.

As a matter of historical fact, the Council of the Vatican deliberated, decided, and defined, in entire independence of all external influences. There was a spirit in that assembly which would not brook even the semblance of dictation, whether external or internal. The first attempt to curtail its freedom would have been the signal for its dispersion.

Among other absurdities told of the Council, was this,—that the discussions were carried on in what, to the majority of its members, was an unknown tongue; that, in fine, so low was the present standard of ecclesiastical training in the Catholic Church, its clergy no longer expressed themselves in Latin, so as to be mutually understood; and that anything like a sustained argument in that language was now-a-days an impossibility. The simple answer is, there is no falling off whatever in the training of the ecclesiastical student, and the Latin tongue is now as carefully cultivated as it was at any former period of the Church. Every well-informed

Catholic knows that not only is the ecclesiastical student thoroughly grounded in the classics, but that the books used in the entire of his theological course, dogmatic and moral, are written in Latin; that the instructions given by his professors are in the same language; that he is examined in Latin, and must answer in Latin; and that when he becomes a priest he may at any time be called upon, at the monthly conference of his deanery, to sustain an argument in Latin —which in several countries, and in the dioceses of many, is the only language employed on these occasions. Thus it may be said that, as an almost universal rule, every priest understands and can express himself in this ancient tongue; while very many, in every country in which the liturgy of the Church is in Latin, speak it not merely with fluency, but even with elegance. Bishops are almost invariably chosen for their wisdom and *learning*; and to say that a Catholic Bishop does not understand, or cannot express himself in Latin, is to state what may be best described as an absurd falsehood. In the Council of the Vatican the Latin language was a complete, ready, full, and accurate instrument of discussion; and, in a very large number of instances, the Latin spoken was of the purest kind. During the sitting of the Council almost innumerable addresses—some in statement, others in reply—some formal and carefully prepared, others informal and impromptu — were delivered by bishops from every part of the world; and though, of necessity, the accent and pronunciation were somewhat different, according to the nationality of the speaker, still there was scarcely a single speaker who was not understood by the assembly, while not a few were listened to with positive delight. A certain number of the Eastern bishops did not thoroughly understand Latin; but they were assisted by interpreters, who rendered for them all that was said into their native dialect. The Spanish and Italian and Hungarian bishops were amongst the purest Latinists of the Council, while many from other countries rivalled them in

this respect. 'Some of the speeches,' said a member of the Council to me, 'took us back in imagination to the best days of the Roman Senate, such was their lofty eloquence and classic grace.' 'Oh, fortunate is the Irish Church in having such pastors!' exclaimed a Roman Cardinal, at the conclusion of a noble discourse by an Irish Prelate of distinguished ability. The English-speaking bishops of various nationalities held their own bravely in this grand intellectual tournament.

The worst bigotry of partisanship, common to the meanest political warfare, was displayed, from the earliest moment to the last, towards eminent scholars, profound theologians, and illustrious divines. Flattery, profuse and fulsome, was heaped upon the prominent members of the Opposition—the most scandalous abuse was showered upon the Majority. Thus, according to the critics of the press, the Minority were all wise, the Majority all foolish; the former were great, enlightened, large-minded—the latter mean, ignorant, narrow-minded; the one, models of independence and uprightness—the others, sycophants or puppets; the one, advocates of peace and charity—the others, preachers of hatred and sowers of unchristian strife; the one, possessing every gift and grace of learning, and every charm of oratory—the others, stupid, dull, and incoherent. Where the intellectual eminence of some was too conspicuous to be sneered at, they were accused of fanaticism or ambition; or they were described as the pastors of nameless flocks—or they were missionaries without sees! No doubt, there were wise, good, great, and gifted men in the ranks of the Opposition—men whose names are justly held in honour by the Catholic world; but it would be an outrage on the Majority—the great body of the Catholic Episcopacy—the Pastors of the Universal Church—to attempt or affect to vindicate them from the misrepresentations of malice and ignorance. Had the Minority, small as it really was, been but the one-tenth of what it was, in those of whom it consisted would alone

be discovered either virtues to be honoured or qualities to be respected: they alone, of the thousand who bear the pastoral staff through the earth, would be entitled to the questionable approval of the Anti-Catholic, the Political, or the Infidel Press. To their honour be it remembered, several distinguished Prelates, known to have held opinions opposed, on certain points, to those of the Majority, not only disproved, in the clearest and most circumstantial manner, statements made with respect to themselves—what they were alleged to have said or done, whether in or out of the Council; but they repudiated with calm contempt praises which they rightly regarded in the light of an insult. Several public journals—in France and Germany, and in other countries—were forced to publish many such circumstantial refutations of false statements, and many such indignant repudiations of insolent praise.

There is but one misrepresentation more — calumny would be the right term by which to describe it—which remains to be noticed; namely, that the known wishes of the venerable Pope in favour of the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility were instigated by personal vanity and ambition. If such base alloy ever leavened the noble nature of this great Pontiff, it might be supposed that the protracted trials of a stormy reign—nay, that the fire of persecution, and the purifying influences of suffering—had long since purged out the dross. But there never was this base admixture in his nature. His exalted love of God and his genuine humility preserved him from such lamentable weakness.

Did the Pope desire to witness the definition of this dogma, he had strong and powerful motives for so doing. Throughout his twenty-five years of moral martyrdom he had seen religion menaced by two formidable sources of danger,—the one, temporal power, perpetually striving for the subjugation of the Church, in the hope of rendering spiritual authority the instrument and servant of civil government—the other, the increasing spread of Infidelity,

wicked, malignant, rampant—the enemy of social order, the open scoffer of God and His Sacred Word. The Pope saw the law of nations, supposed to be based on justice and morality, torn to shreds, trampled in the dust, made the sport of dishonesty and ambition: he saw how the evil example of the great and mighty of the earth exercised a pernicious influence in all public affairs, how it lowered and depraved the tone of modern society; and he knew that the only true protection against these sources of danger was to be found in the justice and morality enforced by Divine precept, and in the acceptance of their obligations by princes and statesmen, by nations and individuals. The Holy See required to be strengthened anew against the enemies of peace, order, and right; and to the solemn confirmation of the authority of the Pope—as the teacher of truth, the refuter of error, the reprover of wrong—he looked for this salutary strength.

Personal motive there could be none. Personal motive in one whose whole life has been a continued act of humility and self-denial! Personal vanity to one who has drunk the chalice of bitterness to the very dregs! Personal ambition to the man of Eighty years, who has seen the nothingness of all human things—the power of empire, the splendour of conquest, the applause of peoples—the pomp and pride and glory of the world! When, on the memorable 18th of August, the thunder pealed through the dome of St. Peter's, and the lightning flash lit up the Hall of Council—that which men read on the face of the venerable Pontiff was not the expression of human pride, but exulting gratitude to the Great Being whose voice was heard in the tempest, that His servant had been permitted to live long enough to witness the accomplishment of a work beneficial alike to the Church and to mankind.

And now, having disposed of a cloud of misstatements, misrepresentations, and calumnies, we of necessity approach the question of—

Papal Infallibility.

It is not my intention, neither do I consider it within my province, to attempt a demonstration of the infallibility either of the Church or of the Pope. But, on the other hand, it would be injudicious, if not impossible, to avoid all reference to a subject which has occupied, indeed for a time engrossed, so much of public attention, and given rise to so many errors and misconceptions, some honest and in good faith, but more wilful and deliberate. I shall therefore confine myself to a brief statement of what is meant by the terms, and of the general grounds of the Catholic doctrine in reference to them. This statement will not, of course, bring Protestants to believe what Catholics believe; but it may induce them to recognise in Catholic doctrine more consistency and less unreasonableness than many of them seem hitherto disposed to admit. Those who desire to be fully or accurately informed on the subject—at which I can only venture to glance—must consult those writers, and they are many, who have written upon it with equal ability and research.

In the first place, the *need* we have of a living authority invested with infallibility must appear clear, considering that our faith—which is an undoubted intellectual assent to the dogmas of the Catholic religion on the authority of God revealing—pre-requires a thorough certainty that these particular dogmas have been revealed; and, on the other hand, from the nature of the dogmas and the nature of their revelation, such certainty cannot be had without a divinely guaranteed infallibility recognised in some permanent tribunal existing on earth. There is not question merely of the fact of a Christian Revelation in general; nor of one or two simple and easily intelligible truths; nor of a number of truths clearly written out in some inspired book, in words which exclude all cavil as to their meaning. Whoever is

well acquainted with Catholic dogmas, and will dispassionately consider their number and character—still more, if he take into account, even in outline, the controversies that have successively arisen during eighteen centuries, will see that no such complete body of dogmas could be received, with a perfect certainty of their revelation, unless under the guidance of a living authority believed to be infallible. God has sufficiently revealed the dogmas He would have us believe; but *therefore* sufficiently, because He has given the deposit of faith in charge to an infallible guardian and exponent. Without this the revelation would be obviously imperfect and insufficient for its purpose. This *need* of an infallible authority affords a strong *argument* for its existence. *But our reliance is on positive promises contained in Scripture and Tradition*, and at all times recognised by Catholics—*promises of an assistance that would secure the Church from error.*

When the Church is said to be infallible in teaching, we are to understand that there is question of what is called *the Teaching Church*—namely the Roman Pontiff, and the other Bishops joined in communion with him, whether they be assembled in Council, or dispersed, and residing in their respective dioceses. Catholics have never restricted the Infallibility of the Teaching Church to General Councils.

The Infallibility of the Teaching Church consists in freedom from all danger and possibility of error through the continued assistance and protection of God. This Infallibility is known to us, and at the same time guaranteed, *by the revealed promises of God.*

The Church, before pronouncing on any controversy of Faith or Morals, is bound to use, and always has used, all reasonable diligence in investigating the records of revealed truth. The business of the Church is not to invent dogmas, nor to speak arbitrarily or blindly, but to ascertain, by careful examination, what has really been revealed from the beginning. In this examination she is directed and assisted

by the Holy Ghost, so as not to be allowed to come to a wrong conclusion. Individuals, even many together, sincerely recurring to the same sources, might go widely astray in the results. *Not so the Church—precisely because she is guaranteed against error.*

The Infallibility of the Pope is to be understood in the same sense. The late definition expressly attributes to the Roman Pontiff the same infallibility which all Catholics have at all times attributed to the Church, and by far the greater number have at all times recognised in the Pope. Before the late definition of the Vatican Council, all Catholics were agreed on the Infallibility of the Church, and on the Infallibility of a legitimate General Council—that is, the Bishops in Council with the Pope presiding in person, or by his Legates. This undoubtedly legitimate General Council has pronounced that the Pope by himself is infallible when, in the exercise of his office of Supreme Pastor and Doctor, he propounds any doctrine of Faith or Morals to be held by all. This Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff is of the same nature and extent as that attributed to the whole Teaching Church. It regards the same object, namely, *Faith and Morals.* It regards the same function, *not of making dogmas, but of defining and declaring them*—extracting them, so to speak, out of that deposit of Faith originally entrusted to the Apostles, and proposing them to be received by all the Faithful. This function has no concern with any new revelation subsequent to the Apostolic times, for with these times the whole Christian revelation closed. We may have heard or read of revelations made since then to holy men or women, and many of these are not to be discredited; but they are not the materials of Papal definitions.

The Pope, like the Church, is bound to examine each question thoroughly. He is bound to consult those who are capable of affording him efficient help. No precise mode of investigation has been determined by Divine law; none has been or could be determined by human law. The Popes

have always used an amount of diligence proportioned to the occasion. We must, however, bear in mind that, though such diligence is a matter of strict obligation, and is sure not to be neglected, it is not the source of our certainty concerning the genuineness of the dogmas defined, since this rests, not on human ability, or study, or consultation, *but on the distinct promise of God.*

We may see, from the recital in the Constitution '*Pastor Æternus*,' what care the Popes have ever taken that 'the salutary doctrine of Christ' promulgated among all the nations of the earth 'might be preserved sincere and pure where it had been received'; and what were the limits beyond which the promise of Divine assistance to the successors of St. Peter did not extend :—

'And the Roman Pontiffs, according to the exigence of times and circumstances, sometimes assembling Œcumenical Councils, or asking for the mind of the Church scattered throughout the world, sometimes by particular Synods, sometimes using other helps which Divine Providence supplied, defined as to be held those things which, with the help of God, they had recognised *as conformable with the Sacred Scriptures and Apostolic Traditions.* For the Holy Spirit was *not* promised to the successors of Peter, that under His revelation they might make known *new doctrine;* but that under His assistance *they might scrupulously keep and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith delivered through the Apostles.*'

The most monstrous perversions of the meaning, or scope and pretension of the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility have been put forward, and by writers whose opinions or representations should not have the slightest weight with Catholics, or those who desire to understand what Catholic doctrine on this point really is. From the systematic misrepresentations which have appeared, many persons have been brought to confound the Pope's *infallibility* as Pastor and Doctor of the Church—teaching the Church *ex cathedrâ* —with *personal impeccability.*

The Pope's infallibility, as teacher of the Church, does not protect him from ordinary human weakness. It has nothing to do with his personal moral character, nor even with his personal faith as a Christian. The Popes, though most generally virtuous men, and in very many instances men of exalted sanctity, are not pretended to be, by their office, free from liability to sin. The greatest wickedness, though unlikely in a Pope, and, if it happened, especially revolting on account of his office, would not touch in the least the prerogative of which there is question. This prerogative of infallibility, as Supreme Pastor and Doctor of the Church, is confined to his official acts, and to very few of them.

The words of the definition, though not likely to put an end to cavil and misrepresentation, will satisfy every candid mind as to its meaning, scope, and limit :—

'Therefore We, faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian faith, for the glory of God our Saviour, the exaltation of the Catholic Religion, and the salvation of Christian people, with the approbation of the Sacred Council, teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed ; that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, that is, *when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians, by virtue of his Supreme Apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding faith and morals to be held by the Universal Church*, by the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, enjoys that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer wished that His Church be provided for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals ; and that therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church.'

Archbishop Spaulding, in his Pastoral Letter, written in Rome on the day after the definition of the dogma, before explaining what Infallibility is, shows what it is not :—

It is not impeccability or immunity from sin. The Pope

regularly confesses his sins to the priest of Christ, like all other good Christians, and by the divine law he is bound to do so as much as any other. Every day, before ascending the holy altar, he proclaims himself a sinner before God, before saints, angels, and men, and he thrice strikes his breast, saying '*mea culpa*'—'through my fault, through my fault, through my exceeding great fault.' He makes the offertory for 'his innumerable sins, offences, and negligences,' and before the communion he again strikes his breast thrice, uttering the words of the centurion: 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof.' He spends whole hours every day in prayer for himself and for the whole flock of Christ divinely committed to his care, with a deep feeling of the fearful responsibility resting upon him to answer before the Great Shepherd, whose Vicar he is, for their salvation.

The marked distinction between infallibility and impeccability—between authority to pronounce unerringly and liability to human weakness—may be imperfectly illustrated from the case of judges in the civil order. Judges are not, indeed, looked upon as actually infallible, but their decisions are treated as conclusive, are regarded with respect, and generally presumed to be correct, without reference to the moral character of the men who pronounce them. Nothing can be more false than to attribute the assumption of impeccability to the Popes, or more absurd than to confound infallibility, when teaching *ex cathedrâ*, with freedom from personal liability to sin. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, sums up the question in one vigorous sentence. 'It was as absurd,' says the Bishop, 'to argue that the Pope was sinless, or always infallible, as it would be to say that a judge making an after-dinner speech, was laying down the law of the land, or that the Queen, when she addressed a subject in a private capacity, was making laws for the realm.'

From the manner in which the proposition of the Pope's infallibility, as Supreme Pastor and Teacher, was received

in certain quarters, it might be supposed that it involved some strange novelty—some fantastical absurdity, invented in a spirit of sycophancy or servile adulation; whereas it has been in all ages the belief of the Church—not the less strong or universal for its not having been reduced to the form of a dogmatic definition. Rome has ever been regarded as the centre of unity, the seat of authority, the court of final appeal in all matters of controversy; and whenever Rome has spoken, her decision has been received with submission by those who professed to belong to her communion. '*Rome has spoken; the cause is decided!*' says St. Augustine. The Catholic world has ever admitted that the Church was divinely constituted—that it was built by God on the Rock of Peter—that the Popes were the legitimate successors of the Prince of the Apostles—that the authority given to Peter to teach, and the promise that that teaching would be infallibly true, were given to the *successors* of Peter as to Peter himself; for how otherwise could the Church, which was to endure beyond the time of Peter—which was to exist unto the end of the world—be guarded from error, and its unity of faith preserved? 'No unity of the Church,' said St. Thomas, 'without unity of faith; . . . but no unity of faith without a supreme head.'

Catholic writers might be multiplied *ad infinitum* to prove that this doctrine has been held in all ages of the Church; but we may learn from the admissions of Protestant writers how fully they recognise the importance of a supreme teaching authority in the Church—an authority recognised as *infallible*, and obeyed as being so; and how essential it is, not merely to the government of the Church, but to the preservation of the purity and oneness of faith and doctrine, that such an authority should exist, and should be implicitly deferred to.

'God,' says Calvin, 'has placed the throne of His religion in the centre of the world, and has there established

one Pontiff, towards whom all are obliged to turn their eyes, in order to maintain themselves more strongly in unity.' [1]

Grotius, another Protestant authority, declares that, '*without the Primacy of the Pope, there would no longer be any means of putting an end to disputes, and of determining points of faith.*' [2]

Casaubon, another Protestant writer, acknowledges that in the eyes of every man well informed in ecclesiastical history, *the Pope was the instrument God made use of to preserve the deposit of faith in all its integrity during so many ages.* [3]

Another Protestant authority of eminence, Puffendorf (*De Monarch. Pont. Rom.*), says—'It is not allowed to doubt that the government of the Church is monarchical, and necessarily monarchical, democracy and aristocracy being excluded by the very nature of things, as absolutely incapable of maintaining order and unity amidst the agitation of minds and the fury of parties. . . . The suppression of the authority of the Pope has thrown into the world innumerable seeds of discord; for, there being no longer sovereign authority to terminate the disputes which arose on all hands, *the Protestants* (*Protestantes*) *were seen divided amongst themselves, and tearing their hearts with their own hands.*'

All Catholics freely maintain *the Supremacy of the Pope.* But of what advantage would the supremacy of a fallible head—of a head liable to err as a teacher—be to the Church? Were the head of the Church fallible when teaching, the Church that received his teaching—as the Church has ever received the teaching of the Supreme Pontiff—would not be the true, but a fallible Church.

[1] *Calv. Inst.* vi. Sect. 11.

[2] Grotius, *Votum pro pace Eccles.*, Art. VII. Oper. tom. iv. Bâle, 1731, p. 658.

[3] *Casaubon*, Exerc. XV. in Annal. Bar.

If (says a writer of great ability and clearness[1]) the Pope is fallible in his dogmatic definitions, the profession of faith in the Church rests on a frail foundation: her unity is liable to be broken, and she is devoid of that perfect oneness which Christ established in her after the pattern of the Holy Trinity. A Pontiff subject to fall into error cannot be the divinely-appointed centre of Catholic unity. It is impossible to admit the doctrine of Papal Supremacy as it is admitted by all Catholics, and at the same time reject the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. The logical bond between these dogmas is close, and the two cannot be severed.

The unity with which Christ endows His Church (says the same writer) consists partly in the perfect oneness of faith made by all her members; and a central authority which could by possibility err in definitions of faith, would be powerless to secure such oneness of external profession—this oneness must be based on the absolute infallible truth of the doctrines proposed. It follows, therefore, that the Infallibility of the Pope in his dogmatic definitions is necessarily implied in the very constitution of the Church.

He adds:—

Every single passage in the Gospels in which reference is made to the primacy of St. Peter implies also his infallibility and that of his successors; the same doctrine is taught in the works of the Fathers, and in all the records of the faith and practice of the Church in every age.

'It is the undoubted right of the Pope,' said the late Archbishop of Baltimore, the learned Francis Patrick Kenrick, 'to pronounce judgments in controversies of faith. All doctrinal definitions already made by General Councils, or by former Pontiffs, are landmarks which no man can remove; *but as the human mind may assail revelation in endless varieties of form, there must be always in the Church an authority whereby error, under every new aspect, may be effectually condemned.*'

[1] Rev. Paul Bottala, S.J.; in his work, *The Pope and the Church*, Part II. The Infallibility of the Pope. London: Burns, Oates & Co., 1870.

The necessity of an authority to whom immediate appeal may be made in case of emergency, is the more manifest from the difficulty, oftentimes the impossibility, of assembling a Council. 'General Councils,' says De Maistre, 'are attended with so much inconvenience, that it cannot have entered into the designs of Providence to confine to them the government of the Church.'

Need we go far to seek for a practical illustration of this difficulty? We have it in the extraordinary events occurring during the sitting of the Council of the Vatican. Three days before the definition of the dogma, War was formally declared by France against Prussia; on September 2, the Emperor surrendered himself prisoner to its King; and on the 20th of the same month, General Cadorna, backed by an army of 60,000 Italian troops, took forcible possession of Rome, after submitting to a terrific storm of shot and shell. Here is a violent disturbance of the Council; which is not likely to resume its sittings under existing circumstances. In fact, the Holy Father has formally suspended it in consequence of the crime referred to. The war between France and Prussia would of itself have been a sufficient cause of interruption; but the lawless attack on the Eternal City, and its forcible occupation by Victor Emanuel, rendered its freedom impossible. Therefore, until this state of affairs is materially altered, and the Holy See is restored to the independence which it enjoyed previous to the unprovoked invasion of the Papal States by the King of Italy, there can be no resumption of its sittings in St. Peter's. But these events speak with a voice of thunder in support of those who resisted the plea of non-opportuneness. In the face of these terrible events the definition of the Dogma looms out into the grandeur of what men rightly regard as Providential.

Now as regards what really was the main question at issue, which is best expressed in its own term—

Opportuneness.

It must be distinctly understood that the opposition to the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility was based upon its alleged inopportuneness. The Archbishop of Tuam placed this important fact before his flock in the simplest and most intelligible manner. 'All the Bishops at the Council,' said he, 'believed in an executive infallibility in the Church; but the question *entirely was* whether the definition of the doctrine of "infallibility" might not be an obstacle to the entrance of many into the bosom of the true Church, or be the cause of estranging others who were already within the true fold.'

In his letters, published previously to the meeting of the Council, the Bishop of Orleans rested his opposition to the introduction of the question on similar grounds.

In fact (said a distinguished member of the English Hierarchy to the writer) there could not be found five men of the entire number that obeyed the summons of the Holy Father who would have voted against the *truth* of the doctrine. The ground of opposition was as to its opportuneness—or as to the mode of defining it, or its wording, or its conditions; so much so, that on the last day the Opposition sent to the Pope requesting the insertion of a single phrase, with which they declared they would be satisfied. But it was impossible that their request could be complied with, as it would have compelled the Pope to consult the Bishops; and the Pope, in his capacity of Universal Teacher, must be left free to adopt such human means of enlightenment as his conscience and judgment dictate.

The Archbishop of New York refers to the grounds of the opposition, and exhibits the absolute necessity of the definition. He says :—

I may say, as far as my own knowledge extends, I really do not know of a single Bishop of the Vatican Council who was willing to or did boldly deny the *truth* of the doctrine. They

might not have wished, for prudential reasons, or for other reasons, that it should come before the world as a dogma of the Catholic faith; but the agitations that arose, whether through the fault of one or of another, the disturbances of Catholic conscience, the doubts which began to arise in the minds of many who had never doubted before, rendered it imperative that the Church should speak boldly, in a manner intelligible to all, that consciences might be tranquillised, that men should know without doubt what was the teaching of the Church.

This question of opportuneness is one that can be appreciated by laymen, as there is nothing in it that could be considered abstruse, or difficult of comprehension; and therefore we may without presumption enquire—was the present the opportune moment for the decision, or was it not?

It must be remembered that the last sitting of the Council of Trent was in 1563, and that no Council met from that date until the 8th of December, 1869—a period of more than three centuries. It must also be remembered that not more than nineteen Councils have been held since the keys of His Church were entrusted by the Lord to St. Peter. This gives an average of one Council to each century. When the next Council may be called, it would be impossible to say, and even absurd to conjecture. The period may be as long as that between the Council of Trent and the Council of the Vatican. It may be three hundred years, it may be one hundred years, or it may not exceed fifty years.

Let us suppose that a Council is certain to be assembled fifty years hence; and let us then consider whether it would have been wise or safe—safe for the peace of the Church—safe to Catholic conscience—that the present opportunity should have been passed over without the authoritative and binding settlement of a controversy which had been raised, and which of late had been revived with no little heat and acrimony on the part of a particular school? Would it be well that the fortunate occasion of the assembling of the

Fathers of the Church in the Council of the Vatican was not availed of to strengthen the authority of the Supreme Pontiff against the promptings of intellectual pride and the restlessness of human vanity? Were the occasion passed over, and this question of the Pope's Infallibility, as Supreme Teacher of the Church, left to be tossed between mere professors and sophists, who possibly might think more of their school and their individual fame than of the Church, or to dignitaries liable to influences not always free from danger, the risk to the Peace of the Church would have been great and manifest. Were the question left undecided, or without that formal definition and promulgation which render it henceforward binding upon conscience, it might be said by those who, from any motive or cause—intellectual pride, moral perverseness, impatience of authority, or some merely human reason—refused to submit to the decision of the Pope,—'You had the opportunity of bringing this question of Papal Infallibility to an issue, and you did not do so—for what reason you are well aware. You know you did not dare to submit it to the decision of the Fathers of the Council of the Vatican; you were conscious of the weakness of your case, and the inevitable nature of the result. Now, inasmuch as you did not, when you had the opportunity of doing so, submit the question to an authoritative decision, we are not bound to believe it; and we may do so, or not do so, just as we please.'

Controversies of the most perilous nature might be indulged in—errors might be propounded, heresies broached, the public mind distracted, divisions created, the faithful alarmed and disheartened; and in the midst of all this danger and scandal, originating perhaps in the restlessness of vanity or the spirit of rebellion, the sublime voice that, previous to the Council of the Vatican, so often reproved error, put an end to doubt, allayed alarm, brought peace and consolation to the Catholic world—that voice, once all-powerful for good, would, in the case we suppose, be insuffi-

cient to produce the same salutary result. One can imagine some stiff-necked professor, whose pride had been swollen by the applause of his pupils, and the interested adulation of a press that encourages discontent and rebellion in the spirit and with the intent of a Mephistopheles, saying—'The Pope is not infallible as the Teacher of the Universal Church. If he were the Council of the Vatican would have decided so in the form of a dogmatic definition binding on Catholic belief; therefore, as it did not, I am entitled to teach what I think right. If I am wrong, I will wait for a Council to prove that I am so; then I will submit—not till then.'

Had there been no Council of the Vatican, in that case things might have gone on—must have gone on—as hitherto; but once that the Council had assembled, it was essential to the future peace of the Church that this question should have been authoritatively set at rest by a formal and conclusive definition.

The passage preceding the definition itself is emphatic as to its necessity—in other words, its opportuneness :—

'But since in this very age, in which the salutary efficacy of the Apostolic office is even most of all required, not a few are found who take away from its authority, We judge it altogether necessary solemnly to assert the prerogative which the only-begotten Son of God vouchsafed to join with the Supreme pastoral office.'

When and in what manner the Pope addresses the Church as Universal Teacher, we may learn from a competent authority :—

When we say that the Pope has spoken *ex cathedrâ*, we mean that he has really spoken in his capacity of Universal Doctor and Teacher of the Church, divinely appointed to guide and confirm it in the path of faith. When the Roman Pontiff resolves to grant to the Church some particular rule of faith or morals, it is necessary that the knowledge of his intention should be conveyed into the mind of the faithful by some of those

signs, which may suffice to make the inward intention known. There are certain solemn formulæ, which are never employed in any Papal utterance except in cases when the Pontiff intends to speak *ex cathedrâ*. When, therefore, he uses these forms, no doubt can exist that he exercises his infallible ministry of Universal Teacher..... It is indifferent whether the Pope, speaking in his capacity of Universal Teacher, uses the medium of Bull, or Encyclical, or Constitution.[1]

A very grave misconception, as to the authority with which the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility would invest the Popes, appears to have been seriously entertained by two eminent American Prelates, the Archbishops of St. Louis and Cincinnati, both of whom are natives of Ireland. This misconception is clearly, and in our judgment conclusively, refuted by another Irishman, the learned Bishop of Galway, who, when addressing his flock, after his return from Rome, on the subject of the Council and the Dogma, referred to an objection urged by these Prelates against its definition :—

'They alleged' (says the Bishop of Galway) 'in a joint pamphlet, as an argument against the Definition, the supposed Bull of Adrian IV., purporting to hand over our nation to Henry II. of England. If, said they, you define the Infallibility, you have the entire Irish race, naturally so attached to their nationality, up in arms against you, and they will reject the dogma, which would imply that Adrian was right in this unjust cause of proceeding. But in the first place, these good Prelates should first be certain that any such Bull was *ever* issued by Adrian. *I have made every possible search to satisfy myself on this point, and I could find no single record of it in the several Papal Constitutions. I regard it as far more probable that the whole affair was concocted this side of the Alps. The extant copies of the alleged Bull contain not a single word about transferring Ireland to Henry or anyone else.* But supposing that Adrian did actually transfer Ireland to Henry, what has that to do with the Infallibility as defined by the Council of the Vatican?

[1] Rev. Paul Bottala, S.J.—*The Pope and the Church*, Part II.

What definition of faith or doctrine *ex cathedrâ* would such conduct involve? Had Adrian done so, we cheerfully admit he would have done what was very wrong. But we have no idea of maintaining his *impeccability* on this or any other point. No Roman Pontiff ever claimed such a privilege.'

Premising that one of the Prelates referred to—the Archbishop of Cincinnati—made solemn proclamation, on the 21st of August, in the midst of his flock, of his adhesion to the dogma of Papal Infallibility, we may again remark that the Pope's Infallibility *is strictly limited to his function as Universal Pastor and Doctor of the Church, and to the act of teaching or defining some question with respect to Faith and Morals.* In all other capacities, and at all other times, the Pope is liable to error—is not, because of his office of Supreme Pontiff, either impeccable in conduct or unerring in judgment. As a logician, he may be unsound ; as a politician, he may be rash and foolish ; in the ordinary affairs of life he may blunder and go wrong ; as a man, he is not free from sin. Therefore any act done by the Pope in his purely personal or political character, or in any other way, or at any other time, than when addressing the Universal Church from the Chair of Peter, has no more force or obligation on Catholic conscience, than has the act of any other individual, whether subject or sovereign. And, therefore, any deed or document, call it Bull or Rescript, by which a Pope attempted to make over one country to another—as in the apocryphal instance referred to—would be not only as valueless as waste paper, but would be the subject of universal derision. Within the limits of the definition, the Infallibility of the Pope is now a dogma of Catholic Faith ; but beyond that limit no Catholic believes it to exist.

A passage from the Pastoral Letter of the learned and venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, whom I have previously quoted, is explicit upon this point :—

Infallibility does not attach to the Pope as a private person, nor as a temporal sovereign, nor as a private doctor writing or

stating his own theological opinions; nor even as Pope delivering decisions in particular judicial cases depending for their merits on the testimony of men, much less in the words and acts of his ordinary life, outside the spiritual domain of faith and morals, of Church discipline and government.

It is necessary to make some reference to the nature of the voting in the Council; but in doing so, it should be clearly borne in mind *that the issue was not as to the truth of the doctrine, but as to the expediency or opportuneness of pushing it to a formal decision.*

The final vote in the Public Session of the 18th of July, 1870, was thus recorded: *Placets*, 533; *Non placets*, 2. But the moment the vote was confirmed by the Pope, these two *Non placets* gave in their unreserved adhesion to the dogma. Of the 88 who had voted *Non placet* on the 13th, 22 voted *Placet* in the Public Session of the 18th. There were then but 66 Fathers who, though still in Rome on the 18th, were not present at the Hall of Council on that day. The Minority, or Opposition, contented themselves with recording their protest; but this was signed only by 55.

We thus have 533 actually voting for the definition; but besides those who directly voted for it, as many as 120, who, from various causes—illness, some pressing home emergency, or the spiritual or temporal necessities of their dioceses—had left Rome before the Public Session, announced their intention of voting with the *Placets*. Therefore the total number of the actual members of the Council in favour of the definition was 655. This, however, did not represent the full strength of the Infallibilists; for a considerable number of Bishops could not possibly have left their sees to attend the Council; and these, or the great majority of them, availed themselves of the very earliest opportunity of declaring their entire concurrence either with the proposition itself, or with the solemn vote of the 18th. It is thus clear that the overwhelming voice of the Church has pronounced not only in

favour of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, but also as to its opportuneness.

It may be remarked that of 160 English-speaking Bishops, not more than 14 were opposed to the definition; and these English-speaking Bishops represent what must be admitted to be the freest and most thoroughly independent of the various branches of the Universal Church. They have no connection whatever with the State, and they literally know nothing of Royal Courts and Grand Chamberlains. Then, on the other hand, the far greater number of the French Bishops were opposed to the Gallican tendencies of the French minority; and these Prelates boldly sustained the ancient doctrine of the Church in the face of a Concordat, State Endowment, and influences of a formidable nature. Malines, Geneva, London—these cities sent to the Council the strongest advocates of the definition; and who will say that the gifted men who wear the mitres of those sees are not amongst the most independent of the Catholic Hierarchy?

Some misunderstanding having arisen as to the binding force of the dogma, without a further proclamation than that of the Council of the Vatican, the following letter was addressed by Cardinal Antonelli to the Nuncio at the Court of Brussels:

Most Illustrious and Right Reverend Lord,—It had come to the knowledge of the Holy See that some Catholics, and perhaps even one or two Bishops, imagine that the Apostolic Constitution proclaimed at the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, in its Session of the 18th July last, is not binding so long as it is not solemnly published by an additional act of the Holy See. No one can surely fail to understand how strange such a proposition as this is. The Constitution in question was promulgated in the most solemn manner in which it could be when the Holy Father solemnly confirmed it, and promulgated it, in the Vatican Basilica in the presence of more than five hundred Bishops. Besides this, it was posted up with the usual formalities in the places where such publications are usually made at

Rome, although that proceeding was not needed in a case like the present. Consequently, and in accordance with a well-known rule, this Constitution has become obligatory upon the entire Catholic world, and there is no need of its being notified by any other promulgation whatsoever.

I have thought it my duty to address these brief observations to your Lordship in order that they may serve for your guidance in case of any doubt arising in any quarter upon this subject.

(Signed) J. CARD. ANTONELLI.

Rome, August 11, 1870.

And now a concluding word. It was thought by those who could not, or who would not, understand the question really at issue, that certain of the leaders of the Opposition would have obstinately refused their assent to the dogma, and that a grievous scandal and fatal schism would of necessity follow therefrom. But, much to the disgust of those who looked for a result so agreeable to their own wishes, they read in the public journals the open, noonday declarations made by these prelates of their adhesion and belief. Some few hair-splitting professors, vain of their subtlety of intellect, or ambitious of worldly distinction, may, no doubt, seek to disturb the Catholic mind by their miserable quibbles and vain contentions; but the majestic voice of the Church will drown their puny utterances; and the vigilance and authority of its Pastors will preserve the Faithful from the pernicious influence of these and other false teachers.

By a Bull, dated the 20th of October, 1870, the Holy Father suspended the Council, for the manifest reasons therein recited. After stating that four salutary and opportune Constitutions, touching matters of faith, had been established and promulgated by him, with the approval of the same Holy Council; and that he had expected that other questions, also regarding faith and ecclesiastical discipline, and which were examined by the Fathers, would have

proceeded favourably, and ultimately arrived at a satisfactory conclusion—the Holy Father thus proceeds :—

The sacrilegious invasion of this august city, however, of our Holy See, and of the rest of the provinces constituting our Temporal domain, by which the unshaken rights of our civil Sovereignty and of the Apostolic See have been violated, contrary to all law, and with the most incredible perfidy and audacity, has now placed us in so grievous a condition that we find ourselves at present, God permitting in His inscrutable counsel, constituted under the dominion and in the power of the enemy.

Considering which lamentable state of things, finding ourselves impeded in divers ways in the exercise of the supreme authority divinely conferred upon us, and knowing, moreover, that these same Fathers of the Vatican Council could not, considering the present condition of affairs, have the liberty, security, and tranquillity necessary for them to continue treating together with us the business of the Holy Church; and that the requirements of the true believers do not allow of so many pastors absenting themselves from their flocks amid the dire calamities known to all under which Europe is suffering; considering all these things, we, seeing with profound tribulation of spirit that affairs have arrived at such a pass that it would be impossible for the Œcumenical Council to proceed for the present, after due reflection, with full Apostolic authority, by the tenour of the present Circular, do suspend the same until some more convenient and appropriate time, to be assigned by this Apostolic See, praying God, the author and defender of His Church, when all impediments shall have been finally removed, to restore to His faithful bride, as soon as possible, liberty and peace. Moreover, as the greater and more serious the perils and calamities are by which the Church is assailed, the more it is necessary to be vigilant in prayer and communion with God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of Mercy and of all Consolation, we desire and command that these things which we have established and ordained in our Apostolic briefs of the 11th of April, 1869, by which we have yielded plenary indulgence in the form of jubilee to all true believers on occasion of the Œcumenical Council, may remain in vigour and firmness

according to the manner and ritual prescribed in these same letters as if the Council were still continuing.

The Pope then ordains the placarding of the document itself, or copies of it, on the doors of the great basilicas. The Bull concludes with the usual formula—'Given at Rome, October 20, 1870, at St. Peter's, under the Seal of the Fisherman, in the 25th year of our Pontificate.

And because this document was permitted to appear on the doors of the churches specified, 'therefore,' said the authors and abettors of the infamous act of the 20th of September, 'how false it is of those'—the Pope of course included—'who say the Holy Father does not enjoy complete liberty and independence! Why here, in the publication of this Bull, we have the most conclusive proof of the liberty and independence which they assert does not exist, but which he in reality enjoys.'

Yes; but, notwithstanding this boasted freedom of action, there is the Bull itself, by which Pius the Ninth proclaims that the Fathers of the Vatican Council '*could not, considering the present condition of affairs, have the liberty, security, and tranquillity necessary for them to continue treating together with us business of the Holy Church.*' *And that he himself is under the dominion and in the power of the enemy.*'

As fast as steam and electricity could convey intelligence of its publication, this Bull was made known throughout the world; and from tens of thousands of altars the Faithful were told why the Pope was compelled to suspend the Council of the Vatican.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROME AND ITS RULER.

Rome after 1870.—The Pope confined to the Vatican.—The Law of Guarantees.—'Peter's Pence.'—Commemorations.—Pilgrimages. Real Public Opinion in Rome.—The Buzurri.—A Capital Mistake.

Of all the more recent policy of the Holy See, represented by the great Pope Pius IX. there is perhaps no single trait which has more irritated and confounded the enemies of the Church, than the persistent refusal of the Pontiff to leave his palace at the invitation of the invaders of Rome. The public press of the revolution, both in Italy and everywhere else, has exhausted itself in every form of invective, irony, and ridicule, on this theme. At one moment we were told that the Pope was a timid old man, broken by age and misfortune, not daring to resist the imperious dictation of his secretary of state, and that though he knew full well he had nothing to fear in the streets of Rome, he could not stand the violence of his ultramontane surroundings, who overawed him and kept him at home. In the next breath he is represented as utterly rejecting all the wise counsels of his best friends, and with the stubborn inflexible resolution of a Hildebrand, ruining his cause by the obstinacy of a hopeless resistance. How often has that kind friend to the Papacy, the editor of the *Times*, for instance, demonstrated, at least to his own satisfaction, that the Pope is his own sole and worst enemy, and would find all and more than all his needs and wishes fulfilled, if only falling down he would

worshipfully recognise the best of governments and embrace the most admirable king Victor Emanuel. Now we are let into the most secret counsels of the Vatican and told exactly what each Cardinal thinks of the Pope's senile obstinacy, and at another time we learn from these veracious writers what the Pope thinks of them and how he yields to their wishes against his own convictions and principles. The true solution of the Pope's attitude is (though it may seem strange even to some Catholics who read the newspapers, not as wise men do, to note the wishes and designs of our enemies, but to believe their assertions and to imbibe at least some of their false principles) what he himself has so repeatedly said, viz. that there is no middle state possible for the Vicar of Christ on earth. Either he must be an independent person or he must be a dependent of someone else. If the Pope accepted the offers of the Italian *de facto* government, and even if that government kept to its pledged word (which as we have seen it never has done yet), he would simply be placing himself in a state of dependence on it. It is, as all admit, a simple fact that the Pope hears from time to time the shouts of 'death to the Pope' under the walls of his palace; that if he could see so far, he might at any time since September 1870 see indecent and blasphemous pictures, publications, public shows, and processions in the streets of his city; that he might hear in the chamber of deputies his authority, his rights, his very person, assailed with ridicule and contempt; and that if he were to go out in the accustomed state of his position, street riots and bloodshed would most certainly ensue. But all this, true as it is and sufficient to make his captivity not a mere moral restraint but a real bodily confinement within his own palace and its dependencies, is after all of inferior moment when compared with the principle involved in his refusal to recognise the invaders of Rome by accepting honour or security at their hands. It was even, as all know, a question with the Holy Father and his advisers whether he could go so far as to

receive the negative protection of being unmolested in his own house by remaining in Rome: he decided for the sake of others, not for his own sake, that he would remain. The invaders have not *dared* to force their way into the Vatican, and by his presence in Rome the Pope has saved many churches and institutions which would certainly have been confiscated but for this. Moreover, the principle at stake is twofold: there is the principle of the Pope's independence from any earthly sovereignty, and there is the principle of his guardianship of the Church's patrimony. The Pope, if he recognised the Italian government, would sacrifice both these principles. Ignorant and fanatical writers represent this as a trait of obstinacy or of self-interest: but men of honour and of sense can understand that just as a minister of state or a private trustee cannot surrender the rights of his official position, or the property of others confided to his keeping, so neither can the Pope give up his necessary independence or the states and dominions of the Church confided to him, at the bidding either of mobs or of governments, call them by what name you will. Moreover, in this case the natural rights which are at stake *run up* into a religious doctrine. The Holy Scriptures and the doctrine of the Church teach that the Church of Christ is not an invisible, purely spiritual corporation, made up only of the unknown, and to human eyes undiscernible, elect, but a visible 'city set upon a hill,' containing a visible organisation, such as to challenge the notice of mankind by the extraordinary marks which God has set upon it for this very end; so that those who reject it are doing so at their own manifold risk and peril, for which they will have to give account when they die. The false doctrine of heretics, such as the Catharists, Montanists, &c., of primitive, or the Lollards and Anabaptists, of mediæval, or the Methodists and ordinary Protestant sects of modern, times, is, that the Church is invisible, and hence can have no organised being, no rights and no prerogatives. When the Pope, therefore, stands up for the

independence of his dominion at Rome, he is asserting by implication the Catholic, and resisting the heretical, doctrine; which latter carries with it the severance of religion from all earthly concerns, and the making it consist in an invisible philosophy and sentiment without hold on man as what he is —a member of the whole human family,—and only controlling him within the invisible limits of a supposed isolated being which he never is nor can be. The attack on the civil power of the Pope is therefore in principle the same as the attack on the visible authority of the Church in any other part of its organisation: such as the attack on the Christian family tie by substituting a mere civil contract for the indissoluble sacrament of marriage, or on the faith of the young by putting the education of the poor in the hands of the State to the exclusion of religion. All this is equally at stake in the question of the Pope's refusal to acknowledge the famous law of guarantees. By the provisions of this law, the Piedmontese government professed to provide for the Pope's needs by an endowment of three million francs (120,000*l.*) per annum, and to secure him safety and respect by decreeing to him the inviolability of his person and the public honours paid to a sovereign. Putting aside the fact that such a law, made by a parliamentary majority, might be unmade by another parliament at any moment, the Pope's answer to this offer was, and will always be in effect: 'I ask nothing of you, because I recognise in you no right to give what never belonged to you; and neither is the money which you vote yours to vote, nor are the honours you decree yours to bestow: the one is the fruit of a sacrilegious invasion of my dominions, the other is God's gift to His Vicar which no man can give or take away.' The event showed how rightly Pius IX. had judged, for the very rage of his opponents testifies to their sense of defeat.[1]

[1] The Pope saw what we all see now, that no lapse of time could alter the state of things, if he gave in to the claim of the government that he should hold his civil rights under the broad seal of their new

The situation of the Holy See when it was deprived at first of its most fertile and productive provinces, and then of Rome itself and of every vestige of civil dominion, seemed a most critical one; and not the least important aspect of the question was that of finance. The government of the Universal Church throughout the globe finds its centre in Rome; and the numerous and important functionaries who administer it, from the Sacred College of Cardinals down to the clerks in the various departments where this huge system of business is carried on, have to be maintained. The Spirit of the Church has been for ages to render the services of her great public officers as little burthensome as possible to the faithful; and moderately, or, as we in this country would say, shabbily; as the Cardinals, Prelates, and other officers of the Papal tribunals and offices are paid, their salaries absorbed a great part of the revenue which the Pope set apart for their civil list. Deprived by invasion and robbing of this revenue, the Pope appealed to the whole Catholic world for the time-honoured tribute of 'Peter's pence,' as our forefathers called the voluntary subsidy which they paid to the Successor of the Prince of the Apostles. It was a venture of faith, and it was abundantly successful. As soon as the needs of the Holy See were known, every land and every diocese hastened to pour its offerings, not once, but yearly or more often, into the Apostolic treasury. Gold and silver, the jewels of the high and noble and the precious mite of the poor widow, came to supply every need, and the press, which had prophesied failure and striven to conceal and deny success, was fain to attempt to discourage the generosity of the Catholic world by exaggerating that which they could no longer disregard. They gave out that

kingdom. It was not a question of fact, but a question of principle; and however specious the promises made, however well they might be kept even, the Pope could not allow himself to depend on them without surrender of rights, which his oaths as well as his convictions command him to maintain.

the Pope was becoming too rich and would not receive any further contributions. Though this manœuvre was but a new form of deceit, it is true that, while the invaders and robbers of church goods were struggling from deficit to deficit, and deluging the country with paper currency depreciated to half its nominal value, the Holy Father was able to meet all the expenses of the administration without difficulty, and even to invest money for the permanent endowment of the Holy See. While his hand was ever open to support those who had suffered and been impoverished by their fidelity to his cause, the careful wisdom of his secretary of state, and his own frugality and simplicity in his household expenditure, kept him a rich sovereign as compared with the prince who dethroned and despoiled him.

The revival of Peter's pence was, moreover, a most puissant element in the extraordinary development of personal interest and attachment to the Holy See, which is one of the glories of Pope Pius IX.'s Pontificate. People usually feel a deeper interest in that for which they make some sacrifice, and value it in proportion to the stake; they thus acquire with the habit of giving for the support of the Holy See a growing devotion and sense of personal relation to its occupant which more than repays them for their self-denial in giving, as the vast majority do, out of their poverty for the most sacred and most invincible of causes. Similarly, the extraordinary protraction of this great Pope's reign was made the means, by Divine Providence, of stimulating the interest and religious sentiment of the whole Catholic world by the recurrence of several great and striking commemorations of events which had either never, or but rarely, occurred to a reigning Pope before. The unprecedented survival of the Pope, who, first of all his two hundred and sixty-one predecessors, sat in Peter's Chair for more than twenty-five years[1]—the fiftieth year from his ordination,[2] the fiftieth year from his consecration as bishop[3]

[1] 1871. [2] 1869. [3] 1877.

* * * were of this order. No diocese, probably, one may say no city or town, and even no village, in all Catholic Christendom, but celebrated these anniversaries with all the religious customs and ceremonies which circumstances admitted, and made them the glad occasion for sending numerous and influential deputations, or at least, dutiful and loving addresses, and rich gifts, to their beloved and revered Spiritual Father. Bishops and dignitaries, thousands of priests, and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of laity, streamed, and will continue to stream, to Rome on these and such like occasions. In vain did the newspapers try to conceal or to diminish the significance of this great movement. If the pilgrims were noble or wealthy, it was said that the people of Catholic countries were indifferent and irreligious; if, on the other hand, large numbers of the working classes came to Rome, we were told that their adhesion to the Pope was a contemptible exhibition of ignorant fanaticism. But meanwhile the cause of the Pope and of his temporal power was daily and yearly becoming more sacred and more intimate to the hearts and consciences of the faithful; and the direct result is a greater, more widespread, and more intense union among all Catholics, so that the ardent hopes of a schism, whether in Italy or in Germany, which had been cherished by apostates, and fermented by the civil powers, were entirely frustrated.

Another great feature of these years of the Pope's captivity in his own city was the revival of pilgrimages. The noble French nation, always in the van of every Christian movement, took the lead in responding to the known wish of the Holy Father, that this most moving, most national, and most Catholic form of devotion should be revived. The whole of France, then under the weight of an almost unprecedented disaster (the war with Prussia), and bleeding at so many gaping wounds, took up with religious ardour this revived practice, and streamed to every well-known shrine and sanctuary throughout that fair Catholic land. England,

Germany, Italy, Spain, all Europe, awoke to the call of the Pope, and made the whole air vocal with their chants and litanies by sea and land. Attempts were made by the organs of the revolution, and by the governments created or dominated by it, to check these pilgrimages, and to represent them as an artificially stimulated movement, got up for political ends by those inscrutable agents, 'the Jesuits,' or the 'ultramontanes,' or 'the Vatican,' just as, in sober fact, are the 'popular movements,' the plebiscites, and the rest of the revolutionary machinery by which kingdoms and kings are made and unmade nowadays.

But the truth (which the world neither will nor can take account of) requires no great research to find out. These pilgrimages, like all the other expressions of Catholic devotion, are simply the outcome of Catholic doctrines. We believe that Christ established a Divine Kingdom, of which He is the invisible Head and the Pope the visible Vicegerent; He the invisible and the Pope the visible Rock and immovable Foundation on which alone any man's salvation can be securely built; He the Word of Infallible Truth and the Pope the mouthpiece of the same—infallible, not because he is a man, but because he has the divine promise and charge to 'confirm' all his brethren and to 'feed' His whole flock with divine truth, binding and loosing their souls and consciences on earth as his Lord does in heaven. To such a faith as ours the voice of the Pope never speaks without response. We leave to theologians to define *when* he speaks as Infallible Teacher of the Universal Church and when he does not so speak: by the popular and general mind of Catholics no word of his can be heard with indifference, whether it be a word of doctrine, and expressly declared by him to be uttered as the universal and infallible Doctor, or merely as the expression of his own individual opinion or wish. In the one case we receive it as the oracle of God, in the other as the mind of Christ's Viceroy. In the one case we know that to reject it is to cease to be a member of

the Body of Christ; in the other not so, but yet to be undutiful and unlike to the true children of the Kingdom. The pilgrimages, or deputations by way of pilgrimage, which have now for seven years never intermitted in their attendance on the Pope, are, moreover, a constant protest on the part of the whole Church against the false doctrine of these latter years as to the teaching authority of the Church. When Luther and the other heresiarchs of the sixteenth century began their schisms, they one and all felt that the only doctrine which for a moment could justify them, was the doctrine that the whole Church of God had fallen from the truth and become anti-Christian, and, by consequence, that its Head, the Pope, was himself the abiding Antichrist. Such a monstrous and unreasonable position could not, of course, be maintained for any time, nor at all, except by the passion of fanatics and by politicians using them for their own ends. It therefore soon became necessary to invent a new and more plausible theory for the new religion to rest upon. This theory is what is sometimes called the historic theory, and it consists in interpreting the past history of the Church so as to suit the new doctrines, and citing the very formulas and decisions of Councils and Popes in past ages against those of the present time. Instead of quoting Scripture to prove that the Church has erred, and must err, or to prove that Christ is not God, the writers of this country and of other Protestant lands now began to quote ecclesiastical history and the decrees of General Councils to show that the Church does not know what her own mind was in the past, and therefore is not to be trusted now. Thus the Protestant authors of the seventeenth century in England and the schismatics of Germany now, who call themselves 'Old Catholics,' say that the General Councils of these later times—that of Trent or the Vatican—are mistaken in asserting that the Church always believed the Real Presence in the Eucharist, or that the Pope, when he speaks as Successor of Peter and Universal Doctor on the

subject of faith and morals (what we are to believe and what we are to do), is infallible. They know better, and they point to some passage in ancient ecclesiastical writers or some expression in a decree of a Council to back their opinion, just as ordinary Protestants point to a text of Scripture to back their own. When therefore the whole Catholic world streams to Rome, and in a million declarations sets forth its adherence to the Pope, it is practically refuting this false doctrine and saying once more: '*This* is our belief; this is what we ever have held; this is the true and unchanged Catholic faith; that the present, living, teaching Church in the person of Peter's Successor, and no other, is the "pillar and ground of God's truth," the "city on the mountain," the "light on the candlestick," the true Rock on which Christ built His whole Church when He said "Thou art Peter,"' &c.

The result of these pilgrimages and deputations in Rome itself was not inconsiderable. As regards doctrine, it is certain, beyond all question, that the Roman people, and indeed all Italians, cannot even conceive any half-way between Catholic faith and utter infidelity. There are unhappily a great many infidels in Italy, as there are elsewhere, but even of these there are a majority who, as St. James says of the devils, 'believe and tremble,' so that when one or another here and there is known to die refusing the sacraments, all the secret societies (the sect as the Italians call them) are in great excitement and joy, and publish the fact as one does any extraordinary event, with an exultation which shows how rare is such an occurrence. No doubt the rarity is due, not to any human cause, but solely to the goodness of God, who has made faith (which is the root and ground of salvation) an intellectual grace, costing but little effort as compared with other graces which require control and sacrifice of the will; but still the fact is so that few Italians die resisting grace to the end. Another cause of this is the fact that, as religion has for ages been the whole life of the

people, even the most infidel people have imbibed it while they were in the innocence of youth, and have invariably some near relations, either priests or religious men or women, whom they cannot but respect, and who never cease praying that they may not be eternally lost. Still there were many who, from human respect or their supposed interests, went with the torrent from without and made a show of rejoicing with the invaders of Rome. To their honour, very few of the Roman nobility have joined the new masters; but on the other hand, the hopelessness of resistance and the menaces of the rabble brought to Rome from all the lowest dens of vice throughout Italy by the Piedmontese, made the good keep close and even show outward signs of favouring the revolution in order to preserve themselves and their property from popular violence. Those who had favoured the revolution more actively, however, soon found out their mistake, and bankers and shopkeepers, who had hoped that Rome as capital of the new kingdom would enrich them, began to discover edifying sentiments of devotion to the Pope when their affairs turned out less well than they had expected. The following extract is remarkable, both because it tells truths which seldom or never appear in the columns from which it is taken, and also because the witness is certainly not a willing one, as his own words declare. After a column of the usual matter which the *Times* newspaper[1] serves up as news from Rome, the 'special correspondent,' whom everyone knows to be the well-known conspirator of 1848, M. Gallenga, gives the following as his impression of the state of things in Rome at the present time.

'Trifles light as air are sufficient to show the peculiarities of the situation. You pass hundreds of print shops in Rome, and you do not find one which does not exhibit the same endless variety of photographs of the Pope—the Pope seated, the Pope standing, the Pope resting his chin on the three fingers of his

[1] *Times* of Dec. 31, 1877.

right hand, tired of blessing, the Pope in his white robes, the Pope in his scarlet cloak and shovel hat, the Pope in his gorgeous State costume with the tiara on his head. Everywhere the same face in all postures and attitudes. Of the bluff, bristling Victor Emanuel not the poorest *carte de visite*, nor of his sons, nor of his lovely long-ringleted daughter-in-law. The Pope and nothing but the Pope. The phenomenon is perfectly natural, for print-sellers are merchants, and they hang out such wares as they know there is a demand for, and at this season they see nobody about the streets but foreign priests and pilgrims: this is the carnival in which Papal masks are sold. Everything tends to point out the false position into which Italian royalty and the Italian nation put themselves, not by coming to Rome, but by coming in a half-hearted and hesitating way. The Pope has the king at advantage in a thousand different ways. The Vatican keeps up a connection with the backstairs of the Quirinal. The king's private marriage with Rosina, Countess of Mirafiore, which was only celebrated by a priest at San Rossore, near Pisa, in 1867, but which was never legalised by the indispensable civil contract and ceremony, is acknowledged and proclaimed as valid by the Pope, who instructs the lady's confessor to address Rosina as Her Majesty, a title to which the recent ministers of the crown, with the ultra-Radical Baron Nicotera at their head, lately showed a ready disposition to treat her to her heart's content.

'The Italians said seven years ago by their king's word of mouth, "A Roma ci siamo e ci resteremo." And it would be here high treason to doubt either of the stability of the Italian kingdom or of any chance of a revival of the temporal authority of the Pope-king in the holy city. Indeed, if the Italians at any time lose even an inch of the ground which heaven and earth almost miraculously combined to bestow upon them, it can only be by their own fault. So long as electors and deputies are faithful to the discharge of their duties, so long as the law is sacred in the people's eyes, and the rulers of the country—ministers, prefects, magistrates, and the whole administration—are wise and laborious, and, above all things, upright, clean-handed men, the country will have a chance of keeping together, and the gates of ultramontanism shall not prevail against it. But the word "never" should never be

admitted into the Italian dictionary, and should be left to the Rouhers of French Imperialism; the Turkish "bakaloom," or "we shall see," far better suiting a people who know that nothing has ever been done that is not liable to be undone, and who have not forgotten that Popes have been put down, have been driven out of Rome and Italy, and Popes have come back and been set up again more than once before. It is in the meanwhile very sad and almost ominous to see how little has been done, even in the space of seven years, either to make Rome Italian or to bring Italy to Rome. I know of no natives of the country, especially of the Northern Provinces, if I except the Deputies Broglio and Bonghi, who have either bought or built for themselves—a mansion, a villa, or *villino*—a permanent residence in this place. I know no public servant from the king to the meanest porter at the House of Deputies, who will consent to stay here one minute longer than the inexorable duty of his office compels him. The Italians are almost the only people in the world who do not like Rome. They cried for it as for the moon; they knew that it was only by its occupation that the quarrel between the Church and State could be decided either for their own or for other people's benefit; they proclaimed Rome as their capital; they attempted its conquest by the rash ventures of Aspromonte and Mentana; they toiled for it, pined for it, raved about "Rome or death," and now they have it; but the conviction that the Italians will for ever keep Rome has not yet sunk sufficiently deep into the heads and hearts of the Romans. How can it be so long as they see the world's pilgrims and their gold laid at the feet of the Pope, while their king's superscription only appears in front of their depreciated paper; so long as they see Catholic and even Protestant Europe hanging with such breathless interest on the chances of the next Conclave, and the election of that "Servant of servants," who assumes the authority of the King of kings?" How can it be so long as the Romans see their Princes and nobles keep aloof from king and cabinet, and none of the aristocracy of the north or south show any disposition to bring here some of that splendour and luxury, some of that social animation, which in all other countries distinguishes the seat of government and fixes the centre of national life?'

These words (with the exception of the false statement, that the Vatican keeps up any kind of connection with the Quirinal) are almost the only true thing which has appeared concerning Rome in these columns for many a long year. The writer says that the tenure of Rome by King Victor Emanuel's government depends on the virtue of the officials and deputies. If so, it is sufficiently doomed. But quite apart from this question, in which we cannot agree with the writer (for it is manifestly not in the virtue but in the unprincipled character of the invaders that the invasion took its rise and must have whatever permanence it can achieve), the fact is evident, that the cause of the phenomena which this writer registers is to be sought in the nature of things, namely, in the Constitution of the Church of God. By that Constitution it is one universal Corporation, and has one visible Head. These conditions imply that its Head can be the subject of no local government, by consequence that where he resides he will always be in some sort sovereign. We agree with M. Gallenga that it is not 'almost' but altogether 'ominous' that seven years' violence and bribery and corruption have only made it clearer than ever that the Pope reigns still, and will go on reigning in the hearts of the Roman people. If Napoleon I., in the zenith of his astonishing career, could not put down the Pope, the Italian kingdom may be assured that 500 deputies at twenty francs a day, and half as many senators at twice that wage, will not succeed in that enterprise. The truth is, not only have they made a mistake, in coming to Rome, but they *know* they have made a mistake, and would give a great deal to go back; but, as a homely proverb expresses it, when a certain person drives 'needs must' is the only word left. They dare not go forward and they cannot go backward; real public opinion forbids the former, and sham public opinion, which the government made to serve their turn and which now makes them serve it, cries

'high treason' when anyone breathes the unpalatable truth that the Pope will have his own again. But facts speak more distinctly than words, and as this ingenious writer says, the '*buzurri*'[1] (as the Romans call their northern invaders) are manifestly only bivouacking in Rome, and a hundred contingencies may at any moment put an end to this official picnic in the Pope's domain. One thing only is certain, that Rome proper remains a Papal city.

'Rome,' says Mr. Gallenga, 'was not made in a day, and could not be changed in seven years. The Italians are only lodged here. Their king is still an unwilling and an indifferently-accommodated guest at the Quirinal. Between the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Venezia you look in vain for the disappearance of a single feature of the old Pope's city. The population, we are told, has risen from 170,000 to 250,000, but the new-comers are merely the *employés* (4,000 for the Ministry of Finance alone), very few of whom have brought their families along with them, while even a smaller number have been able to make themselves at home; they live as much on the railway as they can manage, and their haunts are not in Rome, but in a new city which they have built or are building for themselves on the Esquiline, away from Roman sounds, sights, and smells, in sight of the Alban Hills,—a new town in straight lines and at right angles, with a peculiar look and character. To this the natives have given the name of Buzzurropolis.'

We must say it is worthy of the name, for it is a bad imitation of their native Turin, the 'peculiar look and character' being what in English is called ugliness and

[1] The word '*buzurri*' is of old popular use in Rome and applied by the Romans to the Piedmontese who came to fill the useful but humble ranks of porters, cab-drivers, 'odd-men,' &c. It is now given by them to the host of officials who have invaded them from the north of Italy, and whom they look on much as Londoners would on an influx of hungry Scots, such as might have (but did not) followed King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England to his new kingdom—men with hands more prone to take than to give.

vulgarity. It is unnecessary to say that this writer's argument is, that more violence and more energy in putting down the Pope is the remedy for the 'ominous' condition which he depicts and laments. While we accept his facts, we entirely give up to him the merits of his speculations. Those who live long enough will see what they are worth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ROME AS REGARDS EDUCATION.

'The Conscription.—Finance.—Development of the Country.—Religion.

SPEAKING broadly, the education of all classes in Italy was, until the events of the last eighteen years (in Rome, of the last eight years), in the hands of the Church and State, in combination or concert. A complete religious unity prevailed, and still prevails, in the whole peninsula, so that what we have to contend with in England, the 'religious difficulty' in national education, did not exist. Governments, municipalities, and similar local authorities, were happy to secure the services, most frequently gratuitous, or nearly so, of teaching orders for the elementary education of the people. The education of the superior classes was mainly also in the hands of teaching orders, especially the Society of Jesus; not by the legal exclusion of other teachers, but by the force of successful competition. The universities, of which there were more in the Papal States alone than in all the rest of the peninsula, were similarly governmental institutions, but the professorial chairs were for the most part occupied by laymen.[1] Religion was not excluded from them; but so far from its being obtruded, it is notorious that in many of the Italian universities a great laxity of thought and teaching on religious and philosophical questions

[1] The gross number of students attending the universities in 1858 (when the Pope still held all his dominions) in the States of the Church was 28,899. In proportion to the total population this number vastly exceeds the number of such students in the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

prevailed, whether with or without the connivance of Government officials; especially was this the case in the north of Italy.

When the present Government was established at Rome three courses were open to them as regards education. They might have continued in the course in which they found the elementary, secondary, and higher education, or they might have modified it, or they might have totally changed it. They elected the third of these courses. They have created a totally new system (new, that is, to Italy), on the Prussian model. They have suppressed the schools and confiscated the houses of the teaching and educating orders, especially the Jesuits; they have laid down a scheme of elementary, superior, and higher education, purely secular, to the exclusion of religion; and while they profess secularism, the working of the system, being entrusted to anti-religious teachers, is used not merely to disregard, but actively to oppose religion. Of this the recent official celebration of the memory of the French unbeliever, Michelet, by the Government University of Rome, is an instance. The chancellor and professors invited the whole of the students to this celebration. The addresses delivered were quite worthy of the writer whom they were intended to honour. The parallel to this proceeding would be if Lord Salisbury, or the Duke of Devonshire, as chancellors, and the heads of colleges and professors at Oxford or Cambridge, were to celebrate funeral rites and deliver speeches in honour of (say) Tom Paine or Voltaire. Similarly the elementary schools are taught by persons openly alien from or hostile to Christianity; such as Jews and other non-Christians.

The budget of the Roman municipality shows an item of one million of francs (40,000*l.*) per annum for elementary schools, and of this sum eighty thousand francs are disbursed for the hire of rooms for such schools. But as nearly one-half of the children supposed to frequent these schools

do not avail themselves of them, on account of the irreligious character of the education afforded, this outlay, besides weighing heavily on the ratepayers, has the disadvantage of not accomplishing the end proposed, viz. the increase of elementary education. Private persons, especially the Marchese Giovanni Patrizi, Principe Campagnano, Duca Salviati, and many more of the Roman upper and middle class, endeavour to supply the need of sound religious education thus created, by regionary schools, which are frequented by some twelve thousand children, and are supported at their expense and at the cost of very great self-sacrifice. The searching and elaborate circular lately issued by the Minister of Public Instruction of the new ministry, indicated that the same effect is visible throughout Italy; and where the effect is the same the cause is in all likelihood the same also.

The truth is that the Italians are a religious people, and wish their children to be brought up religiously. The present as well as the late, or 'moderate,' Ministry choose to ignore the fact, and at an enormous expense have created a system of irreligious education which a majority of the nation will not avail themselves of. The same is true of the superior education. The colleges and schools for the upper classes were taught by religious persons, clergy, seculars or regulars, under the control and responsibility of the bishops; secular and irreligious schools are now provided, and are very slenderly attended, because they do not meet the demand of the majority of parents, who, if they can afford it, send their children abroad, or, if not, send them to such ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries as are still in existence. Meanwhile the Government meditate carrying things with a high hand, and not only giving their higher educational scheme the advantage already secured to it, of a monopoly of the conference of degrees and the consequent civil advantages, but actually forcibly closing the places of higher studies in which religion is recognised, as they recently did

that established by the Pope in Rome. This may be Liberal 'liberty;' it certainly is not what we understand by that word in our own tongue and land. What should we say to an Order in Council closing our university at Dublin, and ordering our youth to frequent Trinity College or none at all? We know what all but a few eccentric fanatics would say to such an order.

Similarly there are symptoms of an intention to close the voluntary elementary schools of which we have spoken. Indeed, the mere course of time will largely accomplish this, because the teaching orders, being dissolved and 'expropriated,' must soon disappear, and qualified teachers are for the most part only to be found among such. In a Catholic country that large class of the community which we all prize and esteem, females of every rank who devote themselves for the love of God and of their neighbour to the work of education, will always be what people call 'nuns' or 'sisters,' and no legislation which persists in disregarding this fact can ever find a real hold or acceptance among the people. Nay, looking to what we know concerning education in the United States, and even in England, it is now certain that where liberty of education prevails schools educated by nuns or sisters (and by religious men also) will invariably carry the day against others, even in non-Catholic countries, where there is a real unfettered and unweighted competition.

We conclude that the whole department of Italian national education, as at present organised, is on a false basis. It proceeds on the assumption that Italy is 'advanced' to a state of positive irreligion, and so demands a system of irreligious education; but the fact is not so, and we therefore believe that the supply will have to be varied. We give the late minister Bonghi full credit for the most earnest desire to eliminate religion from both elementary and higher education. His writings warrant this; but in his scheme it seems his wishes have outrun his judgment

of the state of Italy. The immense majority of Italians wish for religious education, and will not avail themselves of anti-religious teaching if they can possibly help it. They are indeed the most acute and the most appreciative of mental culture of any people; but the great amount of mental culture in all directions, which placed Italy at the very front of European civilisation three centuries ago, and at the least two centuries in advance of us, remains hitherto diffused throughout the country by means of institutions, sæcular, indigenous, the growth of the Italian mind and the expression of its history from age to age. In the present system of education, we recognise not a single one of the elements which made Italy great and we trust will make her great again; nothing spontaneous, nothing local, nothing beautiful, above all nothing religious; but instead of these a forced, arid, official copy of the modern French centralised system, which they say enabled a late Minister of Public Instruction to look at his watch and declare with exultation that at that moment he could affirm without doubt that every little boy in France was engaged on rule-of-three. The French may be so drilled, whether to their advantage they best know, but Italians never. Hannibal's elephants, we have it on the best authority, never could be taught the goosestep; still less those of Hannibal's conquerors.

When we reflect on the new Italian legislation on education, it seems evident that, whereas its alleged scope is the increase and development of mental culture, its real end and tendency is the destruction of religion. In such matters we must judge people by their acts, and not by their professions. Now this legislation and its handling (Handhabung, as the Germans say) are harmonious throughout: the basis of the law is the exclusion of religion, and the carrying out of its provisions is destructive of religion as a factor in the national education. In regard to the scheme of secondary education, it is admitted on all hands that the normal schools for the formation of the masters to teach in the national 'licei'

were unsatisfactory. They erred on the side on which modern education is prone to err generally, viz. that of 'cramming' too many topics into the mind at once. The late Minister of Instruction, Signor Bonghi, took up the matter, and issued a new scheme for a five years' course of training, of which the last year is devoted to what is called 'pedagogy.' All the experience of training schools in England is opposed to this new experiment. No doubt there is such a science as 'pedagogy,' the science (and art) of teaching, and those who are at all familiar with the system of our normal training colleges for masters must gladly recognise the advantages of systematic training for the teaching office; but a young man who has studied for four years in a training college must either have necessarily learnt practically the system and art of teaching, or be totally incapable of ever learning it, so that Signor Bonghi's fifth year is a simple waste of time and the public money, while in the four years' course, which he leaves unabbreviated, the number of subjects taught distract, and the minute and constant interference of regulations without end tease the pupil, and turn him out a prig and a creator of prigs for the rest of his days. Intolerable as is all bureaucracy to us Englishmen especially, and hardly less so to the Italians, educational bureaucracy is the most odious in itself and in its consequences. We have fought successfully against it in this country: why are we called on to admire and praise it because it is being forced on them by 'Liberals' in Italy?[1]

[1] To those who look to the progress of human 'enlightenment' as the means of insuring the destruction of the Church, may be commended the following, from Lord Macaulay, who was not open to the charge of partiality on the side of Catholics:

'We often hear it said, that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightenment must be favourable to Protestantism and unfavourable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this is a well-founded expectation. *We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active;* that it

We now have to speak of the law of conscription. Time was that, as in our own dear land, the conscription—that cruel exigency of modern warfare—did not exist in the Papal dominions. When the late deplorable French Cæsar was assailing the Papal Government with the cry of 'necessary reform' and 'progress,' in obedience to the *mot d'ordre* which had gone forth from the Revolutionary head-quarters, the English diplomatic agent in Rome was instructed to tune up his slender reed in accord with the larger instruments of imperial and royal embassies. Mr. —— accordingly called on the Cardinal Secretary of State, and as on other topics, so also on that of the conscription, sang the French song: Why did His Holiness rely on foreign mercenaries? why did he not adopt the conscription, which would enable him to dispense with the unpopular presence of the Swiss, and disarm the accusations of his enemies, as to the weakness and *arrière* character of his rule?

In vain it was answered that it was foreign to the character of the Pope's government to force the youth of the land from the natural protection of their homes to expose them to the almost inevitable corruptions of the barracks; that the conscription was un-Italian, unjust in principle, and injurious to the best material interests of the country; injurious to the development of population, of agriculture, of

has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life; that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved; that government, police, and law, have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. Yet we see that, *during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of.* Nay, we believe that, *as far as there has been change, that change has, on the whole, been in favour of the Church of Rome.* We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system, which has, to say the least, *stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race in knowledge since the days of Queen Elizabeth.*

commerce, but, above all, to the high interests of morality and religion, as well as historically incongruous with the great traditions of the country. All was to be set aside in favour of the new-fangled French system, which has cost that poor country such unheard-of sufferings for nearly the last hundred years. The Cardinal listened respectfully to Mr. ——'s speech, and then merely inquired whether the conscription was found to work well, and to be a popular institution in England. History does not record what the British diplomate said (or looked) in answer to this question.

Now all is changed, and we Englishmen are called on to rejoice exceedingly, as for other such mercies, so also for this, that the Pope's government and its resistance to the law of the conscription has been set aside, and a law, sweeping, stringent, and universal beyond all others, has been laid upon the necks of the Italians to qualify them for the wholesale destruction of human life, which is the proud prerogative of the modern model State. The law of conscription of July 19, 1871, and of June 7, 1875, provides that *every* Italian able to bear arms (excepting certain categories, among which the clergy do not figure) is liable to military service from his sixteenth to his fortieth year, in one or other of the three armies, active, mobile, or territorial. The Senator Tabarrini pointed out, in a speech of great force, but also of great moderation, that by this law a priest, be he parish priest, canon, dignitary, or even bishop, can be and is legally summoned to leave his duties, to put on uniform, and to be incorporated in a regiment. In this condition he remains, liable at any moment to be carried off for military service, either at home or abroad, until his fortieth year is complete. The Minister of War, indeed, declared that ecclesiastics once ordained in sacred (as distinguished from the minor) orders, should have the preference for employment in sanitary, hospital, ambulance, and medical corps, but the government refused their support to an amendment to this effect last year, and as ministries pass

away with great celerity in Italy, the promise is as nugatory as the law is oppressive and scandalous.

In one sense a greater hardship is inflicted on youths preparing for the sacred ministry. Even though they should be able to muster the 80*l.* or 60*l.*, according to the service for which they are drawn, to purchase exemption, such youths, who for the most part are totally unable to procure such a sum, remain liable to one year's service, and can be, and are, dragged out of their college or seminary, and made to serve for a year in garrison or barrack, in all things conformed to the life and conduct of the common soldier: 'I giovani che contraggono l'arruolamento volontario di un anno sono ascritti alla prima categoria,' says the fifth article of the law of June 1875. This law is so unheard of in civilised countries, that I asked what was alleged to justify it. The answer was, that it was feared that if an exception were made in favour of candidates for the priesthood, the clergy would enrol so many as such, that the public service would suffer; and on this hypothetic difficulty, which the new legislators have abundantly provided against by 'expropriating' the Bishops of their seminaries and of the funds needed to support such candidates, the law abides in force. They therefore have to see their young Levites taken off for military service, for one, or three, or five years, plunged into such an atmosphere as needs no description; their studies, and, what is far more important, their moral development and formation interrupted, nay, annihilated, and their vocation gone.

The result of this law is already visible. The law by which the religious orders have been condemned to extinction, has rendered it increasingly difficult for the Bishops to provide for the spiritual needs of their flocks. While the cry of the 'Liberals' is still that there are too many priests, it is certain that already in some places two or even three parishes have to be served by one parish priest: Già in talune provincie siasi dato il caso di dover provvedere che

uno stesso parroco esercitasse il suo ministero in due, e sino in tre, diverse parrochie,' said the Senator Mauri (May 26, 1875). The true answer to the objection was given by another senator, Vitelleschi, when he said, 'that the exemption of the clergy from military service which all civilised countries (for Prussia in this particular is not such) allow, was not to be called a privilege, but a tribute to the needs of the State in its social aspect, to the full as useful and as powerful as that paid by the soldier' (same debate). Another Senator (Pierrantoni) had the insolence and impiety to say that the two-fifths of the male population exempted by physical and moral causes for the most part, were a sufficient seed-plot for the clerical body! The then Minister of War went so far as to say that the recruiting of clerics and priests for the army would certainly not be a source of strength, but the reverse; but those who now reign and were then in opposition, would listen neither to reason nor to good feeling.

The usual talk of 'equality' before the law was made to do duty against the exemption of the clergy. When there was a question of an 'equality' which would have possibly at some future time proved favourable to the clergy, then nothing was heard of 'equality,' when, namely, it was a question whether priests should be qualified to sit as deputies in the Chambers; then it was declared that the duties of a deputy were quite incompatible with those of a priest. To sit on the benches of Monte Citorio and listen to ministerial explanations or the attacks of the opposition forsooth, was too flagrantly unclerical for the delicate sentiments of regard for priestly honour which animate that assemblage; but to be dragged from the learned seclusion of college or cloister, or the active ministry of God's word and sacraments, and made to live in barracks with the rude soldiery for years, that presents no incongruity and is liable to no objection.

When, therefore, we review the recent legislation of the

kingdom of Italy regarding the conscription, we are disposed to ask whether it is a legislation which proceeds from a sincere desire for the good of the country, or whether the motive is not to be sought elsewhere; in such opinions, namely, as those freely expressed by the present holders of power, to the effect that 'the Church is the enemy of all civil progress and of all human dignity,'[1] etc. etc.; and 'a cosmopolism the very antithesis of patriotism and civilisation;' and hence, per fas et nefas, her clergy must, quickly or slowly but surely, at any rate, be extinguished. If any one wished to accomplish this end, what could he do better than to take away the funds, abolish the institutions (opposing all attempts to supply their place by private enterprise) which provide a succession of clergy? There remained one more powerful means of destroying what is left of this hated class: the conscription must be made to bear with unheard-of stringency on the priesthood and on all aspirants to it. This has now been accomplished by last year's law. None but those who will not see can refuse to note this intention. Few in this country at least will sympathise with it.

MM. Nicotera and Crispi, who by the inevitable course of revolution have now for a time taken the place of the so-called 'Moderate' (not *party*, but) section, cry out, and are too readily believed, that they and their fellows do not make war on religion, but only on the Vatican or on Ultramontanism. Monsignor Dupanloup, in his second letter to Signor Minghetti, shows too clearly what this distinction is worth in their mouths. The Left were arguing against the creation of army chaplaincies, and a speaker on the other side had said what General de Cissey so nobly declared in the French Assembly, namely, that they had no right to ask the sacrifice of their lives from men from whom they had first taken away the hope of immortality. 'As for us soldiers,' he said, 'we will not die like dogs.' To this Nicotera and others replied that they too had fought, under

[1] Speech of Sig. Tommasi Crudeli, May 1875.

Garibaldi, and that they never saw among their fellow soldiers any wish for priests : all they wanted was surgeons. Monsignor Dupanloup says on this, 'I will not contradict these gentlemen ; I will only remark that they were witnesses not of the wishes of the Italian, but of the Garibaldian, soldiery.' He adds that in the war of 1870 he had more than ten thousand wounded at Orleans, and not one of them but received the consolations of religion with joy ; and that it is but an act of justice for him to give the same witness of the German soldiers.

What is true of French and German soldiers is more true of Italians, though not of Garibaldians. The attendance of the minister of religion on the dying then is the kind of 'Ultramontanism' which these legislators combat. This in English we call not 'liberality,' we call it impiety and irreligion ; but it certainly squares well with the ostentatious mourning displayed by the De Pretis and Nicotera Government on the occasion of the death of the Deputy Asproni. Others, many others, of greater note and more political importance had died, but the black hangings of the presidential chair and of the tribune of the Chamber were reserved for Asproni ; for Asproni, ex-priest, ex-canon, theologian of Nuoro, had been one of those rare specimens among the tens of thousands of Italian priests and dignitaries, who had qualified by formal apostacy and renunciation of his sacred calling and character, and the government would do honour not to a restless, clever, but unstable and unpractical supporter of 'modern ideas,' but to one who died like MM. Crispi and Nicotera's fellow-Garibaldians, 'unanointed, unaneled,' giving no sign of faith or of contrition, and refusing the ministry of reconciliation to the end.

Now as to the financial administration. When we heard of Italy's regeneration, we who had been at Rome on the very morrow of the Pope's restoration in 1849 knew well enough what were the first outward and visible signs of the triumph of modern progress we should behold. As in

1850 so in 1876, the first time we had to change a wholesome English sovereign—nay, even a fair French five-franc piece, on arriving in Rome, we admired the 'progress' which had substituted the greasy, ragged, ill-scented pieces of paper stamped with the sinister countenances of defunct ministers or living 'heroes,' for the abundant and neat gold and silver and copper coinage of Pio IX. A reign of twenty years, from 1850 to 1870, had sufficed, with good management and honest officials, to obliterate all traces of the ravages in the Papal treasury and finances made by the Roman republic of 1848 : but 'progress' is far more active than 'clerical' rule, and in six years gold and silver coin, nay even copper, have been 'improved off the face' of Italy, and as yet there are no signs of a relaxation of the forced paper currency. True, we got twenty-seven very dirty paper francs, and twenty or even thirty centimes for our sovereign, but on the other hand every necessary of life we found exactly *tripled* in price since the above benefits were inaugurated at Rome in 1870.

Then on inquiry as to taxation, we found that, as the French say, 'il faut souffrir pour être beau,' and for the honour and glory of Italian unity as conceived and achieved by the present rulers of Rome, the Romans have to pay 13½ per cent. in direct taxes, as against 2½ per cent. under the Pope ; true that a great deal of the public money does not find its way into the public treasury ; but, unfortunately, the persons who are taxed most heavily, as for instance the landed proprietors, who are taxed *thirty-three and a fraction* per cent. on their revenues, and in Lombardy and Venetia more than double that sum, are by no means the same as those who secure an undue share of the spoil. During a very short stay in Rome, we saw in the papers embezzlements of public moneys in sums varying from two to eighty thousand francs, at Rome, Naples, Florence, Chieti, Turin, and other places, to say nothing of the very grand and very carefully unreported transaction in forged royal signatures

to exchequer bills and promissory notes, of which we have heard not much to surprise and still less to edify us.

No doubt if Italy was to be unified at all, at any rate in the conception of unity which has prevailed hitherto, it was to be expected that a very large outlay would be necessary; but the amount of taxation is not the only subject of complaint we heard on all sides in Italy, nor even were the constant breaches of public trust or the inordinate expense of levying the taxes so much complained of as the actual *modus operandi* in regard to the levying of the income tax. This tax is levied on all incomes down to 12*l.* (three hundred francs) per annum, and the employer, who has to make a return of the number of his servants and their wages if up to or above that amount, is obliged to pay the income tax for them also and deduct it from the wages of his employés. We do not say that this and other such provisions of the new financial laws are intended to sow hostility and mistrust between the employer and the employed, but we do say that no better way of creating such hostility, or of rendering the owners of property odious to the proletariate, could easily be devised.

As to the effects of the present order of things in Rome on the local industries, there are numerous and unsuspicious testimonies that they have suffered terribly. The great attraction of Rome always has been and will be the Papacy. No one doubts this; not even those who most deprecate it. Now that the Pope is dethroned and cannot appear publicly without the certainty of disasters of which he will not, and his custodians dare not, incur the responsibility, no one stays in Rome. The hotels even remain scantily filled, and two of the chief failed last year. A hurrying crowd of 'tourists,' who spend as little as they can, do not compensate for the constant and persistent influx of the great and wealthy who came to reside for months, and often for a succession of winters, in the stately palaces of Rome. Pilgrims, indeed, succeed each other at the *Limina Aposto-*

lorum, and return home, leaving their offerings at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, who supports not hundreds but thousands of his poor subjects on the alms of the Universal Church; but they are not such as enrich a city like Rome by the purchase of great works of art, or the outlay of great establishments and lavish hospitalities. The Roman nobility, whose splendid rooms were opened to the great and distinguished of other lands, have closed their houses, and do not show themselves at a court which in vain tries to draw them to the profaned hall of the Quirinal, and no compensation for the loss is afforded by a numerous but not wealthy staff of Government officials. One of the curiosities of official literature which we read at Rome was a long hortatory and minatory circular, addressed by the Home Minister to all officials throughout the new kingdom, telling them that very great discredit was thrown on the Government by the habit of its civil servants contracting debts which they were unable or unwilling to pay, and warning them that complaints of such proceedings would be met by dismissal. Whether the recent recrudescence of defaulters in the public offices was by way of answer to this circular we cannot say.

The great grievance of all is the grist-tax, the macinato, as it is called, a heavy direct tax on all cereals ground in mills. This has been one of the great *chevaux de bataille* of the left against the late consorteria or clique of so-called moderates. Now, however, that Crispi, De Pretis, Nicotera and the rest have got into office, there are evident symptoms that they have no serious or immediate intention of lightening this heavy burthen. In 1876–7, meetings at Foggia, at Mantua, and other places, were announced to take place to protest against the continuance of the macinato, and the opposition reminded the new Government that this would be a very favourable occasion for asking the opinion of the country by a plébiscite. The answer has been the refusal of Government to allow the meetings to be held. A

plébiscite is a very nice thing when the Government has the sole charge of the ballot-boxes and all dissenters are sure not to vote.

No one seemed contented, no one satisfied, unless, indeed, the 'hero' Garibaldi, who made a fine figure with his two millions of francs. It is, however, not strange that his horses, his villa, his entertainments, are not looked on with much favour by those who pay for them. Certainly he is not greeted in the streets of Rome as he was before he accepted the wages which a grateful Government granted him out of the pockets of the people. Among this hero's qualities thrift seems certainly to be numbered; in May 1876 he was announced to attend the meeting of his followers on the anniversary of the slender victory which he had gained outside the Porta San Pancrazio in 1849. The General, however, did not appear. Some said he would find it difficult to speak with the governmental mouthful of two millions as yet hardly swallowed. Be that as it may, he compensated for his absence by a gift of 40*l.* (one thousand lire) to the fund for the children of his 'reduci delle patrie guerre,' stipulating that that sum should be put out at interest in the Savings Bank of Rome, under certain conditions. The income from this gift, at 3 per cent., would be rather more than 1*l.*, and the General reserves to himself the bestowal of this income according to his own judgment. By way of corollary, we read in a 'Liberal' paper of the same date the suggestion of this great man that all pensions above five thousand francs granted by the State should be reduced to that sum as a maximum. The General's own income proceeding from the two millions handed to him last year, at 5 per cent., would be one hundred thousand francs. But this, you will observe, is by no means a pension. Piety, St. Paul tells us, is 'great gain.' The General may well say the same of 'patriotism.'

The same paper cheers its readers by declaring that the financial condition of the country is owing entirely to the

mismanagement of Sig. Minghetti and his colleagues of the moderate *Consorteria.* Golden days are coming under the new ministry. It certainly is time they should commence, for Italy has hitherto not even paid the rent of its Legislative Chambers nor of its Post Office at Piazza Colonna. It appears that Sella's administration, by one of those strokes which we so little appreciate at home though we applaud them abroad, 'appropriated' the two palaces in question. They both belong to the great Orphanage of San Michele, and the Papal Government paid an annual and ample rent for the use of them as public offices to that institution. The governors of San Michele and the municipality of Rome both opposed this arbitrary confiscation of the patrimony of the poor, and appealed to the tribunals. All attempts to obtain terms, first from Sella and then from Minghetti, have failed. The 'Gazzetta della Capitale' pertinently says it hopes that the present Government, which it supports, will prove in this and other such matters that it came to Rome for the 'advantage and benefit, not for the loss and ruin, of the people.' If that is so, M. De Pretis and friends have ample work before them, not only in Rome but throughout the country.

The royal speech (in March 1876) began with a very risky statement, that the 'internal state of the country is good.' The chapter, for instance, of distraint for taxes sounds as strange to English ears now as it would have done a few years since to Italian. Take one of the most fertile and smiling regions of the sometime Papal State, the province of Ferrara. In one single 'pretura,' that of Codigoro, the public sale by auction of no less than fifty different real properties (land, houses, etc.) in consequence of non-payment of the enormous taxes, began on the 4th of February last. In a little village near Rome, well known to us, several poor people had their humble goods sold up for unpaid taxes since Easter. Such a thing had never been known till the benefit of a centralised absolutism, miscalled

'Liberal,' dawned upon them some seven years ago. Now it occurs again and again.

We should like to see the return of the number of mills closed by the police for fraudulent returns under the provisions of the tax on 'macinato.' Let anyone who cares to know, inquire anywhere in Italy what such a return would exhibit. The finances of the new kingdom may be summed up in one familiar adage, 'Much cry and little wool'—the people give voice to the former, the Government obtains the latter. If anyone would know the reason of this state of things he cannot do better than read the reports and addresses of the magistrature. All with one voice denounce and deplore the systematic pillage of the public funds from Turin to Palermo. In vain have the annual deficits been professedly made good by the sale of Church lands and the splendid and historic monasteries and convents of religious orders. It is the new legislation and the administration of the national finances which are at fault.

After the wholesale robbery of the religious corporations, called by the euphonious names of indemaniation, expropriation, fiscalisation, and the like, the Government is about to lay hands on the real property of the guilds and corporations held in trust for the poor. This property is valued at upwards of twenty-eight millions of pounds sterling. No doubt a great case of malversation or misappropriation of these funds will be duly made out; but whatever truth or falsehood there may be in such allegations, you may be sure the remedy will be that which the revolution always applies in such cases—the property will be sacrificed to a great extent by sales throwing vast quantities of land on the market, the proceeds will be swept into the abyss of national deficit, and a slender and precarious revenue inscribed on the copious pages of the national expenditure. Certain guilds nearer home have the disposal of very large funds; and we have often heard that the administration of the great revenues accruing to them is not altogether satisfactory,

but the nomination of a royal commission to inquire into their management is not likely to issue in confiscation, at any rate. In Italy they manage these things differently, if not better.

As to the material development and progress of the country, we have been told here in England that it has been so marked during the years which have elapsed since the 'unification' of Italy that nothing but prejudice and ignorance can account for anyone denying such a patent fact. We must run the risk of such dreadful imputations as those of prejudice and ignorance by avowing that we have not found any sufficient evidence, either of the fact of such an advance, or of the share of the Government which now is, in producing whatever amount of material progress the country has made. If a balance of public revenue and expenditure is the test of material prosperity, and it would be to my mind impossible to deny that such is the case, it would seem certain that there has been, if one may say so, a progress backward. Whereas when Italy was not centralised and squeezed into its present form, the burthens of taxation were immensely lighter than they now are ; and whereas the budgets of each several state, except that one which has now swallowed up all the rest, always showed a balance on the right side, so long as they were not visited by the scrutiny and exigencies of 'patriots,' now each year exhibits a very different state of things.

Then, again, the market price of public securities, not indeed at a crisis or under transient influences, but on a persistent average, is as safe a test of national prosperity as one can well devise. Now comparing the prices of the stock of loans contracted by the Italian governments of former times with those of the loans issued by the present Government, we find a declension of value averaging more than 30 per cent. This may be an interesting study for people at large, but for the holders of stock it was more than interesting—it was exciting, and not pleasurable.

One of the topics on which great stress is laid by those who say that Italy has progressed so vastly under the new *régime*, is the completion and extension of railways. Now, first of all, we would remark that this estimate involves the old familiar fallacy, that because a thing happened after another thing, therefore these two things stood in the relation of cause and effect: *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* The material progress which has been a characteristic of this century has gone forth from England. People in middle life can remember when there was not a mile of railway in this country. By degrees the network which covers our land has developed, in some places over-developed, at least for the interests of the shareholders; now supposing that about twenty-five years ago, when the great increase of railways took place in England, there had been a change of government or constitution, it would have been quite possible for people to assign the advance of railways to the change of governments, but also quite gratuitous. But, people say, the old governments in Italy opposed the construction of railways on political grounds. No doubt the then governments *took account* of the known designs of Piedmont; but there is no evidence to show that they opposed railways half so much on any grounds as so many of our corporations, including the learned ones of Oxford and Cambridge and Durham Universities, did on social and moral grounds, in the years from 1830 to 1850. As for the present railway scheme, everyone who has been in Italy must allow that both the extent of railway, the number of trains, the pace at which they travel, and the accommodation for the travelling public put them on the lowest level of all European and most other countries.

And this very fact hinges upon another. The immense outlay involved in the construction of railways which have to cross the lofty ranges of the Apennines again and again would have served the interests of the country at large and of the shareholders in particular, if the system of roads,

which are the necessary feeders of railways, had been made more complete before it had been incurred. The ordinary communal or cantonal roads have not only not been augmented of late years, but have even been suffered to fall into decay. Franchetti, in his work on the development of the agricultural interest in Italy, says that it is inconceivable how these first elementary necessities of rural populations have been neglected. He instances the province of Aquila, in which out of 127 parishes only 43 have carriage roads, 38 have only one road, and 14 only two roads, counting the three categories of the royal or high road, the provincial, and the communal. In the province of Molise, out of 142 parishes only 84 have carriage roads. The consequences to the agricultural interest of such a state of things are most fatal. In the southern provinces the prices of corn and other grain vary at short distances from 12 to 13 per cent. Besides the adjustment of prices, which can only be secured by competition in the market, the labour of carriage is so expensive as to neutralise the advantage of sale in many places. Now if anyone can remember the state of the roads in the ancient kingdom of Naples in the very provinces (Aquila, Basilicata, Abruzzi, Molise) of which Franchetti here writes, they will bear me out in saying that there has been distinct retrogression instead of advance in the last sixteen years.

This, however, is but one portion of the subject. The whole agricultural interests of the peninsula have suffered and are suffering detriment from incompetent or malicious administration. Those interests, in every land important, should in Italy, one of the storehouses of European breadstuffs, be regarded as paramount. So far from this being the case, of all interests, it seems under the new system of government to be the most neglected and depressed. At the end of last month (April 27) the usual result of a well-sustained representation of the deplorable state to which agriculture is reduced, took place in the Italian

Chambers. They order an 'inquiry.' One of the deputies, Salvatore Morelli, justly remarked that he hardly remembered one of these 'inchieste' producing any result. He gave a vivid picture of the state of the rural population; 'millions,' he said, 'live and sleep on the straw with their oxen, and asses, and pigs, and fowls.' He went on to sow the seeds of communism by putting his argument in the form of a grievance of the poor against the rich; and his remedy would seem to be the robbing the poor labourers of their only treasures—Christian faith, and hope, and charity. He says truly that, instead of ordering returns and despatching a host of well-paid and utterly unpractical professors of agricultural science and agricultural chemistry at high salaries to scour the country and return to their comfortable town quarters to draw up their reports at leisure, the Government would do well to train a school of practical farmers, who should live in and by agricultural pursuits.

But the fact is, that more elementary conditions than these are required to restore the agricultural interest to its due place. The three chief causes of its depression are the excessive and uncompensated taxation of the chief produce, namely, grain, the systematic robbery which goes on of all sorts of produce, and the want of capital for essential agricultural processes, such as drainage and the like. The taxes absorb the greater part of the revenues of landowner and farmer alike, and what the tax-gatherer leaves is too often carried off by thieves. The deputy Coranti said (atti ufficiali, date as above), that 'as regards theft, there is absolutely no protection in country places.' Literally and truly, there is no rural police on whom any reliance can be placed. And as regards capital, there is no way open to landowners or occupiers to obtain it. The 'Credito Fondiario' professes to advance money to landowners; but it is overwhelmed with debt, and its paper is quoted on the Exchange at such a discount that the proprietor has to pay seven per cent. for the money advanced. No wonder that

Coranti exclaimed, 'that the day on which a landowner turns to the Credito Fondiario for an advance, he has laid the foundation of his own ruin.' In 1854 (May 24) Mellana, one of the most intelligent country gentlemen in Piedmont, said that the absence of protection for agricultural property was 'a leprosy spread over that whole country.'

What was true of Piedmont then is now true of the whole of Italy. Coranti's remedy for the want of capital is to take it from the 'opere pie,' that is, the great fund of the guilds of which I have spoken. We think if anyone in either House proposed to apply part of the property of (say) the Foundling Hospital or the Haberdashers' Almshouses for advances to embarrassed landlords for the improvement of their property, we should not consider such a proposition very statesman-like, to say the least. Moreover, if the money thus to be acquired by Government is used as the other funds stolen from the religious corporations have been, it is certain that the disproportion between the nominal and real value of the paper issued will be such that not even the most successful farming operations will make it pay to borrow money at such a rate of interest as that which is held out, for agricultural purposes. A nominal four per cent. will practically come to seven or eight per cent.; and even in Italy he is a first-rate and exceptionally fortunate landowner, who can reckon on a net return of four per cent. on his capital. Among the other exorbitant exactions from the rural population is that of the octroi, a municipal tax levied in Rome and all cities on the sheep and cattle brought in from the country. As everyone knows, the Campagna around Rome is for the most part one vast grazing ground. This was formerly taxed by estimate of the rent-roll of the proprietor. In 1873 the Municipal Giunta (committee) altered the system to one of a capitation tax on the beasts, which for various reasons presses very heavily on both proprietor and farmer, and gives rise to endless difficulties and frauds. While it justifies the enormous rise in the

price of butcher's meat in Rome, it actually has diminished by more than one-half, on their own showing, the receipts of the municipality from this source. All concerned are against this state of things, but some influence in the Giunta has kept it unchanged hitherto in spite of all opposition.

If the material development of the *country* has retrograded, and those who knew Italy of old and know it now all witness to this, it may be pretended at least that the cities have been more favoured, and that the stimulation of commerce, which has been a vaunted result of the Italian centralisation, must have told favourably at the great centres of population. We do not profess to have had or used great opportunities of judging of this question : but in Rome itself we had occasion to speak with a good many of the tradesmen and others whose interests are supposed to be most subserved by the new order of things. Without exception their account tended strongly the other way. It may be that certain trades have felt some stimulus from local circumstances, as, for instance, the building trade from the construction of a large new quarter of the city near the railway station of Termini, but the great burthen of taxation, weighing heavily on all, presses most severely on the employers of labour, as we have explained before, and the discontent and depression of all classes are most marked. A meeting (if the Government had allowed it) was to have been held in Rome in May 1876 by a number of working men, who, having been brought to Rome to work at the public buildings, and especially the Strada Nazionale, found themselves thrown out by the financial difficulties of the municipality and of the Government ; and these kind of strikes, not for higher wages, but for work, have been and are being held in many large towns.[1] The complaints of increasing pauperism are

[1] Even the 'red' republican journals of December 1877 allow that the state of Italy both socially and industrially is worse now than it has been for many years past. 'Strikes' at Turin and at Biella had reached colossal proportions.

universal, not only in the cities which were formerly capitals, such as Turin, Lucca, Modena, Parma, Florence, Naples, but in provincial towns of the second and third class. The shipping interest also, especially at Genoa, has been greatly depressed of late, and shipowners and builders complain that they find constant and increasing obstacles in the way of the development of their trade on the part of Government officials. We have been accustomed to think that *red tape* was a sign of a government, or a department, being behind the age. In the new kingdom it seems to be distinctly on the increase, and to be put forward as an important evidence of national progress.

It may be true that the general depression of trade and commerce in Southern Europe tells on the shipping interest of Italy, but misgovernment and interferences tell more distinctly and produce a great increase of emigration, especially on the sea-board. Thus, although the docks and shipbuilders' yards of the Ligurian Littorale have some 50 per cent. less hands at work than they used, and though the returns of the last levy, under the conscription for men born in 1854, shows a proportion of more than 21 per cent. (21·26 per cent.) of *renitenti*, or men who have managed to escape the service, in the province of Genoa, yet there is not any redundance of workmen, and wages are high. Where then are the unaccounted for one-fifth of the young men in their twenty-third or twenty-fourth year? They have emigrated. The Government returns of this levy take pains to show that the number of *renitenti* in the province of Rome has steadily diminished from year to year since 1871. The fact may however just as well be cited to prove that work is scarce and wages low, taxes heavy and bread dear, as that the poor youths are reconciled to the conscription, which we know *aliunde* not to be the case. Whether we were particularly unfortunate in the specimens we saw at Rome and elsewhere, we know not, but a military relative with whom we travelled said he thought them singularly

below par; to all appearance the conscription withdraws labour from the country to make very indifferent soldiers. As might be expected, the agricultural interest suffers most. Out of the levy (for 1854) of 95,134 men, 55,801 were country labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, etc. No wonder that bread keeps rising, and wages do not keep pace with prices.

Crispi, leader of the Left during Minghetti's Government, said when in opposition that the 'whole financial and economic legislation of the late minister was erroneous, and must be corrected;' whether he and his friends will 'correct' the utter straits to which the country has been reduced remains to be seen. He promises abolition of the two crying evils which are most universally felt, the forced paper currency and the tax on grist, the 'macinato.' When they have done this we shall believe them; but even then they will but have undone a small part of the mischief achieved by the new order (or disorder) of things, and laboriously got back to where they started when they came through the breach of Porta Pia under the patronage of Garibaldi and Count Arnim. Crispi and his colleagues do not scruple to say what they ought now best to know, that the whole of this 'erroneous' financial and economic 'progress' has been directed not to the good of the country, but for their own ends and advantage by the 'Moderate' party. We accept that statement, but we fully expect that it will have to be said with equal truth of the present possessors of power, if they are able to hold it long enough.

We must, however, in fairness make one exception to this sweeping statement in favour of Signor Crispi's friends. We allude to the works carried out, or to be carried out, in Rome regarding the fine arts and the sanitary conditions of the city of Rome. In those particulars it is not possible for any government, however bad, to go beyond the ridiculous *fiasco* made by the new order of things. 'Erroneous' is no name for such economies as those which have seamed the

face of the most interesting and classic monuments in the whole world, with the ignorant and futile pretence of teaching Papal Rome how to value the treasures which she has preserved, and to correct the climate which she has inherited. If there is anywhere on this earth a monument which resumed in itself the history of two thousand years, and at one glance revealed to the eye of any educated traveller what that history was, it was the Flavian Amphitheatre at Rome. Its vast proportions, the massive masonry and the architecture of the Coliseum, marked it out as par excellence *the* monument of imperial Roman greatness; and when you turned from those huge relics of a sway, so far as we know, as unrivalled in its extent and the apparent promise of duration as it was in the providential part it had to play in the history of man's redemption, to the slender and fragile wooden cross which rose in the middle of the arena, and saw in it the expression and the memorial of that 'victory which overcame the world, even our faith' in the Crucified, nowhere more signally witnessed to by the blood of thousands of martyrs than on that very spot, we do not think it possible for anyone, however bereft of the ordinary instincts of a Christian, not to feel that *there* at least the emblem of our Redemption, the summary of all our hopes here and hereafter, was eminently in its place. We will go further, and are not afraid to say, that an educated Heathen, say an intelligent Mohammedan or Hindoo, if adequately informed, as many of our Indian fellow-subjects now are, would have respected the only fitting memorial of such a history as that which the cross in the midst of that amphitheatre, though voiceless, had told for so many ages.

The very first act of zeal (in the cause of archæological and artistic progress forsooth) by which the newcomers signalised themselves at Rome, was the removal of the simple cross from the centre, and of the moss-grown, unobtrusive little 'stations,' as they are called, around the arena; niches containing pictures of the various phases of

our blessed Lord's blood-stained way of sorrows. The pretence was that it was necessary to remove them as eye-sores in that classic spot, and partly that the floor of the arena must be dug up in order to ascertain the precise form and structure of the subterranean passages supposed to be beneath the surface. The newcomers either did not know what was known to all Romans, even 'lippis et tonsoribus,' viz. that Pope Pius VII. had had the whole substructures of the arena laid bare, and finding nothing of any moment, had ordered them to be covered again with earth after a careful ichnography had been made of them ; or else they knew this, as they assuredly ought to have done, for the excavations have been figured again and again in engravings and plans of the Roman antiquities,[1] and they did what they have done partly from a wish to play at enlighteners of the benighted Romans, and partly from hatred and contempt for Christian emblems and Christian traditions. Be this as it may, the same act which was the first instalment of a parade of zeal for art and archæology became also a chief monument of a like ignorant meddling with the hygienic conditions of Rome. One of the motives which had weighed with the Papal Government in 1818 in reclosing the excavations of the arena was, that the level was so low that standing pools of water accumulated, and would soon in that climate breed a noxious miasma dangerous to the public health. This is precisely what has occurred now : the green pools of stagnant water which cannot be got rid of have now been festering for years among the airless cavities, and breeding the fevers of which we have heard too much, alas, in their sad consequences during the last few years.

Similar results have ensued and are ensuing, by the eager commencement of huge works such as the Via Nazionale, which for want of money the municipality and

[1] For instance in Rossini's magnificent 101 views of Rome, of which Alison says that they are more accurate even than Piranesi's.

Government cannot complete. In a city like Rome, to cut deeply into the soil in order to obtain secure foundations for the new buildings which are to *grace* a wide, straight street planned to run right through Rome, and reproduce the vulgar, flaunting types of second-rate Haussmanised French towns, is to cut through and open up holes and cavities in ancient substructures which are charged to the brim with subtle and most noxious gases.

As to the artistic character of the new buildings, one can concede that it would not be censurable in a city of palaces, the chief of which are the work of architects like Bramante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Palladio, if modern houses were not quite up to the level of such works as theirs, but the new quarter is not even up to the mark of the Parisian Boulevards, which it tries to emulate. Huge, glaring, featureless barracks, set up in straight lines, staring each other out of countenance from the opposite sides of a street wide enough to be shadeless in a Roman summer, and shelterless in Roman winter's storms of rain; the only comfort we found was in the well-grounded assurance that they are so ill-built, that they will probably scarcely survive the order of things to which they owe their ugly and unwarrantable existence. At present these new buildings remain untenanted. High rents, and the experience which some have bought too dearly, that good air is not to be sought in Rome on high and exposed situations, but in the lower and closely-built-over quarters of the city, combine to ruin the builders, and make new Rome unpopular as well as unsightly.

If from these works you return to old Rome, and seek out the familiar places, yielding in interest only to the very churches themselves, you find but feeble traces of the much vaunted zeal of the new people in the interests of art and archæology. We cannot do better than quote from a very interesting little paper on St. Gregory's church on the Cælian,

the following extract from Mr. Hare's work, 'Days near Rome,' a most unsuspicious witness.

'Many famous antiquarian memorials have disappeared, together with other well-known buildings, of which the interest was confined to Papal times. The Agger of Servius Tullius, and the ruined Ponte Salara, have been swept away. The incomparable view from Ponte Rotto has been blocked out; the trees on the Aventine and the woods of Monte Mario have been cut down. The Villa Negroni-Massimo, the most beautiful of Roman gardens, with the grandest of old orange avenues, and glorious groves of cypress, amid which Horace was buried, a villa whose terraces dated from the time when it belonged to Mæcenas, and which was replete with recollections of the romantic story of Vittoria Accoramboni, of Donna Camilla Peretti, and of Alfieri, has been ruthlessly and utterly ploughed up, so that not a trace of it is left. Even this, however, is as nothing compared with the entire destruction of the beauty and charm of the grandest of the buildings which remain. The baths of Caracalla, stripped of all their verdure and shrubs, and deprived alike of the tufted foliage amid which Shelley wrote and of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare, featureless walls, standing in a gravelly waste, and possess no more attraction than the ruins of a London warehouse. The Coliseum, no longer a "garlanded ring," is bereaved of everything that made it so lovely and picturesque; while botanists must for ever deplore the incomparable and strangely unique "Flora of the Coliseum," which Signor Rosa has caused to be carefully annihilated, even the roots of the shrubs having been extracted by the firemen, though in pulling them out more of the building has come down than five hundred years of time would have injured. In the Basilica of Constantine, the whole of the beautiful covering of shrubs with which nature had protected the vast arches has been removed; and

the rain, soaking into the unprotected upper surface, will soon bring them down.

'Nor has the work of the destroyer been confined to the Pagan antiquities; the early Christian porches of Sta. Prassede and Sta. Pudentiana, with their valuable terra cotta ornaments, have been so smeared with paint and yellow wash as to be unrecognisable, and many smaller but Christian antiquities, such as the lion of the Santi Apostoli, have disappeared altogether. And in return for these destructions and abductions, Rome has been given—what? Quantities of hideous false rockwork, painted brown, in the public gardens; a Swiss cottage, and a clock which goes by water, forced in amid the statues and sarcophagi of the Pincio, and the having the passages of the Capitol painted all over in glaring reds and blues, so as utterly to destroy the repose and splendour of the ancient statues! Should the present state of things continue much longer, and especially should Signor Rosa remain in power, the whole beauty of Rome will have disappeared, except that which the princes guard in their villas, and that which the everlasting hills and the glowing Campagna can never fail to display. It must be to the environs that poets must turn for their inspiration, and artists for their pictures; and as the destroying hand advances, they must wander farther away. For though the Villa Adriana has already fallen, which was like an historical idyll of nature, and the amphitheatre of Sutri is threatened, Cora and Ninfa, Alatri and Anagni, Aquino, Subiaco, Narni, Soracte, and Caprarola, must long remain unspoilt.'

One more instance. Everyone who has been at Rome remembers the extraordinarily picturesque and characteristic Piazza Navona; its marble fountains with their abundant waters, its obelisk, its church, and its palaces, the rows of booths and its weekly crowd of contadini and mercanti di Campagna, buyers and sellers in their local costumes, formed a picture not easily forgotten. Now

neat pavements, high cast-iron railings round the fountains, the ugliest of gas-lamps, Frenchified newspaper kiosks with the revolting light literature of the newcomers—coarse, stupid, irreverent, blasphemous—displayed at every turn, have done their best to bring down Piazza Navona to the level of modern vulgarity. We must in justice say that the Piedmontese are good street scavengers. When things are restored, some might be advantageously retained in that capacity; but here my praise of their much-vaunted ædilitial œconomics in Rome must begin and end.

The evidences of irreligion and godlessness on the part of the Government, which we had the misfortune to see and hear of in Rome, form a chapter on which we would not willingly enter. To bring such charges against anyone is to incur a very heavy responsibility, for we can never forget the sanction of that law which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbour; and it would be peculiarly odious and reprehensible to incur that guilt while one was professing to advocate the cause of religion and to deprecate irreligion and impiety in others. Yet facts must speak for themselves.

We must once more here recall that which is admitted on all hands, that the Christian religion is known hitherto in Italy to the people at large in one, and one only, form. For one that has ever come to *realise* that there are Christians who are not Catholics, there are hundreds of thousands to whom such an idea is both unknown and almost unknowable. God is one, and Christ is one; His revelation of supernatural truth must therefore be one also. He cannot contradict Himself. If therefore there is more than one religion in the world, it is certain that only one of them can be true; and what those other religions may be, what their doctrines, what their authority, and by whom represented, they neither know, nor for the most part care to inquire. All this is witnessed by the familiar expressions

of the Italian people, in which 'Cristiano' and 'Cattolico' are simply convertible terms.

It is very natural for us who have the fortune (esteem it as you may, good or bad) to be familiar with some hundreds of different religions, to attribute familiarity of the same kind to others. And it certainly does not suit the modern governmental policy in Italy to affect that this order of ideas is commonly known and appreciated there as it is here. But, in fact, if you prescind from the few hundreds of politicians in the Chamber of Deputies and the fewer thousands who return them to Parliament, no one in Italy would ever understand what it meant by the phraseology which we are so accustomed to; by which (for instance) it is either stated or insinuated that there is no necessary connection between Christian morals and Christian dogmas, between those dogmas and the authority which propounds them, between the visible unity of the Church and its visible Head, between that visible Head and the invisible Head whose Vicar he is, and between that invisible Head Himself and the Supreme whom He came into this world to represent. It suits a purpose, viz. the destruction of Christianity as the basis of social and political as well as all moral order, and the substitution of another basis, call it the humanitarian, or what you will,—it suits *this* purpose to make distinctions between the abstract and the concrete, between 'religion pure and undefiled' and 'Vaticanism,' or 'Ultramontanism' or 'clericalism;' but in Italy the simple straightforwardness of the popular faith, and the acute logical power of the cultivated Italian mind, alike reject and spurn all such hazy, wiredrawn theories, which cannot exist in that clear atmosphere.

We do not for one moment mean to say that all the advocates of the modern state are equally guilty, equally aware of the true character of the strife in which they are engaged; but we say, without fear of contradiction, that what one may call *the* leading condition of the religious

question here in England, viz. the wish and disposition to get at and ascertain first principles and apply them thoroughly and consistently, is infinitely more distinct to the mind and practically energising in the will of the Italians than it can be here. A once great statesman, who still survives his reputation, used to talk of a 'great Whig party' in Italy, and another has invented a word to signify an impossible Toryism which he imagines to exist in the minds of the Pope and a handful of his indiscreet adherents. Such ideas are the growth of many years' hatching in atmospheres almost inconceivable to the Italian mind. A cosmopolitan Mazzinian 'Times' correspondent, an ex-professor of Italian literature in a Protestant University,—such Italians as these may comprehend and strive to indoctrinate their countrymen with this kind of thing; but Italians at large are much more consistent and thorough-going.

The debates in the Italian Chambers express sometimes quite distinctly what the speakers mean to be the end of their whole legislation. It is, that having used Monarchy against the Church, they will soon be in a position to upset both.[1] This is the perpetual *refrain* of all the most stirring members. They proclaim loudly that the one irreconcilable enemy of all civilisation, progress, modern ideas, humanity, cultivation, dignity of man, and the rest, is the Church, and that the war which they wage with it is entirely inextinguishable and internecine. How these declarations square with their reproaches to the Pope because he will not 'reconcile himself with' all these fine things no one can explain; but unfortunately many here at home allow religious prejudice to warp their judgment in a cause one party to which is the Pope. Could they only be assured that the Italian 'Libe-

[1] If it is true that 'history repeats itself,' it is especially true of the history of revolutions. If anyone would see this illustrated to the full he would do well to read Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England,' and to compare those events with the recent history of Italy.

rals,' moderate or extreme, do not make war on priests, on holy water, images, relics, and that vague entity, 'clericalism,' but on the very idea of religion and on the essentials of Christianity, they might take a different view of what they now admire.

Let us then briefly recite a few particulars, not mere aspirations or declamations in the Chambers, but legislative enactments and changes made in the constitution of the country. They may be called anti-*clerical*, but in truth they are simply anti-*Christian*.

1. They have introduced civil registration on birth as an equivalent and alternative for Christian baptism.

2. They have permitted and encouraged civil interment, instead of Christian burial.

3. They have abolished oaths in courts of law.

4. They have systematically encouraged the profanation of the Sunday and great Christian festivals of Christmas, Easter, etc. etc., by ordering the prosecution of the Government buildings and other public works on Sundays; by ostentatiously holding their sessions on those days; by ordering public lectures in the universities and higher schools on the Sundays as on week days, etc. etc.

5. They have established civil marriage as an equivalent before the law for Christian marriage, and as necessary in all cases besides the religious ceremony.

6. They have established a recognised system of public immorality, with a code of remunerations and rewards, holding out a premium for immorality by indemnities, and deriving from this shameful source a revenue applied to augment the secret service funds.

These laws are not only an outrage on the conscience of the Italian people, they are an attack on Christianity in its first principles and its hold on human society; nay, on the very sanctions of the natural order which bind men together and make them superior to a horde of savages. In every one of these provisions there is a *direct* attack upon religion

and morals; and still people ask, Why does not the Pope reconcile himself with the system of which they are a part and parcel? Why does not fire reconcile itself with water? why does not day reconcile itself with night, light with darkness, Christ with Belial? The Pope is the guardian of religion—the one only person in the whole world who for eighteen centuries has persistently gone on saying his 'non licet' and his 'non possumus' to every kind of iniquity. Imprison him, kill him if you will—he has often and often been both imprisoned and killed—but you will never get him to say that wrong is right or errors the truth as long as time lasts. What the three centuries of persecution and martyrdom—what unnumbered sieges, exiles, outrages, have never prevailed to do with his predecessors,—you may be very sure the brief rule of alternate 'moderate' or 'left' ministers like Minghetti or Crispi will not prevail to do with Leo XIII.

But we wish especially to remark that these laws are not only extreme (which is surely a mark of unwisdom) and aggressive, but also manifestly gratuitous. They have no shadow of excuse, except the hypocritical reasons which are never wanting when impiety sets to work to overthrow religion. No doubt each of these iniquities may be called by some specious name, and simple people may be taken in by the phrases used to hide their intrinsic deformity; or, again, the old jargon which represents the Church of Rome as a political contrivance, worldly, skilful, unscrupulous to the last degree, may be republished in order to prejudice people against the plain and vigorous terms in which the Pope denounces them; but the facts remain, and will sooner or later be appreciated as they deserve by honest and religious minds in this and in every other country.

This legislation pretends to regularise the conditions of the national life, or to give a greater extension to liberty and civil rights; but in fact it loosens the principal foundations on which society reposes and has reposed for centuries

in all Christian lands. The parade of toleration which has opened in Rome to the public eye some half dozen small places of worship bearing on their fronts the names of religions which one has never heard of, is in fact as fruitless of results as it is calumnious in intention, for it is meant to imply that the various Protestant denominations were refused the free practice of their religion before. Such was the statement indeed in the Chambers, whereas all Rome knew that the non-Catholics and even the Jews had their places of worship in the city for years past. A similar spirit has now brought two Jews into the Senate. Seven hundred years ago the Jews were as much tolerated in Rome, nay, protected by the Roman Pontiffs from the persecutions of a rude age, as they are now, but they did not make them Senators or hand over Christians to their tender mercies as ministers of finance. 'Alexander III., as we read in Rabbi Benjamin's celebrated "Itinerary" (says the "Unità Cattolica") had a Jew for his house-steward and treasurer, indeed, but he did not make him a legislator over his people.'

Passing over sundry other topics for brevity's sake, we will but name two more. One is the reckless way in which the new Italian state tramples on the rights of property; the other the impiety of its dealings with consecrated buildings.

As to the first, we will allege but two instances. First, the spoliation of so many convents, into which the majority of inmates had been received on payment of a dowry, their own property, or given to them, if poor, by charitable persons or institutions. This took place some six years ago, and so it is in process of being forgotten by those not directly concerned; for, as La Rochefoucauld says, it is wonderful with what Christian resignation we bear (and how soon forget, he might have added) the misfortunes of our neighbours! Mr. Hare, in the work quoted before, aptly describes the double injustice thus done.

'The closing of so many convents, and *the robbery of the dowries of so many nuns* (given on their entrance in the same

sense that a marriage dowry is given), have not only been an act of crying injustice in itself, but, while it has flooded the streets with starving, helpless, or infirm persons who subsisted on the daily convent dole, has thrown thousands of helpless ladies who believed themselves provided for for life, and by their own families, into a state of utter destitution; for the relief of which the miserable and irregularly paid pension of less than 5*d.* a day, appointed by the Government, sounds a mere mockery.'

This wrong has not become right because it was done a few years since. Similarly, the seizure of the great Roman libraries, as much the property of the Corporations to which they belong as any private property is its owner's, is simple robbery. Supposing, which is not even alleged, that the libraries were not open to the public, what right had the State to confiscate them on that account? And what has been done with them? The Cassinese, the Roman College, and the Angelica libraries, to say nothing of others, have been massed together in the rooms stolen from the Jesuits in their historic college of St. Ignatius, and on the pretext of public utility the treasures of an unrivalled literature have been ruthlessly cut down and diminished. Thousands of volumes have been discarded as duplicates, triplicates, and so forth, and have found their way to brokers, nay, to grocers and trunk liners, sold by weight or at a few pence per volume. These very volumes, which were of the greatest use to the learned public in the libraries to which they belonged, are now lost and destroyed; and this in the name of the advancement of learning and civilisation!

So again, under the name of 'expropriation' for the public service, the foreign and Italian colleges, and other public and private properties, have been seized, valued, and paid for by the Government in a manner often gratuitously and wantonly oppressive. Thus the garden and part of the house of the Redemptorists, an order devoted to the care of the poorer classes and to religious learning, have been

seized on this plea, the walls thrown down, and foundations, drains, etc., dug, and then allowed to lie an unused, unsightly heap of ruin year after year. This property, it is no secret, was originally bought with English money by a highly respected English member of the order. The estimate was made and approved, and then, without warning or justification, was suddenly cut down *by one half*, by that instrument of legalised robbery the Giunta Liquidatrice of the Roman municipality. This may be very 'enlightened' and 'progressive;' we should call it by other names here in England.

The other and last topic we will name is the profanation of churches. While here we are, and have been for half a century, jealously guarding the precious and beautiful remains of ancestral piety, laying out millions and millions in restorations and adornments which will go far to redeem this century in England, at least from the charge of mere materialism, making Ely, Worcester, Exeter, Bristol, and Wells, and so many more of our great churches rival their ancient splendours, and covering the land again with churches to replace those of which the 'godly Reformation' robbed the people in past time, and while, if a City church, no longer used because population has receded thence, has to be removed for the public advantage, and another supplied elsewhere to take its place, such a change is made with due reverence and regard to the wishes of the legal owners, modern Italy is beginning a career of irreverent desecration wherever she dares to set the real public opinion of the land at nought. Thus at Perugia a church is turned into a riding school for cavalry, at Siena another is used as a drill shed, and at Pisa another is made into an artillery store. 'These things,' writes a friend, whose name would at once guarantee the truth of his statement, 'and others too, I saw with my own eyes.'

We ask whether the fact that such things are being done to Catholics and to Catholic churches, and not to Protestant

or other non-Catholic persons and places of worship, ought to change our estimate of their true character? Assuredly not. The truth is that the same kind of people who do these things in Italy would do them here if they had the power. Happily they are still a long way from that goal; but when the editor of the 'Englishman' and advocate of the 'unfortunate nobleman' in Dartmoor gaol, and his friends, are strong enough to obtain a majority in the House of Commons and form a ministry, we may be sure that they will deal to the Established Church and the other institutions of the country much the same measure as the new Government of Italy deals to the Church and institutions of that country now. In fact, if people would only believe it, there are in ultimate analysis, and in the order of cause at least, only two kingdoms all the world over. Christendom and Rascaldom are daily coming out in stronger relief, in greater respective unity and more utter antagonism, and it is time that good people everywhere should take their side for good and all before the wrong side gets the upper hand.

We sum up our whole statement as follows:—

The new legislation is intrinsically bad, immoral, and irreligious.

The new legislation has no root in the real interests of the country nor in its convictions, nor in its history or antecedents.

The new legislation has for its final cause the destruction of religion.

The new legislation has no general and integral scope but this.

Finally, it is not asked for or wanted by the people, but obtruded on them. Therefore it cannot abide nor become part of the national life.

From all this there is one manifest deduction, that the present rulers of Italy have not got what they pretend to have, the *national* mind and feeling. They represent the

secret societies, not the nation. People may well ask, How then was it possible for them to obtain power, and how is it possible for them to retain it? No doubt, to us, with our long habit of political life and self-assertion, it may seem a paradox to say that a Chamber of Deputies elected by Italians should not really represent Italy; but on the other hand, nothing appears more certain in history than that great political changes effected in the name of the people are usually brought about by a very few, who represent—themselves, and not much more. The reason appears to be that *the multitude* never are and never can be capable of an intelligent and sustained political action, and that at a crisis (spontaneous or artificially created) the most daring and most active men are those also who have most to gain and least to lose by change. It is notorious now that the great change in France (1793) was brought about by the Jacobin clubs, whose supporters numbered at most forty thousand; these, under the name of 'the nation,' imposed their will on upwards of twenty-five millions of their fellow countrymen. Precisely in the same way a small minority are now misgoverning Italy. Then, as now, a sure instinct told these men that to eliminate religion from the education and habits of the people was the sure but only way to hold them in subjection at once to their own evil passions and to the yoke imposed on them under the profaned name of liberty; how far they have succeeded in France, the history of the last eighty years and the spectacle of the present time sufficiently show; how far they will succeed in Italy depends on Divine Providence and the strength of religion. That of the Government lies in the liberty (or license) to do wrong which it so abundantly ministers to its subjects.

We can well imagine people saying, 'Well, let us grant that all which is here alleged against the new Government of Italy is true; still, surely it is the affair of the Italians, and not of anyone else; and if they wish things altered they will certainly alter them themselves, without foreign aid and

sympathy.' Precisely so; we are convinced that they will alter them. We are convinced that institutions imported from other countries, and the fruit of causes congenial (more or less) to them, but not to Italy, will not take root and flourish in that soil. A strong, centralised, bureaucratic system, crushing into an articulate, characterless mass all the elements of national life, aping the most nefarious and extreme forms of that overgrown militaryism and Cæsarian quackery whose modern apostles have been and are the scourges of Europe, and especially of their own unfortunate countries, this is now what reigns or attempts to reign in Rome and Italy. Local autonomy, especially in the municipal form; variety, nay contrast, in the institutions of the different parts of the Peninsula, the result of its past history and the growth of local needs; and above all, the Papacy, its glory and its praise, the source of all that is noblest and most worldwide in its history and influence,—these are the true expressions of the national mind and the true elements of the national greatness. No system which ignores or strives to quench them can ever abide, or ever make Italy great. In the words of Alberto Mario, Italy was made to be federal, and those that would make it great must federalise, not centralise, it.

What then is our object in writing thus? Surely there is a higher utility than the material one (were that expedient or possible) of inviting interference in Italian affairs. To my mind at least it is no mean loss that so many good men and true should have taken up a false estimate of what is going on in Italy, and should give their applause, their good wishes, perhaps their prayers, to wretched impostors to be paralleled (thank Heaven) by no public men here in Engiand unless you dignify with that name such people as those who support convicted criminals, the aiders and abettors of perjury, of fraud, violence, sedition, and treason. Our hope is to open the eyes of some who wish to know and sympathise with the right side, even though it should prove to be the

side of the Catholic Church and of its venerable and august Head.

At this moment, after years of confinement within the walls of the Vatican, the Pope remains the one and only moral force in Rome. The reason is twofold. First it is because he is the Head of the Universal Church, and is therefore sustained by a centripetal force, which augments in exact proportion to the wrong done to its centre; and next it is because he is the one and only Italian institution left to that sorely tried nation. The love and veneration of the whole Catholic world, and of the Italians as much as any, surround and support him. Discord, mutual hatred, and fear, and, as recent revelations show, the most profound corruption, reign at the Quirinal and on the Monte Citorio. I allude to the disclosures of the Libro Nero and Zinis' work in the 'Times' of June 2, 1877. In the Vatican, on the other hand, there is light, there is unity and peace. From which comes help?

We hear on all sides that the Italian question is settled, and that because the Papal question, that of the Pope's temporal power, is settled by his being deprived of it. This is, however, the reason why the Italian question is *not* settled, and cannot be settled on its present basis. This is very well and succinctly put by a writer, now often quoted for a different order of ideas, in the following propositions:

'1. When the Pope defends his temporal sovereignty against the attacks of exterior malice and love of annexation, he fights for a most lawful cause.

'2. The cause of the Pope is the cause of all lawful sovereignties, and of the public law, peace, and order of Europe.

'3. Moreover, the Church requires an absolutely independent Head. The Pope cannot be the subject of any one sovereign or government; the good and the unity of the Church require him therefore to be a sovereign. Nor can

this sovereignty be a mere title; it must be a real thing founded on a solid base of fact. He must therefore have his own territory, with sovereign rights over it; and if he is despoiled of it, then the maintenance and restoration of his temporal sovereignty become *the common interest and work of all Christendom.*'

Such were the words of Dr. Döllinger at Munich on September 11, 1861, uttered before ten thousand Catholics at their General Assembly.,

CHAPTER XIX.

The last seven Years of the Private Life of Pius IX.—His Court.—Daily Life.—His Simplicity, Resignation, Confidence in God, Cheerfulness, Influence on others.—Health.—Sufferings.—Mental and Moral Energy.—Memory.—Unyielding Sense of Duty.—Gentleness.—Forgiveness of Injuries.—Interest in all Good Works.—Zeal.—Last Days.—Last Hours.—Death.—Sympathy of all Good People.—Funeral Rites.—The Conclave.—Election of Pope Leo XIII.—Conclusion.

As soon as the Pope had decided that his duty was to remain at his post at Rome, the altered circumstances in which he found himself necessarily involved considerable changes in his mode of life. The Government of King Victor Emanuel paraded their law of guarantees[1] as a sufficient security for the life of the Pope and of those who adhered to his altered fortunes, but everyone who chose to

[1] The law of guarantees contains the following provisions: 1. The person of the Pope is sacred and inviolable. 3. The Italian Government gives the honours due to a Sovereign to the Pope within the whole kingdom, and maintains the honour given him by Catholic Sovereigns. 6. During the period of the vacancy of the Holy See no judicial or political authority may under any pretext whatever interfere with or limit the personal freedom of the Cardinals. The Government will provide that the assembly of the Conclave and that of Œcumenical Councils shall not be disturbed by any violence from without. 7. No public official or agent of the Government shall be allowed to enter the palaces or places either of habitual or casual residence of the Pope, or in which the Conclave or an Œcumenical Council is assembled, to exercise his office in any way without the express consent and authority of the Pope, or of the Conclave or Council.

know knew very well that no such law was adequate to protect him if he appeared in public. The Government had flooded Rome with the offscourings of the population of the great cities; and the language, gestures, and actions of these people were such that no priest was safe from insult, and even from injury, in the streets at any hour of the day or night. The English newspapers ignored these facts, but the Italian papers were full of the records of outrages of the grossest kind, which the police only controlled so far as to be able to parade some show of protecting the clergy from popular violence. Even in the churches open disrespect and blasphemy were allowed, and when the Catholic people appealed for protection, the authorities blamed them as disturbers of the public peace. The cries of 'Death to the Pope' were heard once and again beneath the very walls of his Palace, and in December 1870 a disgraceful proof was given that the Government in truth regarded the Pope and his court as their prisoners. It chanced that Monsignor de Merode, Grand Almoner, and some officers of the Pope's Swiss Guard showed themselves at a window of the Palace. The Italian sentries outside called loudly and with menacing gestures to them to retire. In 1874 it happened that the Holy Father's person was seen at an open window. In a moment numbers of his people appeared in the Piazza below, and shouts of 'Long live the Holy Father, Pope and King,' etc., were raised. The Government dispersed the crowd with violence, and many were arrested, of whom several were committed to prison for months, and one for a space of two years for raising seditious cries and disturbing the public peace! Public meetings were also allowed, at which the most revolting threats against the Pope and blasphemies against religion were allowed to be uttered, and applauded. In May 1877 a public meeting was held in the Apollo Theatre, at which the most revolting outrages were threatened against the Pope and his faithful adherents. One of the speakers, among other insults, declared that he never forgave

anyone who had ever offended him. On this a real 'man of the people' (for the great majority were the paid agents of the secret societies) rose and said, 'That is false: he forgave me, and you too, Citizen Chairman, and many more whom I see here.'[1] Similarly, during the Carnival, blasphemous shows, ridiculing the Person of our Divine Lord and His Vicar and the most sacred mysteries of religion, were paraded through the streets under the protection of the police. It was, therefore, not only necessary that the Pope should keep himself a prisoner in the precincts of his palace, and that the cardinals and prelates who came on business or to pay their respects to him should lay aside the insignia of their dignity and be disguised in the ordinary garments of the lower clergy, but it was expedient also that the court should testify the condition to which it was reduced in common with its august master, by such reductions and changes in the ordinary state which the Pontiffs have for so many centuries kept up, and whereby their exalted dignity and authority over even the sovereigns and princes of this world was set forth and made manifest with a befitting splendour.

From this time, therefore, the whole court appeared shorn of its usual sober magnificence, which has ever received the admiration of civilised people throughout the world. The cardinals, the various colleges of prelates, the chamberlains, lay and clerical, with the sole exception of those in immediate and constant waiting on the person of the Pope, all appeared in the undress robes and uniforms of their respective ranks. The great suite of ante-rooms were no longer lined with the array of the various guards and high functionaries which made the audiences of the Supreme Pontiff as striking and awe-inspiring as those of the greatest temporal sovereigns in the world. The noble guard, the palatine, the

[1] This trait reminds us of the noble answer of Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. When her unjust judge said, 'You are the sister of that tyrant,' she said, 'Sir, if my brother had been a tyrant, neither you nor I should be where we now are.'

civic and the Swiss guards loyally continued their service, but in reduced numbers and always in undress uniform; and the visits and audiences, even of sovereigns, to the Pope made no exception to this rule. The malice and rage of the 'moderate' party, whose policy it was to represent that the Pope was quite free and quite satisfied with the situation created for him by the events of 1870, was unbounded, and our own papers, and statesmen of a certain school, were never tired of representing the attitude of the Pope as an exhibition of peevish and senile ill-temper. So far from this being the case, it was the remark of all who knew the court, that while the shadow thus cast over its wonted splendour was a marked indication of the wrong and violence done to the Pope, there never was a time when the whole of the Roman Curia, from the Supreme Pontiff and the cardinals down to the very menial servants of the Pope and of his court, was more sustained in an equable flow of spirits and more united in mind and heart than during these years. In proportion as there was less state and less throng of officials, there was more cordiality and a greater sense that we were all united more affectionately and intimately by the common sacred cause for which all were suffering. The ante-rooms were no longer crowded with gorgeous diplomatists, but those who were there were good men and true. No longer the 'whited sepulchres' of imperial or royal ambassadors appeared with homage on their lips and treason in their hearts, betrayers or themselves betrayed; but those who now came we might be sure were there with no evil intent. Instead of the magnificence of those great functions in the churches, St. Peter's, the Lateran, or St. Mary Major's, and the majesty of the Supreme Pontiff's presence in his robes and triply crowned, which no one who has seen it can ever forget, there was the quiet low mass in the little chapel of the Pontifical apartments, and Christ's Vicar in his spotless white cassock, rivalling, not surpassing, the snow upon his venerable head; instead of the august solemnities of the

Papal functions in St. Peter's or the Sixtine Chapel, there was that still evening service in the Pauline, with its rows of kneeling worshippers in black, cardinals of Holy Church and the great prelates of the palace wrapped in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; and in all hearts burnt the same love of the Divine Master and of His afflicted Vicar dearer than ever to us all in his adversity.

Moreover, with this partial eclipse of the usual splendour of the court, there came, as it were naturally, by the Holy Father's command, a certain relaxation of etiquette. Under ordinary circumstances prelates had to apply to the Prelate Maestro di Camera (Lord Chamberlain) for audience of His Holiness, but now it was permitted to all of a certain rank in the Court to come daily, if they pleased, to the several ante-rooms to which their grade respectively gave them admission; and when the Holy Father had finished his private audiences in his closet he came out and walked, or for the last year was carried, through the rooms where the deputations and pilgrims were arranged, to whom he addressed words of consolation, of admonition, and of blessing. After these duties had been performed, the Pope passed to one or other of the rooms forming part of, or adjacent to, his apartments, or in summer to the galleries or the gardens of the Vatican, and sitting down, and causing the Cardinals and the Court who might be there to sit on either hand, he spoke and made us speak concerning many things of great interest, and with such a grace and so ready a memory and wit as to charm everyone and set all at their ease. On analysing the sources of that special charm which everyone who approached Pius IX. acknowledged, one came to the conclusion that it was the result of a combination of a childlike simplicity and playful humour with the intensest sense of the reality of his office. Never for one instant did word or look or gesture betray the faintest trace of effort or study, and yet never were any of these unbecoming the Vicar of Christ on earth. He was never ponderous, or

stilted, or grave in that sense of gravity which makes other people uneasy and embarrassed. He had in a remarkable degree the royal gift of memory for persons; and seeing, as he did, as many thousands of people of all races and tongues and nations in a week as other sovereigns do in a year, and that especially during these years of his extreme old age, he was, nevertheless, seldom mistaken in his recollection of names and of persons, and usually showed by his questions that he had thought of those whom he saw and taken some interest in their welfare. The apropos of his remarks was quite extraordinary, and occasionally so much so that it was difficult not to see in them something more than natural. A person deserving of implicit credit told the present writer an instance of a very marked kind. Three young men were presented to the Holy Father at a private audience by our informant. He spoke with his usual kindly benignity to all of them; but as they were making their third obeisance on the threshold of the room, he suddenly looked up, and said audibly, 'Vos mundi estis, sed non omnes'[1] ('you are clean, but not all'). At that time all of these young men were supposed to be equally virtuous and sincere catholics, but in a very short time one of them unhappily lapsed, thus verifying the Pope's word.

As is remarked generally, the late Pope's freedom of speech about things and persons never degenerated into uncharitable censure. While others were wounded and made bitter by the astounding hypocrisy of the Italian Government, the Pope never said anything of individuals (as apart from their policy, which he unfailingly denounced as it deserved) stronger than 'pover uomo' (poor man), or such like phrases. The great characteristic which age and misfortune brought out more and more distinctly was an unshaken and unbounded confidence in God. It was the habit of his whole life to live in, and borrow all his phrase-

[1] John xiii. 11.

ology and modes of expression and illustration from Holy Scripture, and to listen to him was usually to listen to a string of allusions to Scripture, and especially to the Psalms. It is obvious how the habit of continual trustful reference of all things to God, to His Holy Will, His providence, His loving care for His own, and His unfailing though often long-retarded judgments on the wicked, both found an adequate expression in the inspired word of God, and made that word ever more and more a light and guide to his ways. The Pope remarked to the present writer, now nearly twenty-five years ago, that whereas the flood of revolution in France had broken and interrupted the old traditions of catholic life, in Italy that deluge had never arrived at such a pitch, and no one could help seeing in the Pope himself a striking illustration of this truth. Those who know Italy, not the Italy of tourists and English and French clubs, of valets de place, newspaper writers and hotel keepers, but the real Italy of the Italians, will have remarked how the whole of its intimate life, domestic and social, its colloquial and literary language, and the habits of thought of the millions, especially in the Papal States, are imbued with the faith and what flows from it. In all the churches frequented by the people there are year by year courses of catechetical instruction and instructions on Holy Scripture, so that the talk of the people is perpetually interlarded with Christian and Scriptural doctrine and allusion. Their very jests and proverbs, nay, even their oaths and objurgations, have a substratum of theology without which they are not intelligible.

Pope Pius IX. was the most Italian of Italians, as in deeper things, so also in the ready jest which had some base of Christian and Catholic meaning on which it turned. Thus last year, when in the spring several of the Cardinals died in a short space of time, and Monsignor Macchi, alluding to it, said, 'It seems as if the beads were coming off the rosary,' the Holy Father, playfully touching his own

breast, said, 'Yes, Sir, but the Our Father keeps firm.'[1] This play of humour, which is the exact opposite to the grim and ungenial tone which characterizes non-catholic piety, was so marked in the Pope that even the gravest and most austere used to put off some of their wonted severity of look when they drew near him, and to his Court he was always the centre of cheerfulness and content.

There was in him so great a fund of cheerfulness that all who were about him felt that, if they were depressed by the atmosphere of anxiety and fear which surrounded them, the very sight of the Pope was enough to raise their spirits. It was not insensibility to the reasons for anxiety which surrounded him, but the constant repose upon the objects of faith and hope in God, which shed this serenity over his whole being: the changeful colour, and the eyes suffused with tears, often and often told of the sorrows which were in his heart, and yet through all he was held up, sometimes it seemed almost visibly to others, by the hand of God, and many would bear witness that when in prayer, as we looked steadfastly on his face, it seemed in some sort transfigured, like that of the first Martyr, by a light not its own. The immediate Court circle of Pius IX. was in some degree a reflection of his own piety and simplicity; the much maligned Cardinal, Secretary of State, Antonelli, though undoubtedly a statesman of no mean capacity, was a man of the most simple habits of life, and if his health did not permit him to use austerity, it certainly obliged him to a constant self-denial which he accepted with the best grace possible, and was always accessible, affable, and courteous in a remarkable degree to all who came to his audience. A very early riser, a most laborious minister, a pious frequenter of the Sacraments, we are convinced that the real clue to the abominable attacks made since his death upon Cardinal Antonelli is the reflection simply of that hatred which his

[1] 'Sì, Signore, ma non si sfila il Paternoster.'

political adversaries felt towards him, as the faithful servant and trusted minister of the Holy See for more than a quarter of a century. The private chamberlains and great officers of the Court were one and all men of the most unaffected piety and of apostolic zeal and life, Cardinals Borromeo and Pacca, Monsignori Talbot, de Merode, Ricci (Maggiordomo of Leo XIII., and for so many years attached in high offices to the late Pope), Macchi, Negrotto, di Bisogno, Casali, Delle Volpe, and so many more venerable men whose chief qualities were the virtues of devoted ministers of God, and active benefactors to their fellow creatures. But if any proof were needed that such is their true character, it may be found in the consoling fact that nearly all of those who thus shared the fortunes of their august master for good and for ill, during his long pontificate, have been and are still made the marks for abuse and calumny by the worst newspapers at home and abroad.

Our own tongue and nation have been represented at Rome in the court by Monsignor Talbot, Monsignor Stonor, and the present Cardinal Howard—men whose characters stand deservedly high in their own and in every other country where they are known. The rest of the Court, however, are similarly unblemished, and it follows that the thousand and one malicious stories of mutual jealousies, divisions, intrigues, and the rest, with which the newspapers abound, are entirely unfounded. The truth is, that not even the malice of all his enemies could find a spot in the character of Pius IX. on which to fasten any but the most futile accusations, and hence they are reduced to abusing and maligning his servants. There is nothing whatever either in the mental or moral character of Pius IX. to make it possible that he should have surrounded himself with persons of no integrity or virtue, and these attacks therefore only afford another instance of that which we see so often repeated, viz., that false witnesses never can give to their statements those characters of consistency and probability which belong only

to the truth. The fact is that, as the Pope was himself the very type of manly, truthful, outspoken sincerity, he had a dislike for the dark, silent, designing type of men which, in the popular jargon of this country, is called the 'Jesuistical' or 'sacerdotal' character. Accordingly, the Vatican Court was singularly free from the elements of intrigue and secret conspiracy with which it is so glibly credited. The hardest thing the Pope ever said in our hearing of an English statesman (now like so many others broken on the stone of Peter and discredited even among his own party) was that he was 'bottonato,' that is, *buttoned up* in himself. An atmosphere of mystery, ambiguities of language, and still more of conduct, were his special abhorrence, and he sought and found in his personal attendants and friends those who were the freest from those vices. Cardinal Antonelli once said to the present writer that the diplomacy of the Holy See was, in fact, the simplest of all diplomacies, for it consists in always saying what you mean, and never saying what you do not mean. Never was this saying truer than when Pius IX. reigned. What promise did he ever hold out that he did not fulfil, what engagements that he did not meet, even to his own manifest loss and detriment: and which of his adversaries can say as much?

In accordance with this character of frank and genial loyalty was the great trait of generosity and forgiveness to friend and foe, which so became him as the Vicar of Christ. Like his Divine Master, he had no harsh words or acts, except for hypocrites in their hypocrisy. Against such he warned his flock to the end with a wonderful mental and moral energy, which arose not from love of reproving or invective, as has been so unworthily and foolishly maintained by the statesman just alluded to, but by zeal for God's glory and for the good of souls. That the 'Vatican' (that is the Pope) should have been generally proclaimed a home of dark, designing conspirators, and the official head of the Italian kingdom commonly called an 'honest man,'

will always remain, in the eyes of the few who care to inquire and think for themselves, one of those unconscious pieces of irony in which an age sometimes writes its own character with a justice as complete as it is severe.

While the world without was going on its way rejoicing and the head of the church was mourning in his palace-prison at the profanation of holy things and places, and much more at the destruction of souls by the systematic abandonment of religious education in Rome, while some princes were exulting over their ill-gotten spoils, and others condemned to put a good face upon their misfortunes, to kiss the hand that smote them and place their most cherished stars and decorations on the breasts of those whom they hated and despised, and one and all were arming (and trying to conceal their armaments), the Pope seemed to have a perverse determination to disappoint the ardent and often reiterated hopes of his enemies that he should die. They went to the trouble and expense of many (and most contradictory) special detailed telegraphic communications, to the effect that he was constantly in so critical a state of health that his demise might be at any moment expected. The greater part of this business was done by allusions to long-continued fainting fits (called by various learned and alarming names), epileptic seizures, mysterious swellings of the extremities, loss of the use of limbs, paralysis, and the like. The fact was that his health was extraordinarily good for his time of life, and it was curiously enough remarked that the very confinement to his palace, which was the result of so much hostility, was probably the means of prolonging his life. Like most very strong people, the Holy Father was not easily persuaded that he was ill, and for many years he used occasionally to expose himself to cold by draughts and the like minor imprudences, for which of late years there were fewer inducements. Thus whenever he officiated in S. Peter's, at the three great solemnities of Christmas, Easter and S. Peter's Day, or at the other great basilicas two or

three times in the year, heated by the exertion, and the emotion of singing mass and then exposed to the unavoidable draught in giving the blessing 'orbi et urbi' from the open loggias, he caught severe colds with some degree of bronchitis. During the late years these risks were avoided, but still the tendency to bronchial and other affections from catarrh and cold remained, and it was from this that he died. The Pope, however, was visibly becoming an old man, and those who saw him most often were painfully conscious that his strength was declining. His moral being, however, remained completely unchanged; there was no sign of flagging there, and the efforts of all about him were mainly directed to induce him not to overtax his bodily strength by too great mental exertion. By degrees the lumbago and sciatic pains which attacked him in the winter acquired greater hold on him, and for the last year and a half he could scarcely walk at all. The severity of the pain and the irksomeness to one so active, of not being able to move without assistance, never impaired the serenity of his mind and temper, and he used to joke constantly about his lameness, and about his carriage and horses, as he used to call the chair and the servants who carried him from room to room, so that everyone seemed sorry for him except himself.

Above all, he never allowed anything but sheer physical impossibility to interfere with his audiences, especially when those whom he was to receive came from distant lands, which was almost of daily occurrence. His interest in all good works remained also unflagging, and he never seemed to take spontaneously the side, which many even very good people do, of criticism or objection, but always the good side of any work or object which, on the face of it, was well meant. His sympathies were singularly unfettered by prejudices either as regards time or place. Most old men have a very natural, but also a very strong, leaning towards the earlier time which they can remember of their youth. The Pope was singularly exempt from this weakness. He was,

in the true sense of the words, 'a man of his time.' No one had a keener perception of the advantages, in the highest point of view, which we reap from the advance of knowledge and the material civilization of these latter days. He was not an enemy to things new because they were new, nor a friend to things old because they were old, but he weighed all in the unfailing balance of divine truth, of conscience and of right, and excluded or admitted principles and their applications solely by that standard.

No doubt, as it is easy to say now that we know the results, the Pope's early political time of action was one which was not tenable under the circumstances which came to pass, but of all people we English should be the last to reproach him with a failure of which the sources were a too sanguine estimate of the goodwill and integrity of political men, and of the uses of increased freedom of institutions. He was cruelly betrayed, and his confidence basely abused, by those whom he trusted; and yet he was not soured or rendered hopeless by as sad an experience as ever fell to the lot of any sovereign. It was surely too much to expect that he should make a second experiment in the same direction.

During the summer of 1877 the Holy Father had some comparative respite from the great fatigue of the whole period to which the love and gratitude of his faithful children of all lands had extended their commemoration of his Episcopal Jubilee. It was on the 3rd of June, 1827, that he had been consecrated Archbishop of Spoleto in the Church of S. Peter ad Vincula (the Eudoxian Basilica) by Cardinal Castiglione, afterwards Pope Pius VIII., but for many weeks before and after the fiftieth anniversary, June 3, 1877, the Catholic world sent its deputations by hundreds and by thousands, laden with gold and silver, and every kind of rich and appropriate gift, to the Vatican. The extent to which these reached may be judged by a single fact: the present writer, early in May, counted the number

of chalices, which, with the other gifts of church jewels and furniture, were laid out, by the Pope's command, in one of the largest galleries of the Vatican, and already, at that time, nearly a month before the actual anniversary, they numbered more than 500. The reception of so many thousands, and the labour of addressing them day after day, and often three or four times in a day, was a great fatigue, but never once did his strength, or the vigour of his mind, seem to fail him. Still those around him were glad when this great tax on his strength was happily past, and they marked with pleasure that no serious results ensued. In the autumn, however, a severe cold, and the return of the rheumatic pains, obliged him to interrupt his audiences for a time, and finally the doctors advised him to keep his bed, which he did from the 20th of November for about three weeks. In consequence of this the press generally went to the trouble and expense of keeping up almost hourly alarms as to his imminent death. All the old tales about fainting fits, mortification of the extremities, etc., were renewed, and for those who preferred the 'lie circumstantial,' there were detailed scientific descriptions of his malady in the medical papers, so precise as to make even those who knew better occasionally give way to alarm in spite of themselves. These ardent wishes for the Pope's death had long ceased to have any effect upon him except that of amusement. In September a German ecclesiastic had asked him what issue he anticipated from the Turkish and Russian war; he said it was obscure enough, but perhaps the best result would be that it would occupy the attention of the Powers, and prevent them from interfering with the conclave: certainly a remarkable foreshadowing of what actually took place in the following February.[1] In December and January the health

[1] The awfully sudden sickness and death in the desecrated palace of the Quirinal of King Victor Emanuel, on the 9th of January, the sixth anniversary of the death of his sometime accomplice Napoleon III., had given occasion to the Pope to exercise a great and generous act of forgive-

of the Holy Father manifestly improved. Those who saw him were struck by the appearance of renewed vigour and brightness in the expression of the face and eyes, and though still keeping to his couch, it was rather as a measure of precaution than from necessity. He daily transacted business with the cardinals, heads of congregations, and with other prelates, and on Saturday, the 2nd of February, he received the usual offerings of candles for the Feast of the Purification, and made an animated address, seated on his throne, without appearing at all fatigued by the effort. On Wednesday, the 6th, the Pope seemed more than usually bright, and received several persons at audience in the large private library of his apartments, and also walked a short distance without even the aid of his stick. It would seem that the library was rather colder than usual, and that though not aware of it at the time, the Holy Father received a slight chill, to which he was very subject. Be that as it may, he woke after a disturbed night with the symptoms of a cold and feverish attack. About two o'clock these were slightly relieved, but by five o'clock they had returned with more accentuation. The pulse was weak and greatly accelerated, and the breathing laboured. Towards eight o'clock the Holy Father, who had sent for Monsignor Marinelli, Bishop of Porphyria and Sacristan of the Apostolic Palace, desired to be anointed, and soon after, also at his own request, he received for the last time the Divine Eucharist by way of

ness. No sooner had the worthy ecclesiastic (who, out of priestly zeal for the unhappy king's soul, had continued to act as his chaplain with faculties duly obtained from the vicegerent of Rome) applied for the necessary powers to remove from him the censures and excommunication incurred by him, than the Pope at once accepted his overtures for forgiveness, and sent the Bishop of Porphyria and other Prelates to do all that was needful for his reconciliation to God and the Church. 'Usate tutta misericordia'—use all the mercy possible—was his injunction, and accordingly the dying king received the last sacraments and rites of the Church before he went to his account at the hands of the very Pontiff whom he had so cruelly outraged and injured.

viaticum. Meanwhile the news of his alarming state had been sent to the Cardinal Vicar, and by him to the clergy of Rome, with the injunction to expose the Blessed Sacrament in all the churches, that the faithful might pray for their beloved Father and Prince. The members of the Sacred College were all summoned, and by eleven o'clock they and the Court thronged the anterooms and the Pope's own room.

The churches were crowded with a devout multitude, and the very streets of the city seemed deserted and mournful as the day wore on. About noon, the Holy Father, who was assisted by Cardinals Biglio, Grand Penitentiary, and Martinelli, on either hand, expressed by broken words and by signs his regret that he could not speak to the Sacred College; the mind remained perfectly clear and serene, but the tongue refused its office. It was then that the Cardinal Penitentiary besought him once more to bless the Sacred College; and raising himself on one arm, the Pope took from under his pillow his crucifix, the witness of so many hours of prayer and of suffering, and lifting it aloft, solemnly blessed the Cardinals for the last time. As the afternoon wore on, the Holy Father's breathing became more and more impeded, and the supreme agony of that great soul commenced. The Cardinals ceased not to suggest pious prayers and ejaculations, to which he remained fully sensible. When the prayers for the departing soul were read and the Cardinal came to the words, 'Proficiscere, anima christiana,' the Pope said audibly, 'Si, proficiscere,' 'Yes, go forth!' and when the act of contrition was reiterated he joined in it, with his dying breath saying the words, 'Col vostro santo ajuto,'—that is, 'With the assistance of Thy Holy Grace.' One of the last whom he recognised was our own Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, to whom he said, 'Addio, carissimo!' Towards sunset the eyes became clouded, and the death rattle became painfully audible. The Cardinal Penitentiary who was saying aloud, with all present, the sorrowful

mysteries of the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, rose up, approached the pillow of the dying Pontiff, and as the clock chimed the third quarter past 5 o'clock, and the Angelus-bell rang out from the hundred towers of Rome's churches, the soul of Pope Pius IX. winged its way to the Presence of that GOD whom he had so long and so faithfully served, to receive its unfading crown of glory and reward.

No words can adequately describe the solemnity of that moment. In the midst of a breathless silence the Cardinal Penitentiary, in tones broken by emotion, pronounces the words, 'Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and may light perpetual shine upon him!' which convey the fatal truth to all, and then there rises up one long-suppressed wailing sob, and Cardinals and Prelates, nobles, guards, and servants struggle and crowd on each other, to press once more forehead and lips upon those sacred hands of God's Vicar which will never more be raised to bless them. All the love and veneration, which for thirty-two years have been poured out on that beloved head, seem to be concentrated in the chamber of death; and the lament which begins there finds its echoes throughout the whole inhabited world, in the hearts of his faithful children, of every land and of every race.

The solemnities of the Holy Father's funeral rites, which occupy nine days, were so amply described in the newspapers that it would be useless to dwell upon them here, but there were one or two moments of special interest which we cannot pass over. On the day succeeding the death of the Pope, an eye-witness thus describes the scene that presented itself in the room where he breathed his last:—

'Within the Vatican, the venerable figure lay upon a small bed covered with crimson damask. The whole form was visible, dressed in a white cassock, with a crimson mozzetta trimmed with white fur, and the hood, also crimson, drawn up round the head. The features were singularly unaltered, and the lips bore that placid and benevolent smile so familiar to all who have approached the person of the

Holy Father. His aged hands, white as marble, were crossed on his breast, and held the crucifix which remained in his grasp during his last moments. The feet were uncovered save by a crimson slipper, and the faithful devoutly kissed them as they knelt before the bed. Of course all the members of the Papal Court were admitted, and also the members of the Embassies accredited to the Holy See, as well as the aristocracy of Rome. Ladies knelt, sobbing and praying, before that placid form, never more to be moved by smiles or tears. But the most striking and pathetic sight of all was, to behold aged priests and prelates, men who would seem to have outlived emotion, bursting into loud sobs when they came within view of the body. Two noble guards stood motionless as statues, with reversed arms, at the foot of the bed, and save for the sound of weeping the chamber was as still as death.'[1]

On the 14th of February, at seven in the evening, the sacred remains of our Holy Father were solemnly entombed. The custom for some centuries has been that the body of the deceased Pope, after being embalmed, and the præcordia in-urned (either in the parish church of SS. Vincent and Anastasius, if he should die in the Quirinal Palace, or in the vaults of St. Peter's if he dies at the Vatican), is temporarily placed in a vaulted niche in one of the walls, of vast thickness, of St. Peter's, until the death of the next Pope, on whose decease the remains of his predecessor are removed to their final resting-place. The Sacred College, and the Court, with the guards, and other attendants having assembled in the Hall of the Consistory, preceded by the Papal Cross, descended into the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the body had been exposed in state, vested in the full Pontifical Vestments, as if to sing mass. The choir chanting the 'Miserere' in solemn tones, the vast temple lit fitfully by the torches carried on either hand by the canons and clergy, the wailing sound of the mourners,

[1] From the *Standard*, Feb. 10, 1878.

as the body was carried up the nave, paused for a moment before the statue of S. Peter and the Tomb of the Apostles, and making a circuit past the Chapel of St. Gregory the Great, passed into the Canons' choir, near which is its temporary resting-place, formed a spectacle of wonderful and impressive solemnity never to be forgotten. When the body had been reverently placed within the triple-coffin, it was the last sad office of Monsignor Ricci, his Holiness' most faithful and attached Maggiordomo (Lord Steward of the Household), to cover the beloved features with a white, gold-fringed, silken veil. 'Never,' says a bystander, 'did I see man moved as poor Monsignor Ricci was moved at that sad moment: twice he approached to fulfil his office, and twice sunk to the pavement in the anguish of his soul.' Such was the affection that this great Pontiff inspired in all who were nearest to him.

The cynic La Rochefoucauld has said that 'no man is a hero to his valet de chambre;' and a greater has declared that 'no one is a prophet in his own country;' but Pius IX. was loved and revered by those who lived nearest to him.

On the three following days, High Mass is sung, and absolutions are given by five Cardinals with greater solemnity at the Cenotaph, which is erected for the purpose in the nave of S. Peter's. On that which succeeded the entombment, as soon as the absolutions were ended, the great mass of people who crowded the church, as by one common impulse, rose from their knees, and pressing in a dense crowd towards the tomb, knelt around it in silent tearful prayer. These, and not the hired profanities of street manifestations, are the impulses of the real Roman people, and they were shared in, let it be said to their honour, by great numbers of the new comers, officials, and employés of the new government and others. In truth, all seemed to feel that if they had lost the beloved presence of a Venerable

Father and a majestic Prince, it was to regain him as a patron and an intercessor with his Lord in the heavenly Court.

The ways of Providence are indeed admirable. All catholics who knew what a precarious and uncertain hold the Italian Government has on the nation, and what fearful elements of revolution lie beneath the surface of the whole of society, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, had been looking forward with dread to the moment when Pius IX., whose extraordinary personal qualities and career had raised him above even those storms which had overwhelmed so many sovereigns and nations, should be removed and leave the Church widowed to the mercy of her enemies. It was known that the extreme Republican party had made calculations and plans to use that moment for their ends, and to spare no violence, if need should be, to interfere with the freedom of the Conclave, or to prevent its assembly; and as the government of Crispi and Nicotera was upheld only by the tolerance of that section in the Chambers, it was only too probable that a catastrophe would ensue. The ministers were loud in their public profession of upholding the law of guarantees, but it was known that a private circular, issued by Crispi to the Prefects, desired them to ascertain what would be the possible effect if 'some modifications' of that law were proposed.

Man proposes but God disposes, however. The crisis in the Eastern Question, the attitude of the Holy Father on the occasion of Victor Emanuel's sudden demise, the consequent devolution of the Crown to a new sovereign, the scandal of the prime minister (Crispi's) notorious criminality before the law necessitating his unwilling resignation, and the fall of his ministry, the suddenness of the Holy Father's decease, all of these events and conditions, in their several degrees and kinds, made the moment at which it had to meet astonishingly propitious for the holding of the Conclave in the Vatican itself.

During the ten days which by rule must elapse before the Cardinals enter the Conclave, no effort was spared by the hostile press to do all the mischief possible, by spreading false rumours as to the conduct of the Cardinals, their divisions, hostilities, ambitions, hopes, fears, intentions, plots and conspiracies. Certain Cardinals, especially Cardinal Manning, were selected as the particular marks for attack. He was given out to be the most extreme in his views about the Temporal Power, and the attitude of the Holy See towards the usurper of the Papal States and City. A reference to his published works on this subject is sufficient to show how absurdly Cardinal Manning was credited, especially, with a plan for persuading the Sacred College to leave Rome and hold the Conclave at Malta; and among other statements which began in the Italian radical papers, and went the round of Europe, it was declared that he was so violent in advancing his views, that he had to be rebuked and reduced to order by the Cardinal Camerlengo at the council board! Of all this, and much more to the same effect, not one single iota was true. Cardinal Manning, always a man of measure and circumspection in a remarkable degree, never had, and never advanced, such an idea. His views were indeed listened to with respect by his colleagues, and those which he did put forward, which were not at all such as the newspapers invented, were received and adopted with a singular unanimity in the preliminary congregations (as they are called) of the Cardinals.

No sooner had they entered the Conclave than a fresh supply of false news commenced, but just as the various instruments were tuning up for a new concert on the usual theme of divisions, hatred, and the like, the further dissemination of such inventions was decisively stayed by the announcement, about one o'clock on Wednesday, the 20th of February (the third day of the Conclave), of the election of the Cardinal Camerlengo, Joachim Pecci, Bishop-Arch-

bishop[1] of Perugia, Cardinal Priest of the title of S. Crysogonus, to the vacant throne of Peter.

It was now known that the election was singularly unanimous. At the first scrutiny of the votes, twenty-six were recorded for Cardinal Pecci, and at the other scrutiny of the first day they rose to thirty-five; and in the morning of the 20th a majority of forty-four votes made him Pope. At the moment of the election the canopies over the chairs of the Cardinals are all lowered, except that over the head of the new Pope, who is at once saluted by all bending the knee towards him. This ceremony performed, the new Pope retired to a part of the Sistine Chapel (in which the election took place), to be habited in the white cassock and other robes of his office; and meanwhile the Cardinal First Deacon (Cardinal Caterini), preceded by the Papal Cross and acolytes, and masters of ceremonies, proceeded to the balcony over the great gates of S. Peter's, to announce the election to the public, in the well-known formula: 'I announce to you a great joy; we have for Pope the most eminent Lord Cardinal Joachim Pecci, who has chosen the name of Leo XIII.'

No sooner was the election known than the radical and other governmental papers set to work in the usual way; they gave out (and were faithfully copied, and even improved on by the English papers) that the new Pope was a complete contrast to Pius IX., that he was in fact a 'liberal,' and would speedily come to terms with the Italian Government, throw over all the ministers and friends of his predecessor, and otherwise show himself a man of progress and a friend to modern ideas.

The English newspapers, totally incapable for the most part of perceiving the ridicule with which they covered them-

[1] Cardinal Pecci had been a nuncio, and consequently archbishop *in partibus*, and hence, though Perugia is a bishopric only, he bore the title of archbishop also.

selves, improved on all this, and declared the Pope was quite ready to alter a few dogmas, and throw over a few others, of the Catholic faith. Thus the 'Times' declared that he showed symptoms of giving up the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin; and the 'Standard' devoted a column and a half to show that the intentions of the Pope to reform and re-model the Church were so alarming to the 'ultramontane faction' of Cardinals, including, of course, Cardinal Manning, that they had recourse to violence, and threatened his life![1] This *intelligent* print goes on to speculate gravely on the fact that, if Cardinal Manning and his friends *do* compass the Pope's death, he will not have the protection of the Italian police within the Vatican. The sapient writer concludes with—'All this, however, as regards the violent opposition of the violent-minded Cardinals, *we knew before*; but matters seem to be coming to something like a crisis in the Vatican.' That is, that having told the most unscrupulous falsehoods before, they now allude to them as 'knowledge,' and draw further conclusions from them. The curious fact is, that these writers should have such a contemptuous certainty of the ignorance and prejudice of their readers that they dare thus to write in a public newspaper. One would have thought that most people who are able to read and write would be too well informed to swallow such stuff, but this seems not to be the case, or else it would not be supplied.

The Pope, from all accounts, appears to be a prelate of very great powers, and of a gentle, but firm cast of mind and will, such as the momentous times in which his lot is cast make it most desirable that the Head of the Church should possess.

Born in 1810, on his ancestral estate, in the family mansion in the little town of Carpineto, and descended from a noble and wealthy race, he was sent, when about fifteen years of age, to Rome, where he attended the lectures at

[1] *Standard* of Tuesday evening, March 19.

the Collegio Romano, then recently restored to the Society of Jesus by Pope Leo XII., and took the degrees of Doctor in Canon and Civil Law there and at the Roman University, with much *éclat.* He then entered as a student at the College for Nobles called the Academia de' Nobili, where he was so distinguished for conduct and ability that he was speedily made a prelate of the Papal Court, and when still young was sent as civil governor (delegato) to Benevento, a province belonging to the Holy See, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. Here his rule was distinguished by great good sense, and a firm but gentle practical method in the transaction of public affairs, which made him beloved by all ranks, and the terror only of evil-doers, whatever their rank or position might be. From Benevento, where he was deeply regretted, Monsignor Pecci was sent as governor to Perugia, a post of far greater importance, and usually a very arduous one, owing to the traditional seditious and factious character of the people. In 1845 he was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to the court of King Leopold of Belgium. He remained only three years at that post, but his great moral and intellectual qualities attracted the admiration of that highly intelligent and cultivated prince, and when his health induced the Holy Father to recal him to Italy, he carried with him the respect and goodwill of that Sovereign and of his Queen, as well as of all with whom he had official or private relations. The King presented him with the grand cross of his dynastic order, and it is said that he represented to the Pope how worthy he considered him of the dignity of the cardinalate, to which His Holiness raised him at a later time, viz., in 1853. On his return from Belgium the Pope sent him as bishop to Perugia, and he had ruled that see with singular wisdom and success for thirty-two years, when thus called to the supreme chair of S. Peter. In the course of last summer Pope Pius IX. appointed him Camerlengo of Holy Church. This high office, which represents in great measure the ancient charge of arch-deacon of the Roman

Church, is one which emerges into its greatest importance during the vacancy of the Holy See. During that time it is the Cardinal Camerlengo who takes the lead in the direction of all the highest interests of the Church. He presides over the congregations of the Cardinals before they go into conclave; he receives the ambassadors to the Holy See, provides for and directs all the preparations for the Conclave, and is the supreme ruler and ultimate appeal within its enclosure, being responsible there, as the Prince Marshal of the Conclave is without, for the good order and observance of all rites and rules during its continuance. The Camerlengo is also the depositary of the Church's temporal power during this time of her widowhood, and has the right to strike money bearing his arms, and exercise other sovereign attributions until the new Pope is elected. As was to be expected, Pope Leo XIII. performed all these duties with all the wisdom, tact, dignity, and courtesy which he was known to possess, and he was ably seconded by the three cardinals, heads of the three orders of cardinals—bishops, priests, and deacons, and especially by the cardinal sub-dean of the S. College, Cardinal di Pietro, the Cardinal-Dean, Cardinal Amat, being too infirm to occupy his post as he would have wished.

It was the wish of the new Pope, for the sake of the faithful Roman people, to be crowned in S. Peter's, but the Italian Government, on the very eve of the solemnity, sent word that if any popular tumult occurred, they would not be responsible for the results, and upon this the orders and preparations were countermanded, and the coronation took place in the Sistine Chapel within the Vatican. If this ceremony had been held in S. Peter's, no doubt we should have been told that this was a sign that the Pope had given up the policy of his predecessor, and did not affect to consider himself a prisoner in the Vatican. As this was not to be, they of course took care to say that the Pope was just as retrograde and intolerant as Pius IX.

The facts were as we have stated, and certainly the violence shown that evening by a few hundreds of republican agitators, who broke the windows of houses which had illuminated in honour of the Pope's coronation, was sufficient evidence that nothing like a public solemnity could have been safely undertaken.

Thus the new Pontificate begins as that glorious one, which has just closed, ended, in the midst of uncertainty and an ill-disguised animosity on the part of the Italian Government, and on the part of the Church in a quiet and resolute persistence in her witness to truth and justice. Pope Pius IX. has left to the Holy See the glory of being the one single institution on the whole earth which has not quailed before the revolution, or bowed itself to the idols of this world. Never during his thirty-two years' Pontificate has he put bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter, never adulated success, never trampled on misfortune. In him everything good and true and honourable and just has ever found an echo and an encouragement, and from him nothing false, nothing cruel, nothing unjust or uncharitable has ever received homage or good words. This is the precious heritage which, while it is at this moment the source of his eternal joy, is also the treasure and inexpugnable vantage ground of his successor. May he too, as he undoubtedly will, hand on to a late age the lighted torch of kingly and priestly honour, and draw to the brightness of its shining nations and races, as yet sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death!

APPENDIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION 'PASTOR AETERNUS.'

Pius Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, with the approval of the Sacred Council, for an everlasting remembrance.

The eternal Pastor and Bishop of our souls, in order to continue for all time the life-giving work of His Redemption, determined to build up the Holy Church, wherein, as in the House of the living God, all faithful men might be united in the bond of one faith and one charity. Wherefore, before he entered into His glory, He prayed unto the Father, not for the Apostles only, but for those also who through their preaching should come to believe in Him, that all might be one even as He the Son and the Father are one.[1] As then the Apostles whom He had chosen to Himself from the world were sent by Him, not otherwise than He Himself had been sent by the Father; so did He will that there should ever be pastors and teachers in His Church to the end of the world. And in order that the Episcopate also might be one and undivided, and that by means of a closely united priesthood the body of the faithful might be kept secure in the oneness of faith and communion, He set Blessed Peter over the rest of the Apostles, and fixed in him the abiding principle of this twofold unity, and its visible foundation, in the strength of which the everlasting temple should arise, and the Church in the firmness of that faith should lift her majestic front to Heaven.[2] And seeing that the gates of hell

[1] Cf. Joan. xvii. 1, 20, sq.

[2] S. Leo M. serm. iv. (al. iii.) cap. 2, in diem Natalis sui.

with daily increase of hatred are gathering their strength on every side to upheave the foundation laid by God's own hand, and so, if that might be, to overthrow the Church; We, therefore, for the preservation, safe-keeping, and increase of the Catholic flock, with the approval of the Sacred Council, do judge it to be necessary to propose to the belief and acceptance of all the faithful, in accordance with the ancient and constant faith of the universal Church, the doctrine touching the institution, perpetuity, and nature of the sacred Apostolic Primacy, in which is found the strength and sureness of the entire Church, and at the same time to inhibit and condemn the contrary errors, so hurtful to the flock of Christ.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE APOSTOLIC PRIMACY IN BLESSED PETER.

We, therefore, teach and declare that, according to the testimony of the Gospel, the primacy of jurisdiction was immediately and directly promised to Blessed Peter the Apostle, and on him conferred by Christ the Lord. For it had been said before to Simon: Thou shalt be called Cephas,[1] and afterwards on occasion of the confession made by him: Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God, it was to Simon alone that the Lord addressed the words: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in Heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.[2] And it was upon Simon alone that Jesus after His resurrection bestowed the jurisdiction of Chief Pastor and Ruler over all His fold in the words: Feed my lambs: feed my sheep.[3] At open variance with this clear

[1] Joan. i. 42. [2] Matth. xvi. 16–19. [3] Joan. xxi. 15–17.

doctrine of Holy Scripture as it has been ever understood by the Catholic Church are the perverse opinions of those who, while they distort the form of government established by Christ the Lord in His Church, deny that Peter in his single person, preferably to all the other Apostles, whether taken separately or together, was endowed by Christ with a true and proper primacy of jurisdiction; or of those who assert that the same primacy was not bestowed immediately and directly upon Blessed Peter himself, but upon the Church, and through the Church on Peter as her Minister.

If anyone, therefore, shall say that Blessed Peter the Apostle was not appointed the Prince of all the Apostles and the visible Head of the whole Church Militant; or that the same directly and immediately received from the same Our Lord Jesus Christ a Primacy of honour only, and not of true and proper jurisdiction: let him be anathema.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PERPETUATION OF THE PRIMACY OF PETER IN THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

That which the Prince of Shepherds and great Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ our Lord, established in the person of the Blessed Apostle Peter to secure the perpetual welfare and lasting good of the Church, must, by the same institution, necessarily remain unceasingly in the Church; which, being founded upon the Rock, will stand firm till the end of the world. For none can doubt, as it is known to all ages, that the Holy and Blessed Peter, the Prince and Chief of the Apostles, the pillar of the faith and foundation of the Catholic Church, who received the keys of the kingdom from Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the race of man, continues up to the present time, and ever continues, in his successors the Bishops of the Holy See of Rome, which was founded by Him, and consecrated by His blood, to live and preside and judge.[1] Whence, whosoever

[1] Cf. Ephesini Concilii Act. iii. et S. Petri Chrysol. Ep. ad Eutych. Presbyt.

succeeds to Peter in this See, does by the institution of Christ Himself obtain the Primacy of Peter over the whole Church. The disposition made by Incarnate Truth therefore remains, and Blessed Peter, abiding through the strength of the Rock in the power that he received, has not abandoned the direction of the Church.[1] Wherefore it has at all times been necessary that every particular Church—that is to say, the faithful throughout the world—should agree with the Roman Church, on account of the greater authority of the princedom which this has received; that all being associated in the unity of that See whence the rights of communion spread to all, as members in the unity of the Head, might combine to form one connected body.[2]

If, then, any should deny that it is by the institution of Christ the Lord, or by divine right, that Blessed Peter should have a perpetual line of successors in the Primacy over the Universal Church, or that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Blessed Peter in this Primacy : let him be anathema.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE FORCE AND CHARACTER OF THE PRIMACY OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

Wherefore, resting on plain testimonies of the Sacred Writings, and in agreement with both the plain and express decrees of our predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, and of the General Councils, We renew the definition of the Œcumenical Council of Florence, in virtue of which all the faithful of Christ must believe that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff possesses the Primacy over the whole world, and that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and is true Vicar of Christ, and Head of the whole Church, and Father and teacher of all Christians; and that full power was given to him in Blessed Peter to rule, feed, and govern the Universal Church by Jesus Christ our Lord: as is also

. Serm. iii. (al. ii.) cap. 3.

[2] S. Iren. adv. Haer. l. iii. c. 3, et Epist. Conc. Aquilei. a. 381, ad Gratian. Imper. c. 4. Cf. Pius. PP. VI. Breve *super solididate.*

contained in the acts of the General Councils and in the Sacred Canons.

Further we teach and declare that by the appointment of our Lord the Roman Church possesses the chief ordinary jurisdiction over all other Churches, and that this power of jurisdiction possessed by the Roman Pontiff being truly episcopal is immediate; which all, both pastors and faithful, both individually and collectively, are bound, by their duty of hierarchical submission and true obedience, to obey, not merely in matters which belong to faith and morals, but also in those that appertain to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world, so that the Church of Christ may be one flock under one supreme pastor through the preservation of unity both of communion and of profession of the same faith with the Roman Pontiff. This is the teaching of Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and of salvation.

But so far is this power of the Supreme Pontiff from being any prejudice to the ordinary power of episcopal jurisdiction, by which the Bishops who have been set by the Holy Spirit to succeed and hold the place of the Apostles[1] feed and govern, each his own flock, as true Pastors, that this episcopal authority is really asserted, strengthened, and protected by the supreme and universal Pastor; in accordance with the words of S. Gregory the Great: My honour is the honour of the whole Church. My honour is the firm strength of my Brethren. I am then truly honoured, when due honour is not denied to each of their number.[2]

Further, from this supreme power possessed by the Roman Pontiff of governing the Universal Church, it follows that he has the right of free communication with the Pastors of the whole Church, and with their flocks, that these may be taught and directed by him in the way of salvation. Wherefore we condemn and reject the opinions of those who hold that the communication between this supreme Head and the Pastors and their flocks can lawfully be impeded; or who represent

[1] Conc. Trid. sess. 23, cap. 4.

[2] S. Gregor. M. ad Eulog. Alexandrin. Ep. XXX.

this communication as subject to the will of the secular power, so as to maintain that whatever is done by the Apostolic See, or by its authority, cannot have force or value, unless it be confirmed by the assent of the secular power. And since by the divine right of Apostolic primacy, the Roman Pontiff is placed over the Universal Church, we further teach and declare that he is the supreme judge of the faithful,[1] and that in all causes, the decision of which belongs to the Church, recourse may be had to his tribunal :[2] and that none may meddle with the judgment of the Apostolic See, the authority of which is greater than all other, nor can any lawfully depart from its judgment.[3] Wherefore they depart from the right course who assert that it is lawful to appeal from the judgments of the Roman Pontiffs and an Œcumenical Council, as to an authority higher than that of the Roman Pontiff.

If then any shall say that the Roman Pontiff has the office merely of inspection or direction, and not full and supreme power of jurisdiction over the Universal Church, not alone in things which belong to faith and morals, but in those which relate to the discipline and government of the Church spread throughout the world; or who assert that he possesses merely the principal part, and not all the fulness of this supreme power; or that this power which he enjoys is not ordinary and immediate, both over each and all the Churches and over each and all the Pastors and the faithful : let him be anathema.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING THE INFALLIBLE TEACHING OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

Moreover that the supreme power of teaching is also included in the Apostolic Primacy, which the Roman Pontiff, as successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles, enjoys over the whole Church, this Holy See has always held, the perpetual

[1] Pii PP. VI. Breve *Super solidítate*, d. 28. Nov. 1786.
[2] Concil. Œcum. Lugdun. II.
[3] Ep. Nicolai I. ad Michaelem Imperatorem.

practice of the Church attests, and Œcumenical Councils themselves have declared, especially those in which the East with the West met in the union of faith and charity. For the Fathers of the Fourth Council of Constantinople, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, gave forth this solemn profession : The first condition of salvation is to keep the rule of the true faith. And because the sentence of our Lord Jesus Christ cannot be passed by, who said : Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church,[1] these things which have been said are approved by events, because in the Apostolic See the Catholic Religion and her holy solemn doctrine have always been kept immaculate. Desiring, therefore, not to be in the least degree separated from the faith and doctrine of that See, we hope that we may deserve to be in the one communion, which the Apostolic See preaches, in which is the entire and true solidity of the Christian religion.[2] And, with the approval of the Second Council of Lyons, the Greeks professed that the Holy Roman Church enjoys supreme and full Primacy and pre-eminence over the whole Catholic Church, which it truly and humbly acknowledges that it has received with the plenitude of power from our Lord Himself in the person of blessed Peter, Prince or Head of the Apostles, whose successor the Roman Pontiff is; and as the Apostolic See is bound before all others to defend the truth of faith, so also if any questions regarding faith shall arise, they must be defined by its judgment. Finally, the Council of Florence defined : That the Roman Pontiff is the true Vicar of Christ, and the head of the whole Church, and the Father and Teacher of all Christians; and that to him in blessed Peter was delivered by our Lord Jesus Christ the full power of feeding, ruling, and governing the whole Church.[3]

To satisfy this pastoral duty our predecessors ever made unwearied efforts that the salutary doctrine of Christ might be propagated among all the nations of the earth, and with equal care watched that it might be preserved sincere and pure where

[1] Matth. xvi. 18.

[2] Ex formula S. Hormisdae Papae, prout ab Hadriano II. Patribus Concilii Œcumenici VIII., Constantinopolitani IV., proposita et ab iisdem subscripta est.

[3] Cf. Joan. xxi. 15–17.

it had been received. Therefore the Bishops of the whole world, now singly, now assembled in synod, following the long-established custom of Churches,[1] and the form of the ancient rule,[2] sent word to this Apostolic See of those dangers which sprang up in matters of faith, that there especially the losses of faith might be repaired where faith cannot feel any defect.[3] And the Roman Pontiffs, according to the exigencies of times and circumstances, sometimes assembling Œcumenical Councils, or asking for the mind of the Church scattered throughout the world, sometimes by particular Synods, sometimes using other helps which Divine Providence supplied, defined as to be held those things which with the help of God they had recognised as conformable with the Sacred Scriptures and Apostolic Traditions. For the Holy Spirit was not promised to the successors of Peter that under His revelation they might make known new doctrine, but that under His assistance they might scrupulously keep and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith delivered through the Apostles. And, indeed, all the venerable Fathers have embraced, and the holy orthodox Doctors have venerated and followed, their Apostolic doctrine; knowing most fully that this See of holy Peter remains ever free from all blemish of error, according to the divine promise of the Lord our Saviour made to the Prince of His disciples: *I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou, at length converted, confirm thy brethren.*[4]

This gift, then, of truth and never-failing faith was conferred by Heaven upon Peter and his successors in this Chair, that they might perform their high office for the salvation of all; that the whole flock of Christ, kept away by them from the poisonous food of error, might be nourished with the pasture of heavenly doctrine; that the occasion of schism being removed, the whole Church might be kept one, and, resting on its foundation, might stand firm against the gates of hell.

But since, in this very age, in which the salutary efficacy of

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[1] S. Cyr. Alex. ad S. Coelest. P.

[2] S. Innoc. I. ad Conc. Carth. et Milevit.

[3] Cf. S. Bern. Epist. 190.

[4] Cf. S. Agathon, Epist. ad Imp. a Conc. Œcum. VI. approbata.

the Apostolic office is even most of all required, not a few are found who take away from its authority, We judge it altogether necessary solemnly to assert the prerogative which the only-begotten Son of God vouchsafed to join with the supreme pastoral office.

Therefore We, faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian faith, for the glory of God Our Saviour, the exaltation of the Roman Catholic Religion, and the salvation of Christian people, with the approbation of the Sacred Council, teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed: that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, that is, when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, by the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, enjoys that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer wished that His Church be provided for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals; and that therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church.

But if anyone—which may God avert!—presume to contradict this Our definition: let him be anathema.

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